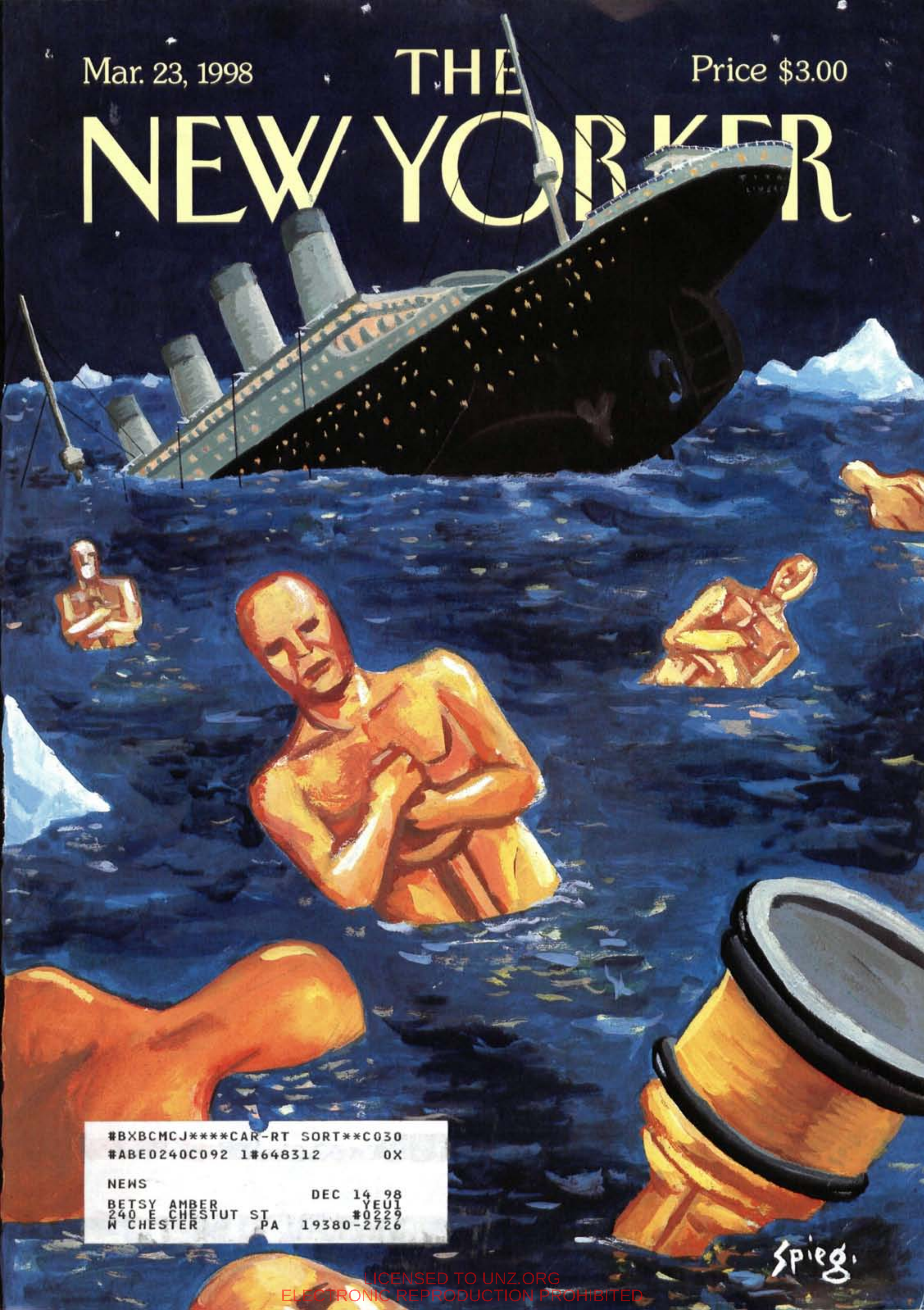
Mar. 23, 1998

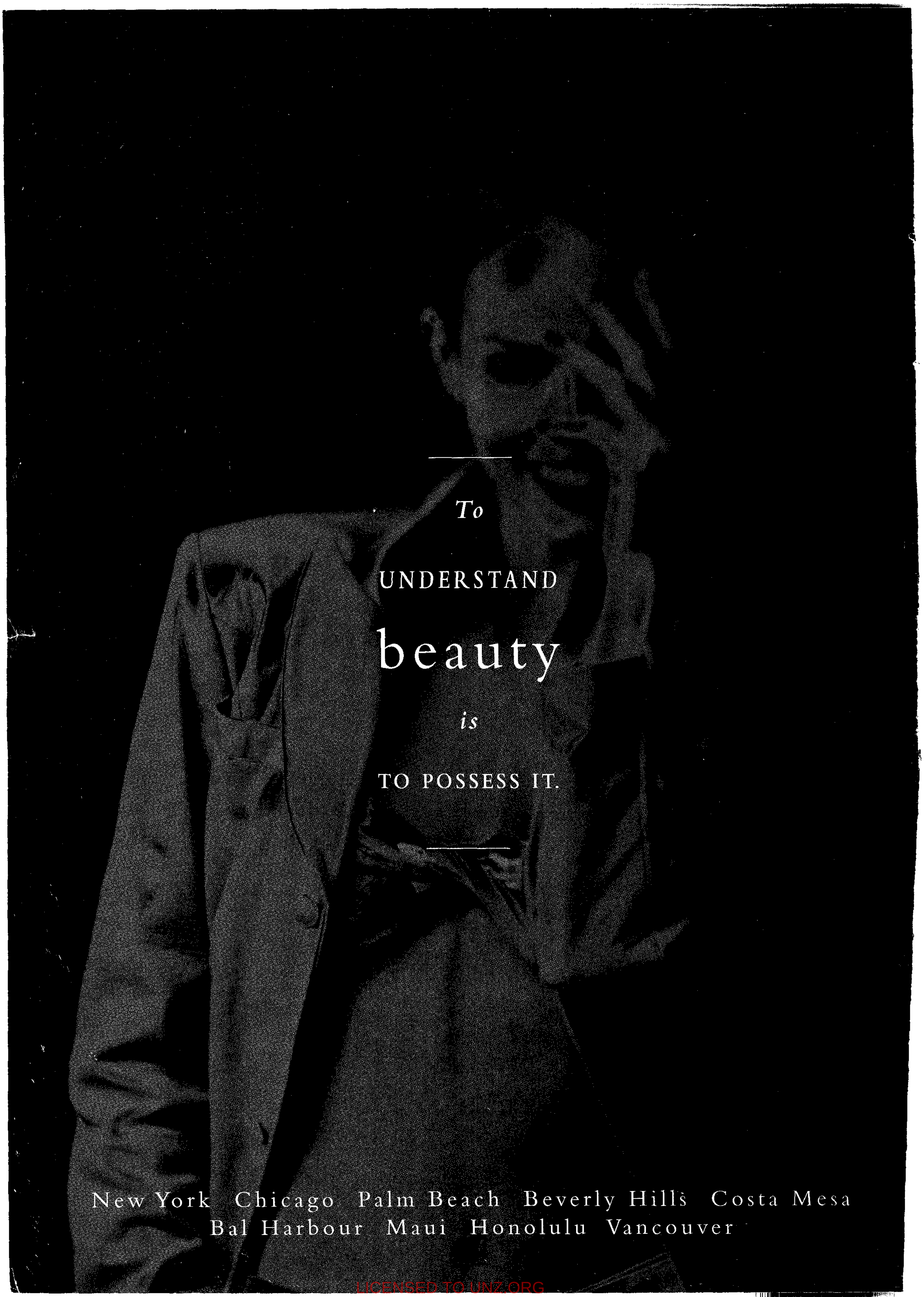
THE NEW YORKER

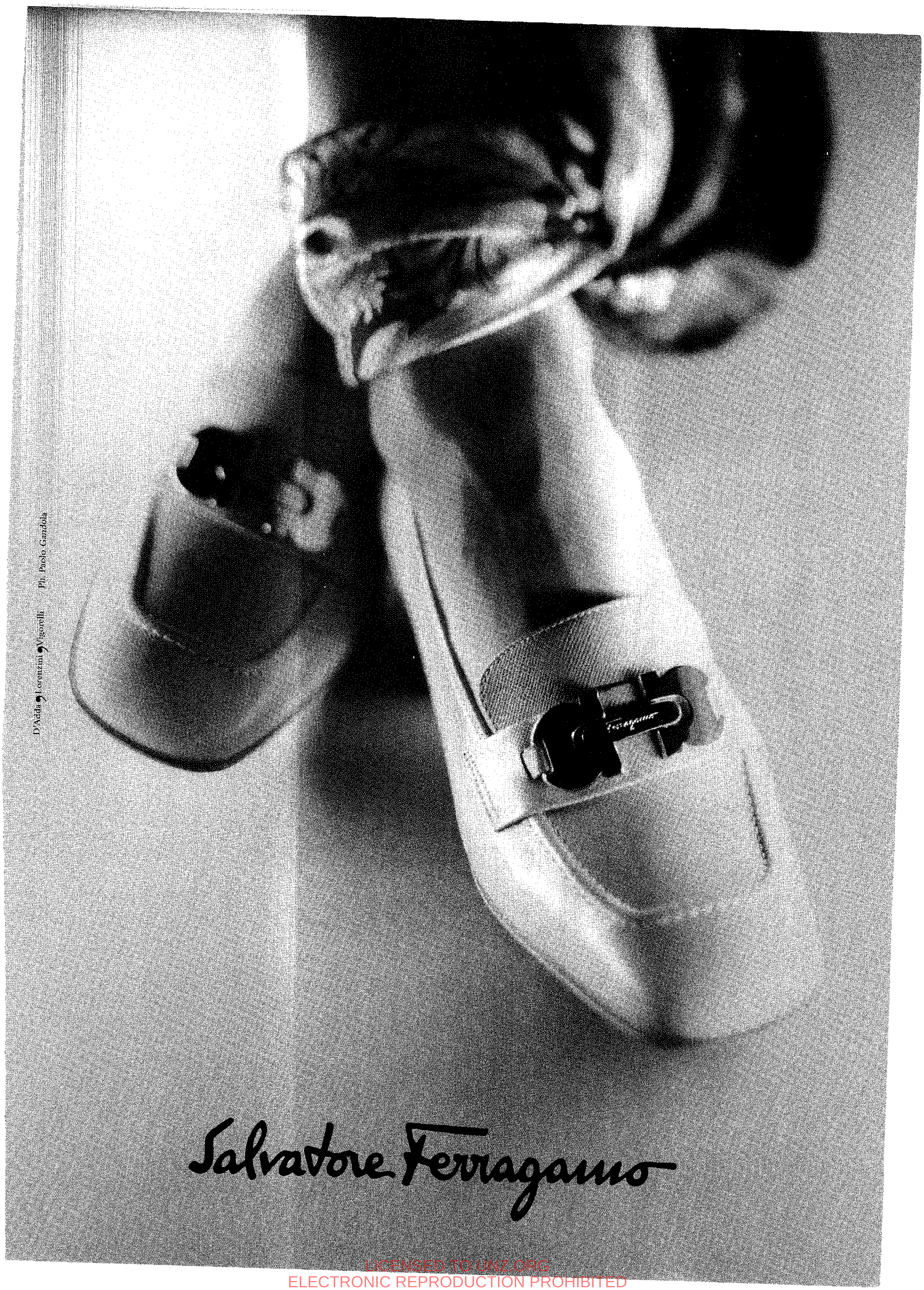
Price $3.00



#BXBCMCJ****CAR-RT SORT**C030
#ABE0240C092 1#648312 0X

NEWS DEC 14 98
BETSY AMBER YEU1
240 E CHESTUT ST #0229
W CHESTER PA 19380-2726


To
UNDERSTAND
beauty
is
TO POSSESS IT.
New York Chicago Palm Beach Beverly Hills Costa Mesa
Bal Harbour Maui Honolulu Vancouver


D'Adda • Lorenzini • Vigorelli
Ph. Paolo Gandola
Ferragamo
Salvatore Ferragamo

"Lord Peter Wimsey Lives Again!"*

THRONES, DOMINATIONS

The First New
Lord Peter Wimsey/
Harriet Vane Mystery
in Over Sixty Years

DOROTHY L. SAYERS
& JILL PATON WALSH

"An engrossing, intelligent and provocative novel in the guise of a conventional mystery."

—Joyce Carol Oates, *The New York Times Book Review*

"Jill Paton Walsh... has done a splendid job."

—*Chicago Tribune*

**Kirkus Reviews* (starred review)

At bookstores everywhere
ST. MARTIN'S PRESS

THE NEW YORKER

MARCH 23, 1998

COMMENT Mogul Utilitarianism . . . . . *John Cassidy* 5
Rupert Murdoch makes more than a mistake.

THE MAIL 10

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN 12

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31
The spoils of "Titanic"; James McDougal; Eric Breindel; etc.

DEPARTMENTS

The Political Scene Portrait of a Whistleblower . . . . . *Jane Mayer* 34
The reason for Linda Tripp's anger lies close to home.

Annals of Addiction Saying Yes to Drugs . . . . . *David Samuels* 48
To stay competitive in a managed-care world, the Hazelden Foundation is revamping the image of addiction.

Letter from Uganda Our Children Are Killing Us . . . . . *Elizabeth Rubin* 56
Some twelve thousand children have been kidnapped by a rebel leader who is forcing them to join his army and is turning them into murderers.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE Earthly Delights . . . . . *David Nasaw* 66
William Randolph Hearst's friends, guests, and servants explain why San Simeon was nothing like "Citizen Kane."

AT THE MUSEUMS Pierre Bonnard . . . . . *Jamie James* 80

FICTION "Natural Color" . . . . . *John Updike* 82
A midafternoon surprise on Main Street.

THE CRITICS

A Critic at Large The "Primary Colors" cure . . . . . *Hendrik Hertzberg* 86
The Art World Chuck Close at MOMA . . . . . *Simon Schama* 91
Books Nancy Kricorian's "Zabelle" . . . . . *Joyce Carol Oates* 94
The Theatre "A Flea in Her Ear," "Art" . . . . . *John Lahr* 96
The Current Cinema "The Big Lebowski" . . . . . *Daphne Merkin* 98

POEM

"48 Big Daffodils" . . . . . *Deborah Pease* 54

CROSSWORD 8 x 10 Cryptic No. 37 99

SHOUTS & MURMURS Take Two . . . . . *Frank Gannon* 100

COVER *A Night to Remember, by Art Spiegelman*

DRAWINGS *Donald Reilly, Edward Frascino, Mick Stevens, Charles Barsotti, Richard Cline, Robert Mankoff, Michael Crawford, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Jack Ziegler, Robert Weber, Frank Cotham, William Hamilton, Roz Chast*

THE NEW YORKER (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for seven combined issues: Feb. 23 & Mar. 2, Apr. 27 & May 4, June 22 & 29, Aug. 24 & 31, Oct. 19 & 26, Dec. 14 & 21, Dec. 28 & Jan. 4) by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 20 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036. Vol. LXXIV, No. 5, March 23, 1998. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No.190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $39.95; two years, $72.00. In Canada, one year, $83.00 (includes GST and HST where applicable). In Germany, one year, DM290. Mail orders to: IP Internationale Presse, Distribution & Marketing GmbH, Waldstr. 70, D-63128 Dietzenbach, Germany. Other foreign subscriptions, one year, $91.00, payable in advance.

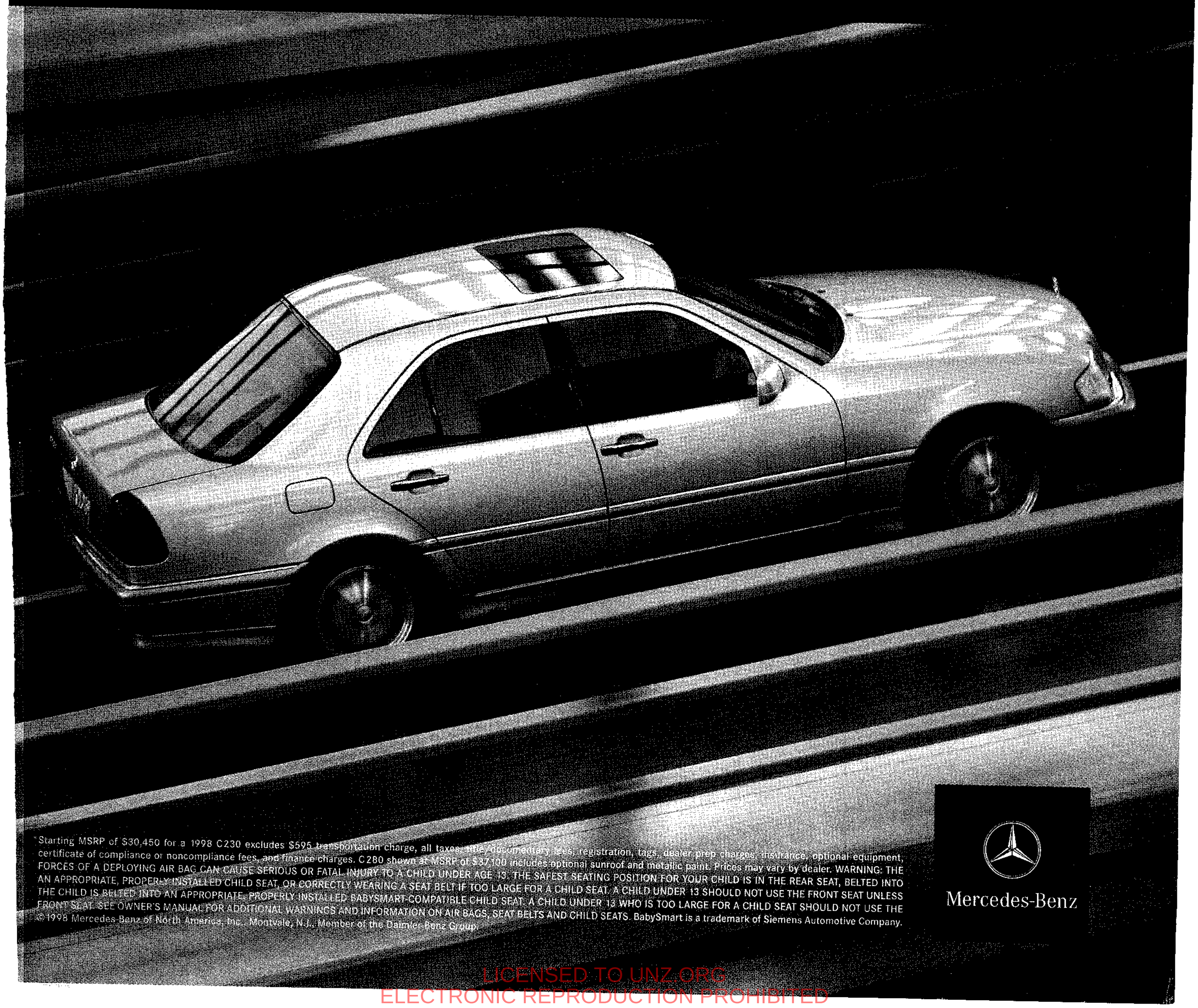
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

COVER: OSCAR © A.M.P.A.S.®

It gives "sticker shock"

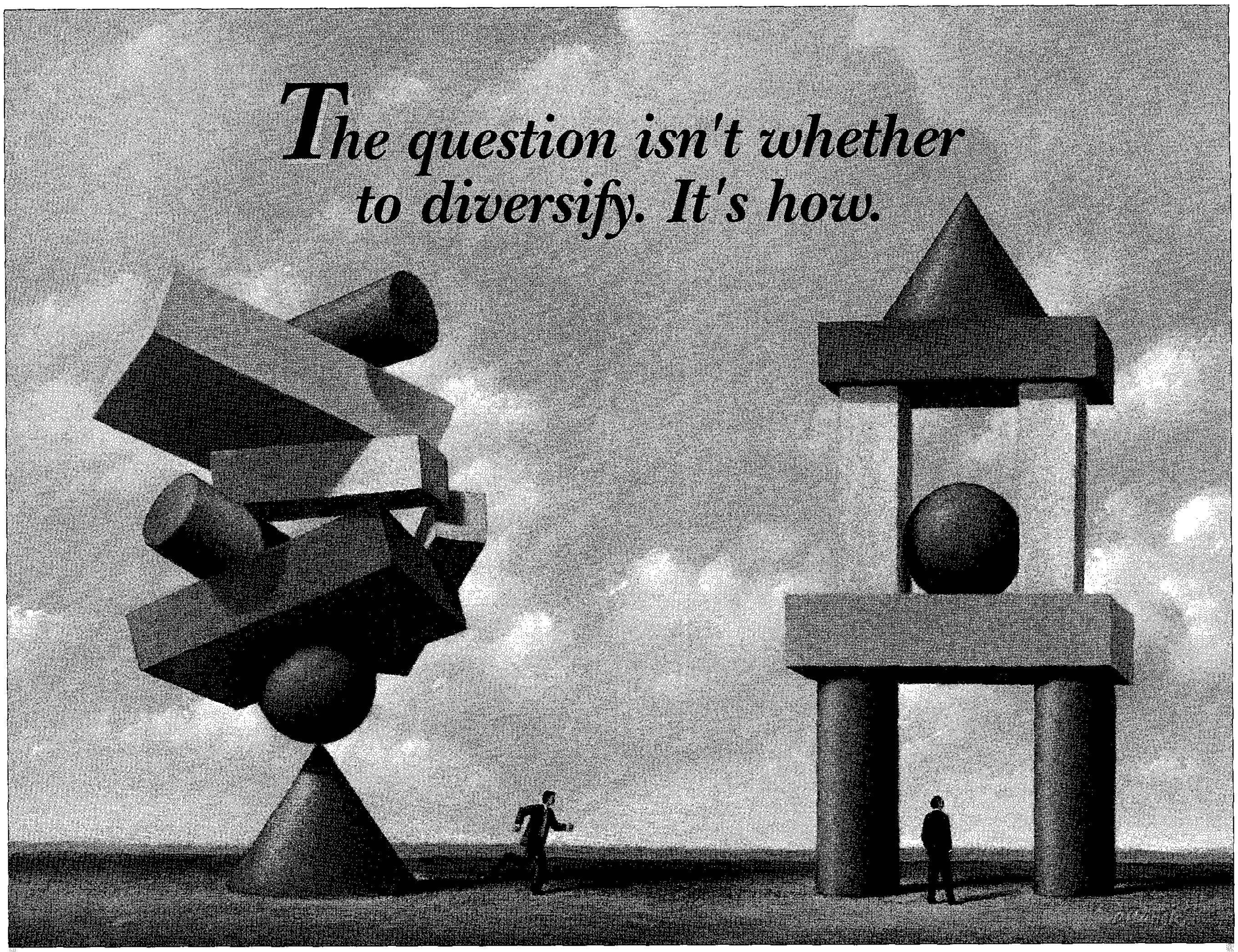
a whole new meaning.

Your eyes still widen. Your mouth still drops. But you're OK. It's just a normal reaction to your first glimpse of the redesigned Mercedes C-Class with its shockingly comfortable price. One look at the sleek new lines, the richly appointed interior. Not to mention its SmartKey remote locking/security system. Or its front door-mounted side air bags, Brake Assist, and BabySmart™ child seat recognition system. But don't call EMS or 911. Just call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES. Or visit our Web site at www.MBUSA.com. **The C-Class, starting at $30,450.***



*Starting MSRP of $30,450 for a 1998 C230 excludes $595 transportation charge, all taxes, title/documentary fees, registration, tags, dealer prep charges, insurance, optional equipment, certificate of compliance or noncompliance fees, and finance charges. C280 shown at MSRP of $37,100 includes optional sunroof and metallic paint. Prices may vary by dealer. WARNING: THE FORCES OF A DEPLOYING AIR BAG CAN CAUSE SERIOUS OR FATAL INJURY TO A CHILD UNDER AGE 13. THE SAFEST SEATING POSITION FOR YOUR CHILD IS IN THE REAR SEAT, BELTED INTO AN APPROPRIATE, PROPERLY INSTALLED CHILD SEAT, OR CORRECTLY WEARING A SEAT BELT IF TOO LARGE FOR A CHILD SEAT. A CHILD UNDER 13 SHOULD NOT USE THE FRONT SEAT UNLESS THE CHILD IS BELTED INTO AN APPROPRIATE, PROPERLY INSTALLED BABYSMART-COMPATIBLE CHILD SEAT. A CHILD UNDER 13 WHO IS TOO LARGE FOR A CHILD SEAT SHOULD NOT USE THE FRONT SEAT. SEE OWNER'S MANUAL FOR ADDITIONAL WARNINGS AND INFORMATION ON AIR BAGS, SEAT BELTS AND CHILD SEATS. BabySmart is a trademark of Siemens Automotive Company. ©1998 Mercedes-Benz of North America, Inc., Montvale, N.J., Member of the Daimler-Benz Group.

Mercedes-Benz



If you think your portfolio is diversified simply because you've invested in a variety of equities, U.S. Trust respectfully suggests you think again. To maximize returns and minimize the impact of volatility, it's necessary to diversify among and within different asset classes.

Taking each investor's specific objectives into consideration, U.S. Trust's experts recommend tax-intelligent investments across a broad range of asset classes. These include domestic equities, bonds, cash equivalents and international equities. Plus non-traditional investments that are not readily available to most investors, such as private equity funds and real estate investment funds. Through the strategic use of these investments, U.S. Trust has been able to help clients preserve and enhance wealth for generations.

For further information, please call Richard E. Foley, Managing Director, at 1-800-U.S.TRUST or visit www.ustrust.com.

A TRADITION OF GROWING ASSETS

U.S. TRUST

NEW YORK BOCA RATON COSTA MESA DALLAS GARDEN CITY GREENWICH HOUSTON LOS ANGELES
NAPLES PALM BEACH PORTLAND PRINCETON SAN FRANCISCO STAMFORD WASHINGTON D.C. WEST HARTFORD

COMMENT

MOGUL UTILITARIANISM

Why Rupert Murdoch departed from his creed.

RUPERT MURDOCH is an intelligent man ("smart as a wagon load of monkeys," one of his editors once said), who usually judges events according to utilitarian precepts. The only difference between his world view and that of Jeremy Bentham, the founder of utilitarianism, is that Murdoch, in his felicific calculus, substitutes the financial good of News Corporation, his beloved media company, for Bentham's objective, which was "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Murdoch, despite his reputation as an ardent conservative, rarely lets his personal views cloud his corporate decisions. Throughout a long career, he has repeatedly entered into alliances of convenience with people he disagrees with: Australian liberals, British socialists, New York trade unionists, Hollywood homosexuals, and even (most painful of all) rival media barons.

A few weeks ago, Murdoch temporarily departed from his lack of principles and made a rare and costly blunder. In forcing his book company, HarperCollins, to drop the memoirs of Chris Patten, the last British governor of Hong Kong and a vocal critic of the Chinese dictatorship, Murdoch allowed personal pique to take the place of cost-benefit analysis. While the Patten story has slipped from the pages of most American newspapers (but not from those of their British counterparts), it hasn't gone away for good. As Murdoch seeks to expand his reach in the United States still further (he already owns Fox Television, Twentieth Century Fox, and the *Post,* among many other properties), Chris Patten's name may well bedevil him for years.

The News Corp. chairman has made errors before—sending Walter Annenberg into retirement with a three-billion-dollar check for his ailing *TV Guide* empire in 1988 was one—but they have been few and far between. Even in the Patten matter, many veteran Murdoch watchers initially believed that K.R.M. (his moniker inside News Corp.) had, as usual, behaved astutely. Sure, their reasoning went, dumping Patten's book would lead to Murdoch's being pilloried in those British newspapers that he doesn't own, but his strategic position on that increasingly insignificant island (sorry, Mr. Blair) is already impregnable, and a week of bad publicity in London was a cheap price to pay for sending a signal to the Chinese leaders that he was a capitalist they could do business with. ("Would Ted Turner do such a deed for you, Mr. Jiang? I think not.") Ten years from now, the flap over Patten's book will be history, but, if things go as Murdoch plans, hundreds of millions of Chinese fami-

THE NEW YORKER, 20 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036. Thomas A. Florio, president; Pamela Maffei McCarthy, senior vice-president/deputy editor; Pamela H. Older, senior vice-president/manufacturing and information technology director; Carmen Lopez, vice-president/managing director; David M. May, vice-president/managing director; Annie Williams, vice-president/corporate marketing director; Peter Armour, vice-president/circulation director; Rhonda Pinzer Sherman, vice-president/special-projects director; Maurie Perl, vice-president/public-relations director; Robert A. Silverstone, vice-president/business manager; Richard Levine, vice-president/human-resources director; Devereux Chatillon, vice-president/general counsel. For advertising inquiries, please call Gretel Schneider or Richard Skeen, advertising directors, at (212) 536-5400. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. Any submission of a manuscript or artwork must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope of appropriate size, bearing adequate return postage. The magazine does not consider unsolicited photographs or transparencies. © 1998 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of THE NEW YORKER. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are registered trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers, Inc., published through its division The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription, to change an address, or to purchase a back issue, please write to THE NEW YORKER, Box 56447, Boulder, Colorado 80328-6447, or telephone (800) 825-2510. Outside of North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

KURT MASUR
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

"The fortuitous match of Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic is one of the great success stories in the classical world." Miami Sun-Sentinel

Prokofiev Symphony No.5
Romeo & Juliet
New York Philharmonic
Kurt Masur
96301

Prokofiev: Symphony No.5, Romeo & Juliet

Available at TOWER RECORDS • VIDEO • BOOKS
☎ 1 • 800 • ASK • TOWER STORE LOCATIONS • HOURS • PHONE ORDERS
AOL KEYWORD: TOWER
www.towerrecords.com

ATLANTIC TELDEC The Atlantic Group www.atlantic-records.com
©1998 ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP. A TIME WARNER COMPANY
photo © Chris Lee

Last Meals
ON Wheels

lies will be making monthly payments to News Corp.'s satellite television company, Star TV.

Murdoch is certainly capable of this type of reasoning, but, for once, he didn't maintain his detachment. We now know that he hadn't wanted to publish the Patten memoirs in the first place—Patten was one of the Conservative "wets" so detested by Murdoch's close ally Margaret Thatcher—and that he had made his views clear to his HarperCollins executives when they first commissioned the book. After he discovered last month that his subordinates had ignored his wishes and gone ahead with the book anyway, he reversed the Duke of Wellington's dictum, and declared "Don't publish, and be damned." This declaration may have made him feel better for a while, but its reverberations haven't.

Several prominent authors threatened to walk out of HarperCollins, but that couldn't bother Murdoch much. Far more serious was the way his Fleet Street rivals seized the chance to promote the outrageous idea that he couldn't care less about Britain, and that he was just using his British newspapers and satellite-television business as a source of cash for supporting his imperial designs elsewhere. A group of prominent members of Parliament are already promoting legislation to restrict what they claim is predatory pricing by News Corp.'s newspapers, and last week Paddy Ashdown, the leader of the Liberal Democrats, demanded a government inquiry into whether Murdoch had violated some legal assurances he gave about maintaining the editorial independence of the London *Times* when he bought the paper, back in 1981. On the day the Patten story broke, News Corp.'s newspapers didn't report a word about it. Nobody expected extensive coverage from the *Sun*, a bawdy tabloid, but the *Times* was assumed to be above self-censorship. The editors of the paper claimed they had simply missed the story, but their case wasn't helped when it was reported that Jonathan Mirsky, a well-respected former *Times* correspondent in Hong Kong, had said that because of Murdoch's interests the *Times* "has simply decided not to cover China in a serious way." (The *Times* denied it.)

In the United States, too, the decision to cancel Patten's book (which will now be published by Macmillan in the United Kingdom and by Times Books in this country) is likely to prove costly. In Britain, there is not much left for News Corp. to buy, but Murdoch's American ambitions are far from fulfilled: they extend well beyond the Los Angeles Dodgers, which he is in the process of purchasing. It is an open secret in media circles, for instance, that he would love to get his hands on the *Wall Street Journal*, and the recent financial troubles at Dow Jones, the *Journal's* parent company, haven't escaped his notice. If Murdoch were to launch a takeover bid for Dow Jones (or if he were to be invited in by the company's beleaguered management, which he has been wooing), his critics would be sure to resurrect the Patten story as evidence that he shouldn't be entrusted with the nation's most important source of business news. The Bancroft family, which controls the voting stock in Dow Jones, would then come under strong pressure to find a less controversial buyer, and Murdoch, even if he offered the most money, would probably be foiled.

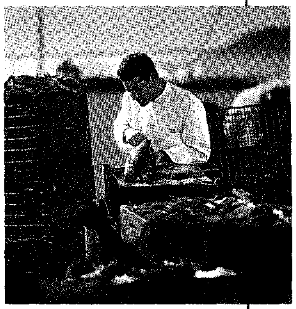
On the other side of the equation, the commercial benefits that Murdoch is likely to gain in China by ditching Patten's book are unclear. During the past five years, he has bumped the BBC off Star TV, sold his share of the *South China Morning Post* to Chinese interests, published a fawning biography of Deng Xiaoping, and entered into a joint agreement with the Communist Party's principal propaganda sheet, the *People's Daily*. All these moves were intended to curry favor with the Chinese leaders, and all were of little or no avail. So far, the only satellite-television people who are making money in mainland China are a few People's Liberation Army entrepreneurs who build the dishes on which local viewers pick up their Star TV signals for nothing. The aging kleptocrats who run China seem intent on playing Western media companies against each other for their own benefit, and it is unlikely that the HarperCollins decision will alter this policy. Now that Hong Kong is safely in Chinese hands, and the threat of democracy in the former colony has been extinguished, Patten's views are of little consequence to Beijing anyway.

Nothing if not sharp, Murdoch appears to have recognized that what he did was, in the words of Joseph Fouché, one of Napoleon's ministers, "worse than a crime; it was a mistake." Some days ago, a highly unusual statement appeared under his name. "Mistakes have been made, and we all share the responsibility," it read. Coming from a man who had heretofore lived by the saying "Never apologize and never explain," this was clearly an attempt to end the Patten saga, but doing that may not be so simple. Having handed his enemies a stick to beat him with, K.R.M. can expect to be sore for some time to come.

—JOHN CASSIDY

When did every place start to feel like the same place?

TAXI
TAXI
TAXI
TA



When your only glimpse of a city is a midnight ride from the airport to your hotel, it's hard to tell Denver from Dallas. Fortunately, Hyatt has the cure for your déjà vu. In fact, getting the flavor of a city is as simple as a trip to one of our restaurants.

Our flair for regional specialties prepared with fresh, local ingredients means you won't have to leave your hotel to sample some of New Orleans' tastiest jambalaya or Boston's best chowder.

You're also likely to find one of our chef's special culinary events on the menu. Like a featured wine paired with the region's most celebrated seasonal dish. All with an inspired twist that could make the difference between another forgettable business trip and a memorable dining experience.

For a taste of what travel should be, contact your travel planner or call Hyatt at 1-800-233-1234. Or visit us at www.hyatt.com

HYATT
HOTELS & RESORTS®

Feel the Hyatt Touch®

®AMERICAN EXPRESS Cards

Travel with the American Express® Card and enjoy Cardmember privileges like Assured Reservations to guarantee your room, even if you arrive late.* With more than 1,700 Travel Service locations in over 130 countries,** the American Express worldwide network can also assist you with travel arrangements, letter pick-up, and American Express Travelers Cheques. It's smart business to make the American Express Card your constant travel companion. To apply for the Card, call 1-800-THE-CARD, or visit us at www.americanexpress.com.* Ask your travel planner for details.** Not all services available at all Travel Service locations and are subject to local laws and cash availability.

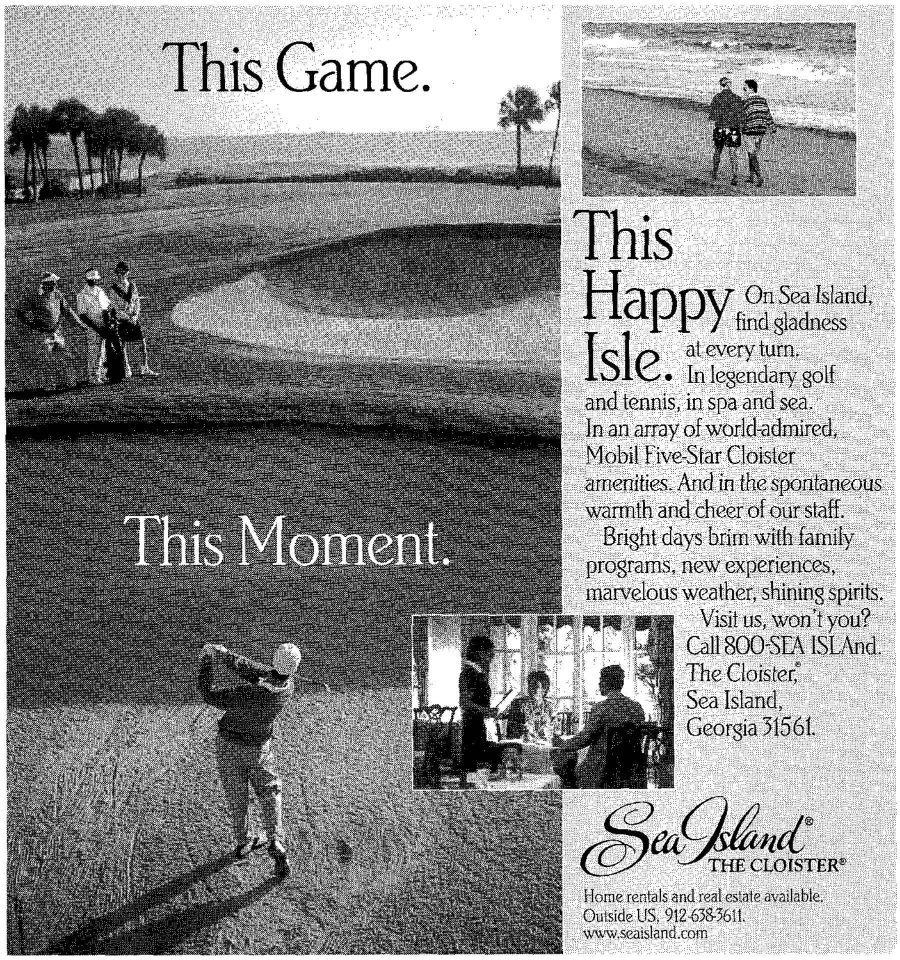
Hyatt Hotels and Resorts® encompasses hotels managed, franchised, or operated by two separate groups of companies–Hyatt Corporation and its affiliates and affiliates of Hyatt International Corporation. ©1998 Hyatt Corp.

UNDERSTANDING
CREATIVITY
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF GENERAL STUDIES

GS is Columbia University's college for nontraditional students who have interrupted their educations for at least one year and now wish to complete the BA or BS.

for information call 800.894.2328

gs-admit@columbia.edu
You can also find us at www.columbia.edu/cu/gs/
408 Lewisohn Hall, Mail Code 4101, 2970 Broadway, New York, NY 10027



This Game.
This Moment.

This Happy Isle. On Sea Island, find gladness at every turn. In legendary golf and tennis, in spa and sea. In an array of world-admired, Mobil Five-Star Cloister amenities. And in the spontaneous warmth and cheer of our staff.

Bright days brim with family programs, new experiences, marvelous weather, shining spirits.

Visit us, won't you? Call 800-SEA ISLAnd.
The Cloister,®
Sea Island,
Georgia 31561.

Sea Island® THE CLOISTER®
Home rentals and real estate available.
Outside US, 912-638-3611.
www.seaisland.com

CONTRIBUTORS

ELIZABETH RUBIN ("Our Children Are Killing Us," p. 56) is a contributing editor of *Harper's* and *The Forward.* This is her first article for *The New Yorker.*

DAVID SAMUELS ("Saying Yes to Drugs," p. 48) reported about the forgery of the Kennedy-Monroe papers in his article for this magazine, "Fakes." He is working on his first novel.

NANCY GRIFFIN (The Talk of the Town, p. 31) is the co-author, with Kim Masters, of "Hit & Run: How Jon Peters and Peter Guber took Sony for a Ride in Hollywood," and is currently writing a book about James Cameron. She lives in Los Angeles.

DAVID NASAW ("Earthly Delights," p. 66), the executive officer of the Ph.D. program in history at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York, is the author of three books, including "Going Out," and of a forthcoming biography of William Randolph Hearst.

HENDRIK HERTZBERG ("Upset Victory," p. 86), a senior editor of *The New Yorker,* was President Jimmy Carter's chief speechwriter. His review of Peggy Noonan's "Simply Speaking" was published in February.

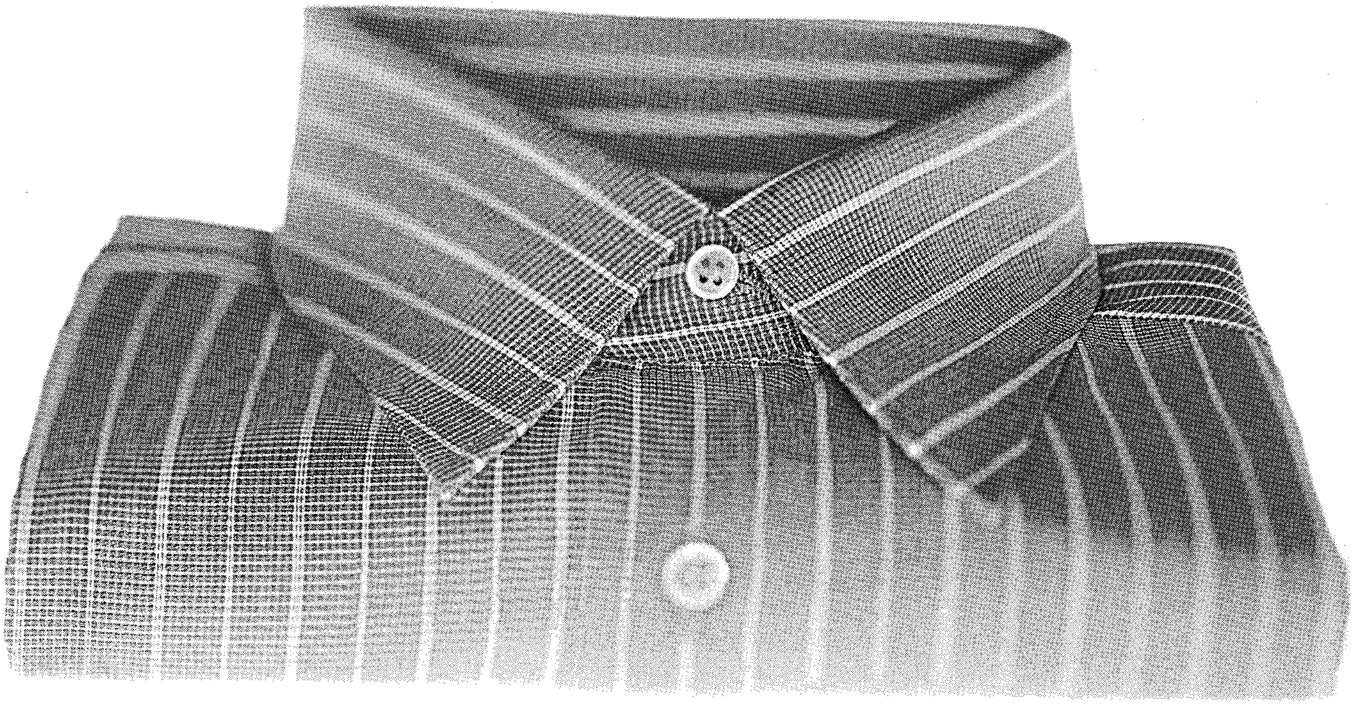
SIMON SCHAMA ("Head Honcho," p. 91) has been an art critic for *The New Yorker* since 1995. His books include "Landscape and Memory" and "Dead Certainties." His most recent article for this magazine, "Clio at the Multiplex," was published in January.

FRANK GANNON (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 100) is the author of three humor books, including "Yo, Poe," a collection of short pieces from *The New Yorker* and elsewhere, and "All About Man," a comic look at the men's movement. He lives in Georgia. ♦

Shirts by Lorenzini.

Those who know them, know what's best.

MINTERT-FROH



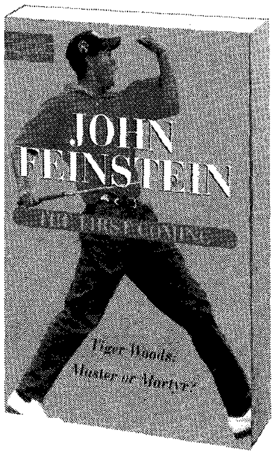
Men whose clothes are a cut above in quality and style will certainly be no strangers to the concept of "confortevole" – Italian for the very casual, comfortable cut that is the hallmark of Lorenzini shirtmaking. For four generations these unmistakable shirts have been crafted in Merate, a small town in Northern Italy, with a skill that has become a rare art, making them all the more coveted by those in the know today. Every seam bears witness to the meticulous Lorenzini tailoring, every touch the natural purity of the materials, every detail the subtlety of fine design. The new Lorenzini collection is presented to you by LOUIS BOSTON, phone 1-800-225-5135.

LORENZINI

SOMEBODY
HAD TO
SAY IT.

NOW
JOHN
FEINSTEIN
DOES.

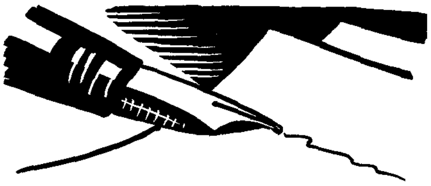
Have we made Tiger Woods a hero or set him up to be a martyr? John Feinstein, author of *A Good Walk Spoiled,* thinks that we are watching the relentless meatgrinder of professional sports at its worst, as Tiger finds himself caught between his father, his agent, Nike, and his all-too-adoring public. In *The First Coming: Tiger Woods: Master or Martyr?,* John Feinstein holds nothing back as he explores Woods's first year on tour—and the greed that's destroying sports.



LIBRARY OF
CONTEMPORARY
THOUGHT

The Ballantine Publishing Group
Visit our Web site at
www.randomhouse.com

THE MAIL



TROUBLED BY SEX

Jeffrey Toobin, in "The Trouble with Sex" (February 9th), appears to believe that a private, consensual sexual relationship between a student and a teacher or mentor can be a situation in which there are no victims. He is mistaken. As a university teacher for thirty years, I know that students compete for their teachers' favor and for job and postgraduate recommendations. Knowledge of a sexual relationship between a teacher and one student can poison the classroom. Whether the sex is coerced or not (and no matter who does the coercing), such a relationship is inherently unprofessional.

RICHARD M. ABRAMS
Berkeley, Calif.

Mr. Toobin's article about the legalities of sexual harassment was instructive, but it seems to me that the splashier sexual-harassment cases, such as Jones/Clinton and Hill/Thomas, really are more about character than law. We're not as worried about Jones's or Hill's rights as we are about the prospect of a President who drops trou or a Supreme Court Justice who thinks it's fitting—or cool—to discuss his sexual prowess with his staff. Social and sexual power may go hand in hand, but it's common sense to realize that risking a hard-won career for a bit of action on the side is either stupid or crazy—and neither of these men is stupid.

PETER GELFAN
Grafton, Vt.

RECOGNIZING LITERATURE

Hilton Als, in his review of the Library of America collection of works by James Baldwin ("The Enemy Within," February 16th), summed up the "weakness" of Baldwin's later writings by asserting that, "in the end, Baldwin could not distinguish between writing sermons and making art." As a preacher, I'm crying foul from the wilderness: while Als's critical estimation of sermons as bad art may be valid these days, especially among white, mainline clergy, it dismisses the literary heritage of the African-American sermon—as if the sermons included in Jean Toomer's "Cane," in James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones," and in Baldwin's own work were not art. If the civil-rights movement cannot be understood apart from the black church, as historians have asserted, then isn't the oral-preaching tradition of Martin Luther King, Jr., and so many others a literary genre worthy of recognition?

REV. DONALD H. FOX
La Crosse, Wis.

WOMEN WARRIORS

Tony Horwitz's article on Civil War battle (and life-style) reënactment ("Battle Acts," February 16th) noted that there is resistance to women reënacting the roles of soldiers. Yet women combat soldiers disguised as men were a documented element in real Civil War units both north and south of the Mason-Dixon Line. Reënactors who grumble about women in their ranks should keep that in mind, if their goal really is maximum authenticity.

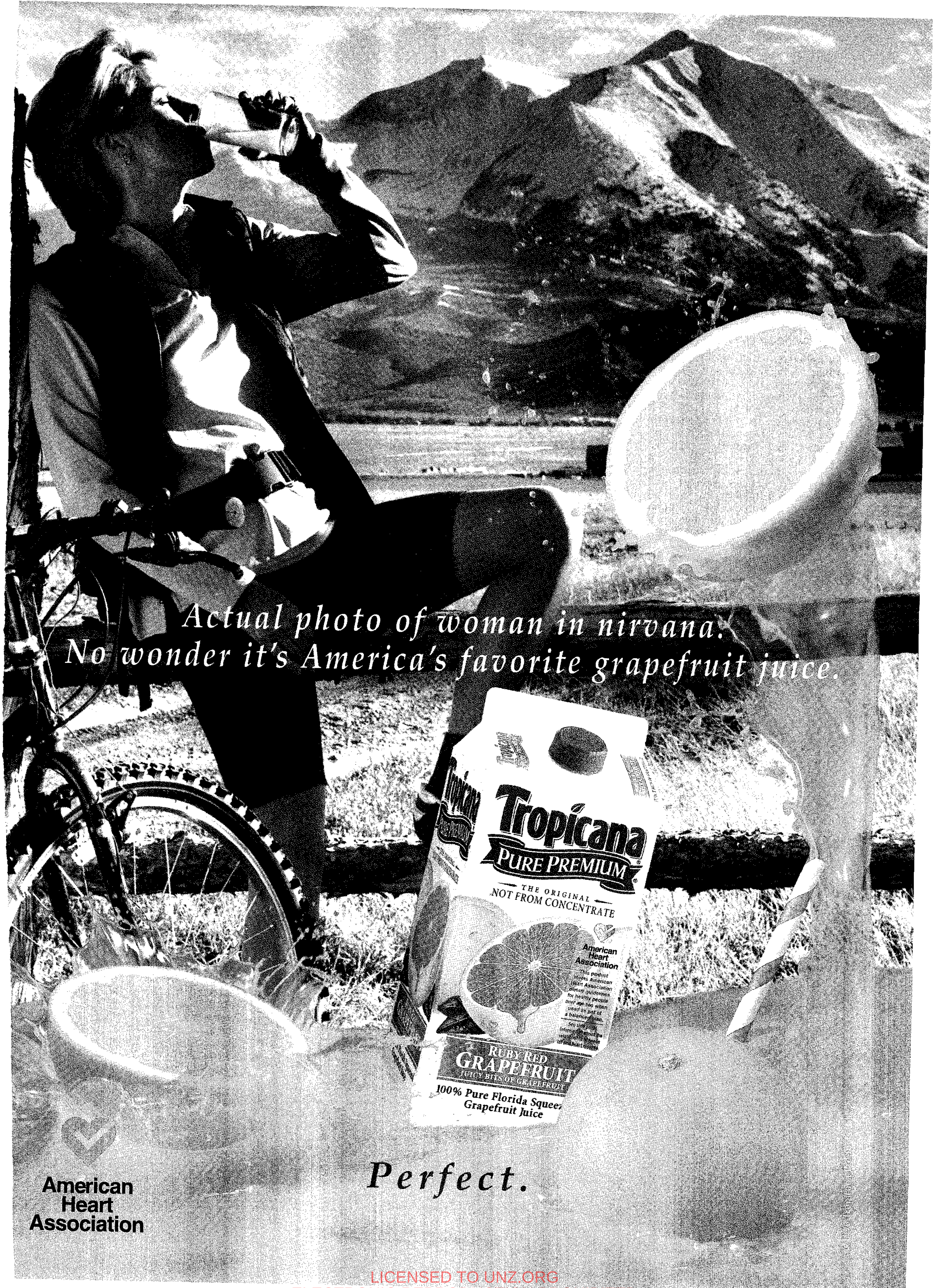
LAIRD HUNT
New York City

WHAT ART IS

In "What Is 'Art'?" (February 9th) Louis Menand reports that there cannot be a definition of art. It seems to me that art becomes art only when it reflects tradition. The Abstract Expressionist paintings of Frank Stella, for instance, have meaning only because Stella follows Monet: Stella's work is a logical extension of a Romantic artist's exploration of his inner self; it would have been junk if he had followed Michelangelo. If the white-on-white abstract discussed in the play "Art" extends from (or renounces) its predecessors, it isn't junk, and we can call it art.

ROBERT V. HINE
Irvine, Calif.

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "The Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They can also be faxed to 212-840-8489 or sent via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.


Actual photo of woman in nirvana.
No wonder it's America's favorite grapefruit juice.
Tropicana
PURE PREMIUM
THE ORIGINAL
NOT FROM CONCENTRATE
American Heart Association
RUBY RED
GRAPEFRUIT
JUICY BITS OF GRAPEFRUIT
100% Pure Florida Squeez
Grapefruit Juice
American Heart Association
Perfect.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Ah, Wilderness!—A Lincoln Center Theatre revival of Eugene O'Neill's comedy, set on Independence Day in 1906. Opens March 18 at 7. (Vivian Beaumont. 239-6200.)

Anadarko—The MCC Theatre presents a dream play set in an Oklahoma jail, by Tim Blake Nelson. Doug Hughes is the director. Previews begin March 20. (120 W. 28th St. 727-7765.)

Cabaret—Natasha Richardson stars in a Roundabout Theatre revival of the 1966 Kander and Ebb musical. Sam Mendes is the director. Rob Marshall choreographed and co-directed. Two previews on March 18. Opens March 19 at 7:30. (Kit Kat Klub, 124 W. 43rd St. 719-1300.)

The Cripple of Inishmaan—Jerry Zaks directs a play by Martin McDonagh, in which a clannish island community off the coast of Ireland is visited by a Hollywood producer. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

The Deep Blue Sea—Blythe Danner and Edward Herrmann star in a revival of Terence Rattigan's 1952 drama. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

Dinah Was—Yvette Freeman portrays the hard-edged jazz singer Dinah Washington, in Oliver Goldstick's play with music. In previews. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523.)

Dress to Kill—The British comic Eddie Izzard returns to town with a new show. In previews. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)

Hot Klezmer—The clarinettist Harold Seletsky and the singer Hal Jefron join other klezmorim in this celebration of wedding music of the shtetl. In previews. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

I Don't Know Who He Was and I Don't Know What He Said—The playwright Mac Wellman directs his one-man monologue—a rant by a Wall Street flimflam man—performed by Matthew Maguire. Fridays and Saturdays at 10. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. 219-3088.)

Jails, Hospitals & Hip-Hop—Danny Hoch ("Some People") returns to P.S. 122 with a new solo show. Jo Bonney is the director. Previews begin March 18. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—An Irish Rep staging of O'Neill's drama. With Frances Sternhagen and Brian Murray. In previews through March 21. Opens March 22 at 7. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

OPENED RECENTLY

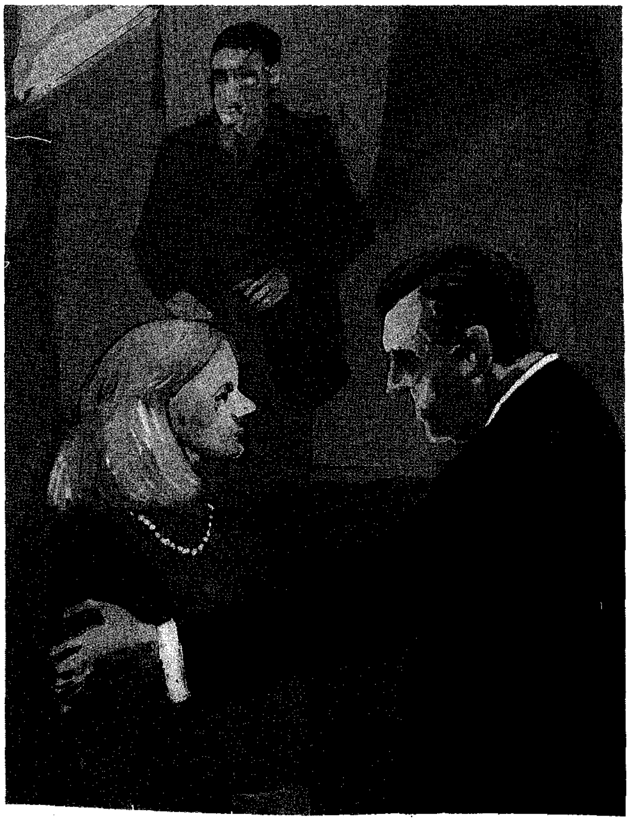
Amazing Grace—A murderess (Marsha Mason) reëvaluates her life from her cell on death row, in a drama by Michael Cristofer. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24				

Art—A comedy by the French playwright Yasmina Reza. Matthew Warchus is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

BAFO (Best and Final Offer)—In Tom Strelich's dark comedy, four white male engineers and a black female human-resources manager at an aerospace defense contractor in Southern California are taken hostage by a recently laid-off colleague. The defense-industry lingo rings true, but other dialogue does not, so even at ninety minutes the play feels long and speechy. It's well acted, though, by a cast that includes Christopher Wynkoop as the one engineer with integrity. Robert Kalfin directed. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 239-6200. Closes April 5.)

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—The precocious Anglo-Irish playwright Martin McDonagh's riveting winter's tale, set in a rural Irish cottage, about an aged mother (the stolid and sensational Anna Manahan) and her virgin forty-year-old daughter (the pale and poignant Marie Mullen), who is trapped in a punishing solitude. It's a simple, primitive story, yet it is filled with complex emotional surprises and reversals. McDonagh is a natural storyteller who can make an audience gasp and who is also, incidentally, very funny. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/16/98.) (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)



Blythe Danner and Edward Herrmann, in "The Deep Blue Sea."

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Benita Canova—Richard Foreman's latest concoction, a lush exploration of erotic violence, is a memorable, voyeuristic experience. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 533-4650. Closes April 5.)

The Capeman—This musical, which marks Paul Simon's theatrical début, is based on a notorious killing that took place in New York in 1959. Some of the melodies are lovely, but the lyrics and the book, which Simon co-wrote with Derek Walcott, wallow in phony pieties. (2/9/98) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100. Closes March 28.)

Checking Out—A dejected man finds his life changed after he meets a female ghost, in a comedy by Candido Tirado. Performances are in English Wednesdays through Fridays and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293. Closes March 29.)

Christopher Columbus—Nikos Kazantzakis's drama about the explorer, directed by Lloyd Richards. (Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 353-1176. Closes March 22.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—Theatrically, this reworking of the 1955 play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, under the direction of James Lapine, is generally fine. But the play's dogged realism is its fundamental flaw. One of the truths we take away from Anne's diary is that we can't really re-create for ourselves what her dreadful situation was like. (12/15/97) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Emperor Jones—The Wooster Group's staging of O'Neill's early drama. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes March 29.)

Eyes for Consuela—Sam Shepard's new play, which stars David Strathairn, is an adaptation of Octavio Paz's 1976 short story "The Blue Bouquet." (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

A Flea in Her Ear—Bill Irwin directs Georges Feydeau's 1907 farce. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Laura Pels, Broadway at 45th St. 719-1300.)

Freak—John Leguizamo ("Spic-O-Rama") portrays dozens of characters in his new one-man comedy. Directed by David Bar Katz. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Good Will—Jane Smiley's novella is the basis of this new play by Joan Rater and Tony Phelan, which stars Dana Reeve and John Bedford Lloyd. (Theatre 3, at 311 W. 43rd St. 246-5877. Closes April 4.)

Hadley's Mistake—A lesbian literary detective story by Kate Moira Ryan, involving a lost novel by Hemingway. (46 Walker Street Theatre, 46 Walker St. 560-7387. Closes April 4.)

Happy Days—Ruth Maleczech and Tom Fitzpatrick star in a Mabou Mines production of Beckett's 1961 play. (Toronado, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 473-1991. Closes April 5.)

"A PERFECT PLAY."
- *Linda Winer, Newsday*

"VERY FUNNY."
- *Ben Brantley, The New York Times*

"YOU'LL ROAR WITH LAUGHTER."
- *Clive Barnes, New York Post*

"ART"
Alan Alda Victor Garber Alfred Molina
A new play by Yasmina Reza
Translated by Christopher Hampton Directed by Matthew Warchus

CALL TELECHARGE NOW: (212) 239 6200
Outside Metro New York: (800) 432 7250 For Groups call Group Sales Box Office at: (212) 398 8383 • (800) 223 7565
ROYALE THEATRE 242 West 45th Street

The Handless Maiden—Jeremy Dobrish's delightful new comedy combines a Grimm's fairy tale with two contemporary stories. Eight actors in dual roles segue easily from comedy to seriousness, from farce to realism, and the piece brims with goofy charm. Three cheers for all involved in this Adobe Theatre Company production. (Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. 924-0077. Closes March 21.)

Hazelwood Jr. High—The New Group goes site-specific with a play by Rob Urbinati, based on a real-life murder inside a schoolgirl coterie. (Intermediate School 70, 333 W. 17th St. 279-4200. Closes March 29.)

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—Hedwig, as written and portrayed by John Cameron Mitchell, is a sweet transsexual singer from East Berlin, who, between songs, recounts her adventures in a cabaret performance cum stadium act, which becomes a smart, funny, and very moving exploration of the redemptive, if perhaps fleeting, power of love. Stephen Trask's music and lyrics simultaneously celebrate and send up nearly every modern-rock trope, and Peter Askin's staging precisely evokes Hedwig's ragged world. (Jane Street Theatre, Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

Marsha Mason and Stephen C. Bradbury, in "Amazing Grace."

I Will Come Back—The Judy Garland impersonator Tommy Femia, in a musical about the singer's life. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 239-6200.)

Joseph Gabriel Magic '98—Mr. Gabriel comes to New York by way of Las Vegas. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Les Justes—The Ubu Repertory Theatre's examination of the works of Camus continues with this 1949 drama, set in Moscow in 1905 and based on a Socialist Revolutionary Party bombing. Performances are in English through March 22, and in French March 24-29. (15 W. 28th St. 679-7562.)

The Lion King—The director Julie Taymor has created a theatrical event far more textured and original than the animated film, submerging the audience in a mythic universe; it's like being in a dream awake. The show's high visual style, however, is in sharp contrast to its low verbal one. (11/24/97) (New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

Macbeth—Alec Baldwin and Angela Bassett star in George C. Wolfe's staging of Shakespeare's tragedy. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes March 29.)

Marc Salem's Mindgames—The clairvoyant claims that his highly entertaining mind-reading act is scam-free. Still, his fascinating "tricks" seem like magic, and at times you feel like you're the only person in the audience who isn't a plant. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

Mizlansky/Zilinsky; or, Schmucks—Davis Mizlansky, played with terrific gusto by Nathan Lane, is a has-been producer trying to float one last get-rich scheme—the sale of a dubious tax shelter—with his urbane partner and erstwhile best friend, Sam Zilinsky (the droll Lewis J. Stadlen), whom he woos, hilariously, into the disastrous scam. Jon Robin Baitz based this high-spirited comedy on his experiences working as a gofer for a two-bit producer in the mid-eighties. Aided by Joe Mantello's elegant direction, he creates a potent atmosphere of affection and regret which is the play's charm. (3/16/98) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Closes April 4.)

The Mystery of the Rose Bouquet—A psychological thriller by Manuel Puig, presented by INTAR. (420 W. 42nd St. 695-6135. Closes April 12.)

Mystery School—Tyne Daly portrays five women in search of salvation, in a one-woman show written by Paul Selig. (Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St., at E. Houston St. 239-6200.)

Never the Sinner—John Logan's 1985 play about Leopold and Loeb sweeps its audience into the boys' twisted friendship without ever losing sight of the brutality of their "crime of the century"—a balancing act that Mr. Logan and the director, Ethan McSweeny, carry off seamlessly. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

The Old Neighborhood—David Mamet's three elegant, autobiographical one-act plays are serious, beautiful, and short—an almost impossible feat these days on Broadway. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Paul McKenna's Hypnotic World—The British-television mesmerizer comes to Broadway. Continues Sundays and Mondays through March 29. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Pride's Crossing—Tina Howe's new play is a tedious switchback ride up a mountain of memories from the life of Mabel Tidings Bigelow, who is ninety and once swam the English Channel. Fortunately, Mabel is portrayed by Cherry Jones, who polishes all the tics, fumbles, and feisty outbursts of a nonagenarian to a high shine. Jack O'Brien directed. (1/5/98) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes April 5.)

Ragtime—E. L. Doctorow's epic novel chronicling three turn-of-the-century New York families (Wasp, Jewish, and black) is transformed into a historical pageant designed along the magisterial lines of Noël Coward's "Cavalcade" and Jerome Kern's "Show Boat." It's a big, brave, passionate gamble, masterfully directed by Frank Galati. (2/2/98) (Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.)

R & J—A promising, if not exactly new, idea—schoolboys escape regimentation and discover their own passion by performing "Romeo and Juliet"—yields a few gripping moments surrounded by a lot of overheated panting, shouting, and foot-stomping. Greg Shamie and Daniel J. Shore, as the eponymous couple, manage the several layers of characterization with fluidity and believability; the other performers resort too often to caricature. Adapted and directed by Joe Calarco. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 354-2220.)

Richard II and **Richard III**—The beginning and the end of the Wars of the Roses, presented in repertory by Theatre for a New Audience. The director Ron Daniels has made a thematic mess of two of Shakespeare's most politically astute—and darkly funny—plays. But Christopher McCann's Richard III is frighteningly seductive, and Neil Patel's versatile sets, along with Donald Holder's lighting effects, create an appropriately moody ambience. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Richard II—Bradford Cover's Richard evolves affectingly from a confident monarch with an ironic smirk to a miserable, deposed prisoner. Other elements (the visuals, some of the acting) in this Pearl Theatre Company production of the Bard's play are not as keenly achieved. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802. Closes March 22.)

Ricky Jay & His 52 Assistants—The sleight-of-hand artist returns to the stage with an encore production of his 1994 one-man show. Directed by David Mamet. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 787-3471. Closes March 29.)

Rootless Beauties—Two rarely seen Tennessee Williams one-acts, "Confessional" and "The Mutilated." (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes March 22.)

St. Nicholas—Brian Cox portrays a drama critic having a breakdown, in Conor McPherson's 1997 play. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes April 5.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel—This new musical, based on the Baroness Orczy novel, has a lot going for it (if you don't count the music and lyrics, which are dreadful): its charismatic star, Douglas Sills, Andrew Jackness's sets, and Jane Greenwood's costumes. Peter Hunt directed. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—In this revue inspired by a Fodor's travel guide, the best songs are the ones that manage to be goofy and savvy at the same time: "She Spoke Spanish," sung by John Sloman, in which a lisping American finds true (Castilian) love; "Salzburg," a sendup of classical-music aficionados who weary of Mozart; and "Customs," bassist Jay Leonhart's deadpan ode to international duties and interrogations, which is a hoot. The show hits turbulence, though, when the humor trades on stereotypes. Charles Alterman (on piano), James Darrah, Kathy Fitzgerald, and Liz McConahay round out the cast. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

Shopping and Fucking—A small, sketchy piece of British boulevard nihilism, by the first-time playwright Mark Ravenhill, which attempts to dramatize capitalism's warping effects. (2/16/98) (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 460-5475. Closes April 11.)

Side Man—Warren Leight's new play is a nostalgic but never sappy paean to the musical obsession and worldly indifference of mid-century big-band musicians. Cleverly structured as the recollections of one musician's put-upon son (Robert Sella), the action stretches from the glory days of 1953 to the post-big-band era of 1985. Though it gives short shrift to the characters, the play invites the audience into the musicians' world—both its funny and its heart-wrenching aspects—and the cast (particularly Edie Falco, Angelica Torn, and Kevin Geer) is good enough to make it come alive. Solidly directed by Michael Mayer. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 279-4200. Closes March 29.)

The Sound of Music—The hills are alive (aah-aah-aaaaaaaaah) again. Rebecca Luker is Maria. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

The Sunshine Boys—A revival of Neil Simon's comedy about two irascible old vaudevillians, starring Ye Olde Odd Couple of television, Tony Randall and Jack Klugman. The sandpapery friction that the twosome showed on TV is now reduced to lovability. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

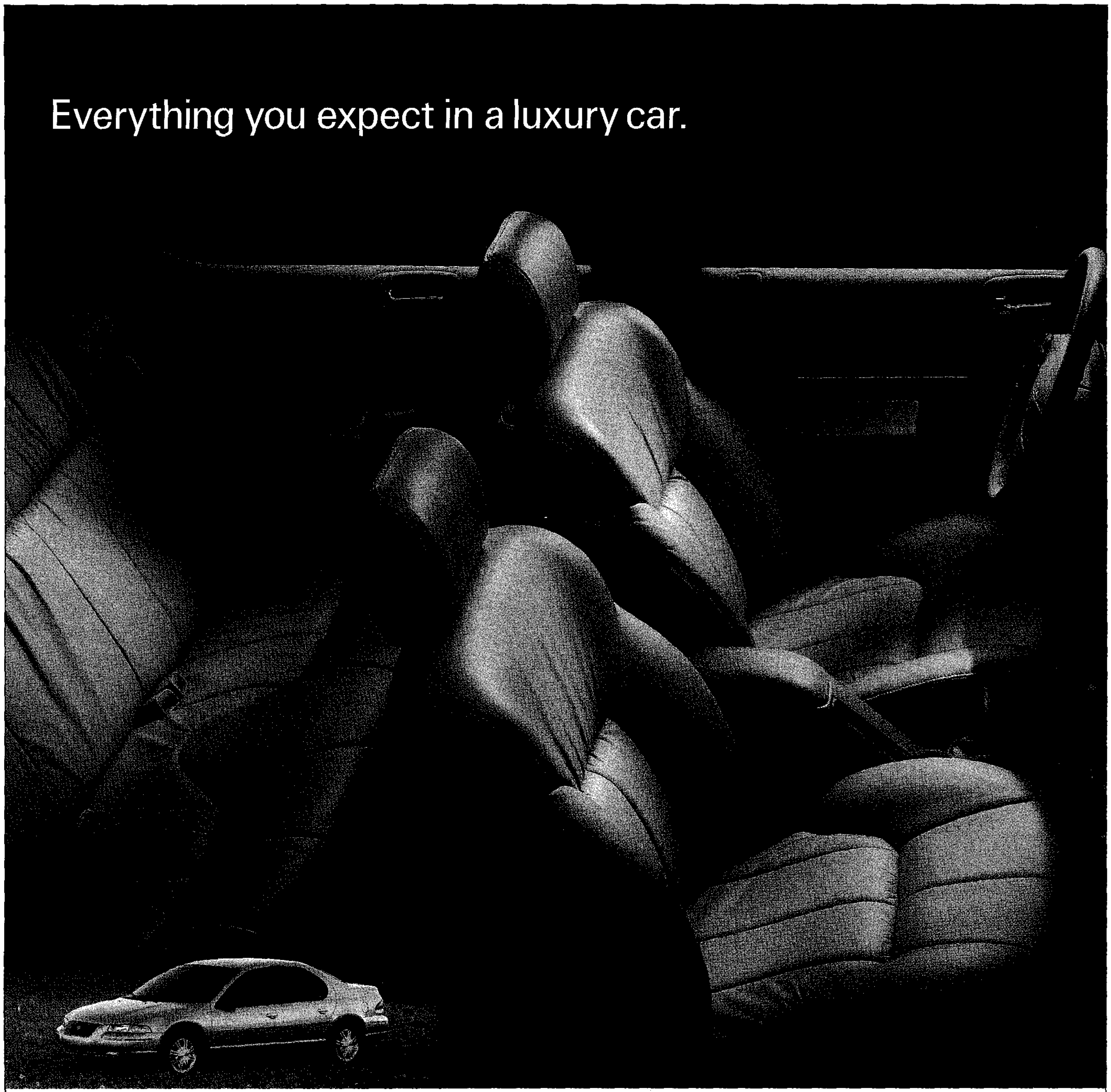
Two Pianos, Four Hands—With the Canadian keyboardists Ted Dykstra and Richard Greenblatt. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Closes March 22.)

Visiting Mr. Green—Jeff Baron's sweet if predictable Upper West Side comedy, about two Jewish men of different generations. Eli Wallach finds great dignity in the title character, an eighty-six-year-old widower. Lonny Price directed. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 505-0700.)

LONG RUNS

AS BEES IN HONEY DROWN: Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. . . . **BEAUTY AND THE BEAST:** Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . .

JULIA LICHT



Everything you expect in a luxury car.

Well, not everything. It's just $18,995.*
The 1998 Chrysler Cirrus.

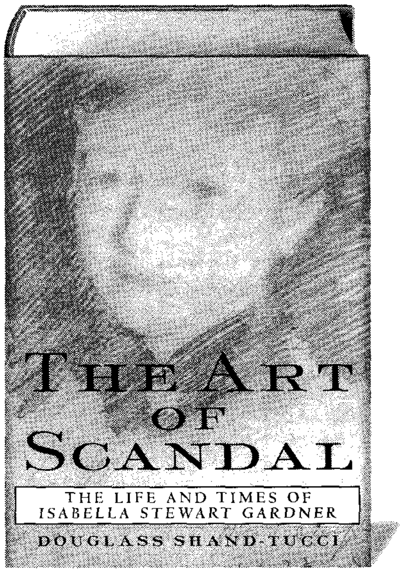
There are cars that are built to appeal to your passionate side—and to your practical side. The 1998 Chrysler Cirrus. For the passionate side: ▪ fully independent suspension ▪ multi-valve V6 engine ▪ speed-sensitive steering ▪ air conditioning with rear-seat vents ▪ premium six-speaker sound system ▪ power windows, mirrors and door locks ▪ cab-forward design with room for you and four friends ▪ and, at no extra charge, a new, luxurious, glove-soft leather-trimmed interior ▪ and eight-way power driver's seat. Now for the practical side. The new 1998 Chrysler Cirrus LXi, with all this, is just $18,995.* Now that's unexpected. Call 1.800.CHRYSLER for details.

CHRYSLER

ENGINEERED TO BE GREAT CARS

*MSRP after $1,000 cash back includes destination. Excludes tax. www.chryslercars.com.

Isabella Stewart
Gardner
"headstrong, emotionally intense, brilliant, selfish, generous, controlling, depressed and bold."
—*Los Angeles Times*



"Intimate, engrossing biography."
—*The New Yorker*

"Shand-Tucci dares to paint in words the woman John Singer Sargent famously painted on canvas."
—*The New Republic*

"Lively reading.... Gardner may have hoped, by burning her letters, to escape capture in yet another book plotted like a novel by Henry James. She might have liked this garrulous, sociable portrait."
—*New York Times Book Review*

Includes 51 illustrations, 4 in color

HarperCollins*Publishers*
Also available from HarperCollins*CanadaLtd*
http://www.harpercollins.com

BRING IN DA NOISE, BRING IN DA FUNK: Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CHICAGO:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY STRIKES BACK!:** Stardust, Broadway at 51st St. 239-6200. . . . **FOREVER TANGO:** Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GROSS INDECENCY: THE THREE TRIALS OF OSCAR WILDE:** Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. . . . **HOWARD CRABTREE'S WHEN PIGS FLY:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. . . . **HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE:** Century, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200. . . . **I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200. . . . **JEKYLL & HYDE:** Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE LAST NIGHT OF BALLYHOO:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **LATE NITE CATECHISM:** St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 279-4200. . . . **THE LIFE:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **RENT:** Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. . . . **1776:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **TITANIC:** Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 239-6200.

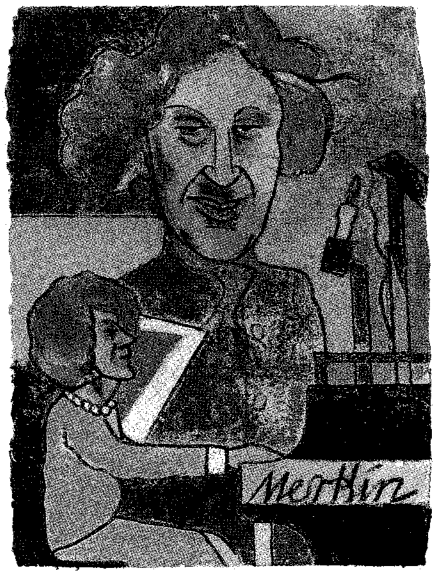
DANCE

"MEDITERRANEA"—The sixteen-member Balletto di Toscana presents an homage to the body of water that the Romans called "our sea." The choreographer Mauricio Bigonzetti offers a more panoptic view, setting his survey of the Mediterranean's diverse cultures to antique Greek music, as well as to traditional Turkish and Spanish songs and a Mozart sonata. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. March 17-20 at 8, March 21 at 2 and 8, and March 22 at 2.)

92ND STREET Y HARKNESS DANCE CENTER—March 17-19 at 8: Lawrence Goldhuber and Heidi Latsky, perhaps the most sensationally mismatched duo in contemporary dance (he's a foot taller and outweighs his partner by two hundred pounds) perform two premières and their three-part signature work, "It's Not What You Think," in which, among other feats, she drags him across the stage and he swings her through the air like a stunt plane. . . . ¶March 21 at 8 and March 22 at 3 and 8: The Tel Aviv-based Ido Tadmor Dance Troupe creates hundreds of emergency uses for standard housewares in "Sima's Pot." (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 996-1100.)

CARNIVAL—Dance Theatre Workshop concludes its choreographers' showcase. March 19-20 at 8: **DAVID PARKER AND THE BANG GROUP** have wry, subversive fun with choreography that transforms pointe shoes into tap shoes and incorporates the breathing of winded dancers into the score. . . . ¶March 21 at 8 and March 22 at 3: **DAVID NEUMANN** and his six-member troupe appear in "Duck, You Sucker," "It's Gonna Rain," and "Appropriate Behavior." (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

GLOBAL EXCHANGE—The Danspace Project's series of international choreography turns to Melbourne, Australia, with works by Philip Adams ("Grey") and Sue Healy ("Suite Slip'd"). (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. March 20-22 at 8:30.)



Marian McPartland's eightieth-birthday celebration, at Town Hall.

RICHARD MERKIN

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS"—The choreographer and former Cunningham dancer Dennis O'Connor draws on Antonin Artaud's writings about acupuncture for a full-length quartet he has set to the music of Soul Coughing. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. March 19-22 at 8.)

ALPHA OMEGA THEATRICAL DANCE COMPANY—The nine-member troupe, which draws most of its dancers from its own school on 4th St. near Second Ave., performs works by African-American choreographers, including "Indigenous We," by Enrique Cruz DeJesus, and "Baharini," by Leni Wylliams. (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. 749-0095. March 18-19 at 9 and March 21 at 8.)

BALÉ FOLCLÓRICO DA BAHIA—The dancers, singers, and musicians of this company from northern Brazil perform traditional Afro-Brazilian dances, then come down the aisles encouraging others to do the same. (Whitman Theatre, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 718-951-4500. March 21 at 8.)

NEW YORK THEATRE BALLET—The company performs works by the winners of its national choreographers' competition, including "He Loves, She Loves: A Radio Reverie," by Martha Connerton, and "A Secret Somewhere," by Nicolo Fonte. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. March 19 at 7, March 20 at 8, and March 21 at 2 and 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTER—"In Progress: The Marsalis File." To his credit, Wynton Marsalis takes his now established role as musical polymath quite seriously. Composing for large ensembles has for the time being taken precedence over his virtuosic trumpet playing and small-band work. If the jury is still out on Marsalis's compositional gifts, no one can fault him for lack of ambition. He masterfully exploits the resources at his disposal, and the results—as heard in this evening of big-band works—should be interesting. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. March 19 and March 21 at 8.)

"ELVIS—THE CONCERT"—Only in America. Twenty years after he "ascended," members of the King's touring band present the latest in necro-karaoke: they play Elvis's hits live in the hall while the Pelvis, seen in several concert appearances on a large, hovering video screen, lets it rip on tape. (Radio City

Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. March 19-21 at 8.)

"70s Jazz Pioneers"—Yes, Virginia, they did make non-electric fusion in the seventies. Rock sonorities, Latin rhythms, world-music inflections, and funk filigrees came together in the work of many unplugged players. Trumpeter Randy Brecker, saxophonist Dave Liebman, pianist Joanne Brackeen, guitarist Pat Martino, bassist Buster Williams, and drummer Al Foster remind us what adventurous jazz actually sounded like in the days before the current renaissance. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 20 at 8.)

G. Love and Special Sauce—Three years ago, when Love, a handsome Philadelphia-born Elvis manqué, revivified chicken-shack blues by using a hip-hop backbeat, he seemed like the funkiest white boy on earth. His band's third album, "Yeah, It's That Easy," is more introspective than previous efforts; they continue to make some of the most satisfying music around. With Alana Davis. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. March 20 at 8.)

Shawn Colvin—When this absurdly gifted singer-songwriter released "A Few Small Repairs," in early 1997, the recording met with baffling apathy. Though hardly unprecedented, her decision to mold a messy divorce into a self-flagellating song cycle made for a stunning album, the bile of which is best captured by the single, "Get Out of This House." But no one bit; sales lagged. Months later, a quiet (but equally bleak) ballad, "Sunny Came Home," took off, propelling the forty-year-old singer on a much overdue run, culminating in 1998 Grammys for Song and Record of the Year. Colvin may not speak to the kids as Wu-Tang Clan does (it was that group's Ol' Dirty Bastard who rudely interrupted her acceptance speech), but few artists make better pop music for adults. (See also Irving Plaza.) (Colden Center, Queens College, Flushing. 718-793-8080. March 20 at 8:30.)

Marian McPartland's Eightieth-Birthday Celebration—As jazz institutions go, the octogenarian McPartland is still pretty frisky. The vigorous elegance of her own work remains, as does the enthusiasm she extends to other musicians from her pulpit on N.P.R. This grande dame has been a steadying force on the New York scene for six decades; a cross-generational array of talent—including Billy Taylor, Joe Williams, Kenny Burrell, Tommy Flanagan, Harry (Sweets) Edison, Benny Green, Jacky Terrasson, Christian McBride, and Lewis Nash—gathers to acknowledge her quiet strength. (Town Hall. March 21 at 8.)

"The Greatest Hits of Cole Porter"—Kitty Carlisle Hart presides over an evening of song featuring KT Sullivan, Jeff Harnar, and Terry Burrell. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 21 at 8, March 22 at 2:30 and 8, and March 23 at 2 and 8.)

"Michael Kamen's Opus"—Music by the composer, best known for his film scores; Bryan Ferry and Bryan Adams lend their voices to the proceedings. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. March 24 at 8.)

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Birdland, 315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—March 19-21: The still brash, former wunderkind trumpeter **Jon Faddis** never lacks for bravura, but as he matures, the high-C dog calling is being replaced with lyrical invention. The lean melodicism of **Javon Jackson's** tenor sax provides a perfect foil. March 22: The **Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra.**

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Vocalist **Dixie Carter** holds forth through March 28. . . . ¶ Across the hall,

The first stereo system to create harmony even before you turn it on.

The Bose® Acoustic Wave® music system surrounds you with sharp, clear stereo sound. Yet the one-piece unit is unobtrusive, simple to use, and small enough to fit almost anywhere in your home. The system includes our patented acoustic waveguide technology, an AM/FM radio, built-in speakers, a compact disc player, and a handy remote control. It's available directly from Bose. So call or return this coupon for more information on the compact stereo system the *Chicago Tribune* calls "the least intimidating quality sound system ever developed." And surround yourself with music, not equipment.

Call today. 1-800-898-BOSE, ext. A2762.

Mr./Mrs./Ms. ( ) ( )
Name (Please Print) Daytime Telephone Evening Telephone

Address

City State Zip

Or mail to: Bose Corporation, Dept. CDD-A2762, The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701-9168.
Ask about FedEx® delivery service.

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

You won't find Bogdan Szymanski at GOTHAM Bar and Grill, but you will find his rye there.
BELVEDERE VODKA IMPORTED
na zdrowie

Belvedere Vodka. Crafted from 100% Polish rye and distilled 4 times for a cool, complex character and creamy smoothness.

IMPORTED BY MILLENNIUM® IMPORT CO. MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA U.S.A.
100% neutral spirits distilled from rye grain 40% ALC./VOL. (80 Proof) ©1995 Millennium® Import Co.

pianist **PETER MINTUN** is in charge at Bemelmans Bar.

DANNY'S SKYLIGHT ROOM, 346 W. 46th St. (265-8133)—March 19-22: **BLOSSOM DEARIE** peels grapes with crystalline tone and perfect diction.

FIREBIRD CAFÉ, 363 W. 46th St. (586-0244)—The madcap trio **FASCINATING AIDA,** which has spent the past fifteen years or so collecting a cult following in London, is strutting its stuff at this intimate club through April 12. Charter member Dillie Keane writes most of the group's material, assisted by Adèle Anderson (a transsexual and, roughly, a baritone); the official account is that Issy van Randwyck (a real-life baroness) was invited to complete the group thanks to her exemplary table manners. Their costumes are high style, and their staging is as tight as a champagne cork. Their songs, however, can be unspeakably naughty (imagine Flanders and Swann scribbling on bathroom walls), reminding one of the gulf between English and American humor.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through March 22: As one of the "Two Franks" (along with Frank Wess) of the Count Basie band, saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** established a reputation as an unusually resourceful improviser and composer, which stood him in good stead when he came to lead the band in the nineties. A smaller unit featuring the intrepid trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER** will set off Foster's prodigious gifts as a soloist who is equally well versed in the dialects of swing and modernism. Mondays belong to electric-guitar innovator **LES PAUL.** Dining.

KNITTING FACTORY, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—March 19-21: Composer, theoretician, multi-instrumentalist, and general musical gadfly **ANTHONY BRAXTON** has been up, down, and in between, from his renegade new-jazz origins in the sixties with Chicago's Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, through his critically acclaimed work in the seventies, to his prolific, inspired, but largely ignored years in the eighties. Now he's enjoying a resurgence as a dogged experimentalist flying in the face of nineties conformity. At fifty-two, Braxton has become a certified legend. In this engagement, he'll present his multimedia "Composition 173." March 20: An evening with two of saxophonist and composer **ANDY LASTER'S** ensembles. The spare, new-jazz chamber group **INTERPRETATIONS OF LESSNESS** adapts the Samuel Beckett story "Lessness" for music. The loose-limbed, acoustic quartet **HYDRA** continues to score with the ball that Ornette Coleman dropped when he went electric. In the Old Office, March 18-22: **WILLIAM HOOKER'S ORGAN TRIO.**

MICHAEL'S PUB AT BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** the doyenne of New York's chanteuses, has decided to settle in for a permanent, or at least open-ended, residence at this upstairs club room. For the time being, she's crafting her show as a tribute to the legendary showman Florenz Ziegfeld.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—The great cabaret in the sky. The revue "**RHYTHM ON THE RAINBOW . . . THE HOT HARMONIES OF THE BOSWELL SISTERS**" stars Dee Hoty, Sally Mayes, and Nancy Opel.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Through March 22: **MICHELE ROSEWOMAN AND NUYORUBA.** Pianist and composer Rosewoman treads no stylistic path but her own. Her unclassifiable compositions combine darting tropical rhythms with fervent soloing, not infrequently from the composer herself. She's accompanied by a full contingent of horn and percussion players, including **ORLANDO (PUNTILLA) RIOS, GREG OSBY, CRAIG HANDY,** and **GENE JACKSON.** Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through March 29: Jazz doesn't want for master pianists, but there's only one **TOMMY FLANAGAN.** Tone, touch, taste, technique—he's got it all. But Flanagan's also a poet, which is the key to his omnipotence. His spontaneous inventions have the formal perfection of written melodies. His choruses startle you with their beauty, leaving you spoiled for any other pianist. With Flanagan's imaginative repertoire and the almost alarming unity of his trio, it doesn't get any better. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

ZINC BAR, 90 W. Houston St. (477-8337)—March 18: **BRIAN LYNCH,** an extroverted trumpeter with a wide-open sound, has beefed up the bands of everyone from Phil Woods to Eddie Palmieri. In an unpredictable world, Lynch's whirlwind bop is a sure thing. March 23: A young guitarist with flying fingers and a heart filled with bebop, **RON AFFIF** has a regular Monday gig at an intimate space that caters to guitar freaks—just right for a six-string whiz with almost too much to say. Saturdays and Sundays feature Brazilian jazz.

ROCK, ETC.

ARLENE GROCERY, 95 Stanton St., between Ludlow and Orchard Sts. (358-1633)—**MODERN ENGLISH** comes to town on March 18 on the strength of their 1983 hit, "I Melt with You," which popped up in a Burger King commercial last year. March 24: **WILLIE NILE,** a wee dynamo of a singer-songwriter in the Dylansteen mold, and keyboardist **JOY ASKEW,** a veteran of Peter Gabriel and Joe Jackson's groups.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—March 20 is a "required listening" evening, with **MIKE ERRICO** and **WILLIE NILE AND THE WORRY DOLLS** (see Arlene Grocery).

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A narrow, graffiti-strewn cave packed every evening with new and used bands. March 20: **MODERN ENGLISH** (see Arlene Grocery).

CHICAGO B.L.U.E.S., 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—March 19: The **CHRISTINE SANTELLI** band. Texas bluesman **GUITAR SHORTY** (March 20-21) cut his first singles in the late fifties, around the time that Otis Rush and Buddy Guy were making their débuts. But recording tape has never fully captured the excitement of his live act.

CONEY ISLAND HIGH, 15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959)—March 22: **ARCHERS OF LOAF,** pioneers of the Chapel Hill alternative scene. With the local **LES SAVY FAV,** fronted by the charis-

Science itself has become an economic resource. Beyond new "hardware", there is global demand for the "software" of innovative ideas and concepts. Even countries lacking in natural or industrial wealth can achieve economic strength through scientific knowledge. ❧ Israel offers a dramatic example. Its economy increasingly relies on scientific and technological creativity as an internationally marketable product. ❧ In pursuit of intellectual curiosity, researchers at the Weizmann Institute of Science tackle many puzzles that at first may seem abstruse or impractical. But with surprising regularity, the unrestrained choices of basic science result in progress and prosperity. ❧ Theoretical mathematics at Weizmann led to coding systems undergirding TV transmission in many countries. In fields as diverse as medical electronics and desktop publishing, basic concepts emerged from Weizmann think tanks. New approaches to cancer ... new uses of solar energy ... new ways to shield the environment and raise food production ... all trace their origin to scientific imagination. ❧ Ideas like these enrich the world. ❧ Wherever researchers are engaged in adding to humanity's storehouse of scientific capital, they deserve support and encouragement from public and private sources.

The Weizmann Institute, founded in 1934, is a community of 2,400 scientists, engineers and scientists-in-training engaged in a full agenda of 1000 research projects ranging from basic medical research in cancer, AIDS, neurosciences and children's diseases to chemistry, physics, agriculture, mathematics, computer science and the environment.

The Idea Market • The Idea Market •

THE IDEA MARKET

AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR THE WEIZMANN INSTITUTE OF SCIENCE
51 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10010 212/779-2500
www.weizmann-usa.org

matic Gibb Slife. March 24: The legendary Brit punkers **THE DAMNED** are back from the dead.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—**BOSS HOG** (March 18) is fronted by the wife-and-husband duo Cristina Martinez and John Spencer (best known for his own band, the Blues Explosion), who once worked together in the barely listenable noise-punk band Pussy Galore. In Boss Hog, they barrel through their own brand of mutated blues. With her fashion-mag looks, Martinez may be the star of the show, but it's Spencer's yowls and yelps that add oomph, or something, to the package. With **ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT.** March 19: **SHAWN COLVIN** (see Concerts). March 24: The latest musician to don the herculean mantle of guitar hero, **JOE SATRIANI** joins a list that includes muscle-fingered contenders from Jeff Beck to Dick Dale. He sure can play fast, but taste is not his strong suit. With the Derek Trucks Band.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—March 18: Famous son **SEAN LENNON.** March 20: Poppy punk with the **FIGGS,** who recently signed on as Graham Parker's touring band.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—March 22: **VICTORIA WILLIAMS.** Even those who have trouble with this Louisiana-bred folksinger's voice—a mildly cloying, Kewpie-doll instrument—have been charmed by her talent for songwriting. Last year she released her fourth full-length album, a splendid collection titled "Musings of a Creekdipper." With guitar-strumming whippersnapper **CHRIS STILLS,** whose father once worked with Messrs. Crosby, Nash, and Young. March 23: **MARCY PLAYGROUND,** currently enjoying its fifteen minutes in the spotlight with the creepy, irresistible hit "Sex & Candy."

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—"Augustin Pajou, Royal Sculptor." Through May 24. . . . ¶ "When Silk Was Gold: Central Asian and Chinese Textiles in the Metropolitan and Cleveland Museums of Art." Through May 17. . . . ¶ "Paul Strand Circa 1916." Through May 31. . . . ¶ An exhibition at the Costume Institute devoted to the work of Gianni Versace. Through March 22. . . . ¶ "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part One: Calligraphy." Through June 28. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—The Chuck Close retrospective and "Artists and Subjects: Picasso to Stella" examine the guises of twentieth-century portraiture. Through May 26 and May 25, respectively. . . . ¶ "Alvar Aalto: Between Humanism and Materialism," a centennial exhibition that includes sketches, photographs, and maquettes of architectural projects by the Finnish modernist. Through May 19. . . . ¶ The current Fernand Léger retrospective has been substantially edited from a much larger exhibition at the Centre Pompidou in Paris, and, according to observers who caught both shows, the winnowing has only worked to the artist's benefit. Curator Carolyn Lanchner's show is tight and focussed—there's no dreary student work. The earlier paintings, with their syncretism of Cubism, Futurism, and the occasional Dadaist fillip, are especially successful. Through May 12. . . . ¶ Twenty-six recently acquired photographs by Garry Winogrand are on view. Through May 31. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 6; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—"China: 5,000 Years" is an impressive survey of art in every medium; it includes some of the country's greatest masterpieces. The exhibition ranges from the Neolithic to the dynastic era and has no particular focus; with works of this quality, however, no one's complaining. China's preoccupation with its own past is a subtle, recurring theme, and star power is supplied by four of the famous life-size earthenware warriors, and a magnificent horse, from the tomb of Qin Shihuangdi, discovered in Xi'an in 1977. Through June 3. . . . ¶ "After 'Mountains and Sea': Frankenthaler 1956-59." Through May 3. . . . ¶ "Visions of Paris: Robert Delaunay's Series." Through May 24. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500)—"A Century in Crisis" comprises the contemporary portion of the institution's blockbuster exhibition "China: 5,000 Years." Chinese art in the past century has been invaded by Western influences, typically decades after the style has been abandoned in Europe and America. Although some of the work has considerable graphic power, much of it is problematic. For example, Cheng Zhang's "Rustic Scene," from 1930, is naturalistically detailed and drawn in Western perspective, which makes it sit uneasily in the traditional vertical-scroll format. The terrifying tackiness of works from the Cultural Revolution poses a real challenge: what is one to make of the portrait of a young woman doctor on a fisherman's wharf, simpering as though she'd stepped out of a Norman Rockwell painting? Through May 25. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

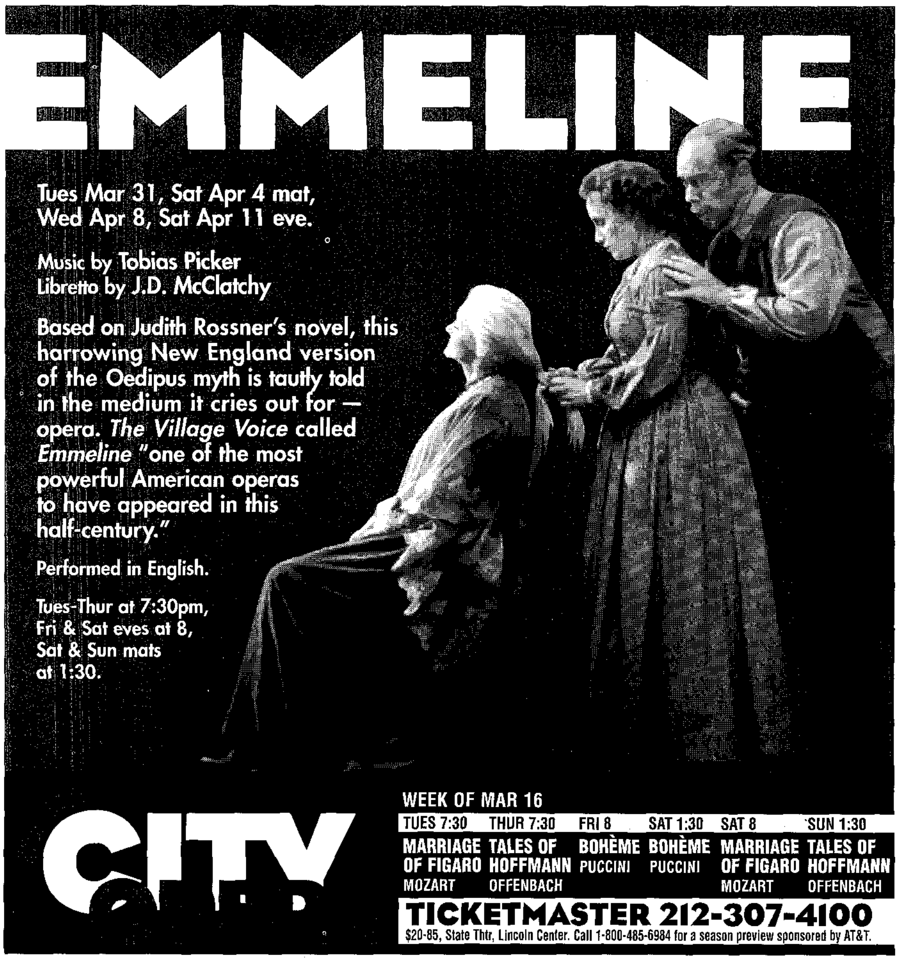
Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—"Bill Viola," a mid-career survey devoted to the video artist. Through May 10. . . . ¶ "Arthur Dove: A Retrospective." For years the Whitney has been accused of pandering to art-world chic. Like the recent Richard Diebenkorn retrospective, this show demonstrates that the museum is more than willing to be uncool. Along with such artists as John Marin and Marsden Hartley, Dove (1880-1946) was a staple of Alfred Stieglitz's vanguard 291 gallery. His style of distilled, expressionistic landscape looks remarkably fresh; one might visit any number of downtown galleries and see pictures whose only advance over Dove's is that they now come cloaked in the rhetoric of the body, gender, sexuality, and so on. Through April 12. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

Brooklyn Museum of Art, Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—"Scattered Petals, Fallen Leaves, Shards of Glass: The Work of Bing Hu." Through May 10. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 9; and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (849-8300)—"The Jewels of Lalique" collects the innovations of René Lalique (1860-1945), who brought the languorous lines of Art Nouveau to jewelry design and glassmaking. Through April 12. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700)—"Robert Adam, the Creative Mind: From the Sketch to the Finished Drawing." Sixty-six drawings and watercolors—by the eighteenth-century Scottish architect, his brother and partner, James, and the artists of their studio—displaying the remarkable range of the firm's neoclassical projects, from garden structures to such grand-scale architectural monuments as Culzean Castle, in Strathclyde, and Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire. Through April 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008)—"To Observe and Imagine: British Drawings and Watercolors, 1600-1900." A captivating


EMMELINE

Tues Mar 31, Sat Apr 4 mat,
Wed Apr 8, Sat Apr 11 eve.

Music by Tobias Picker
Libretto by J.D. McClatchy

Based on Judith Rossner's novel, this harrowing New England version of the Oedipus myth is tautly told in the medium it cries out for — opera. *The Village Voice* called *Emmeline* "one of the most powerful American operas to have appeared in this half-century."

Performed in English.

Tues-Thur at 7:30pm,
Fri & Sat eves at 8,
Sat & Sun mats
at 1:30.

CITY OPERA

WEEK OF MAR 16

TUES 7:30	THUR 7:30	FRI 8	SAT 1:30	SAT 8	SUN 1:30
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO MOZART	TALES OF HOFFMANN OFFENBACH	BOHÈME PUCCINI	BOHÈME PUCCINI	MARRIAGE OF FIGARO MOZART	TALES OF HOFFMANN OFFENBACH

TICKETMASTER 212-307-4100
$20-85, State Thtr, Lincoln Center. Call 1-800-485-6984 for a season preview sponsored by AT&T.

THEATRE VIDEOS for kids

Once upon a time... there lived a Mother & Son who loved theatre. Together, they traveled as far afield as Amsterdam and as close to home as Louisville to watch their favorite classics and the best of the new. "This stuff is totally awesome," was the Boy's verdict. "And good for his brain," added the delighted Mother, in a stage whisper.

"This is too good to keep to ourselves," they decided. And they formed a company to videotape the Best Performances so families everywhere could enjoy them. Filmed by the BBC and introduced by Professor Elizabeth McNamer, the video series included shows like Frankenstein ... A Stranger Came Ashore ... Cyrano ... & Still the Drummer.

Parents who wanted their children to see intellectually stimulating drama subscribed to the series. Kids who craved Lively entertainment gleefully watched the tapes. All awaited each new video with fevered anticipation and everyone lived Happily ever after.

GLOBALSTAGE™

OUR NEWEST RELEASE :

☆ PINOCCHIO ☆
The Musical
A production by Louisville's Stage One

TO ORDER TOLL-FREE CALL:
1.888.324.5623
WWW.GLOBALSTAGE.NET

A year's subscription of six plays is only $135.
A new video arrives every two months.
VISA OR MASTERCARD / SHIPPING EXTRA

exhibition that includes some hundred and forty examples of the two mediums, among them Richard Cosway's irresistible portrait of Horace Beckford as an adorable little dandy, and a small, lovely section devoted to early work by the precocious Edward Lear. Shows like this are intended for reading as much as for looking, leisurely and closely. Through May 3. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Jean Fautrier (1898-1964)—"Black Nudes and Other Early Works," a splendid show of a once eminent, then somewhat forgotten, now once again fashionable French painter. The works in the show are from a not so well-known period of the artist's career—the twenties—which makes it doubly exciting for those interested in the recherché. Through April 11. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St. 988-1623. Open Mondays.)

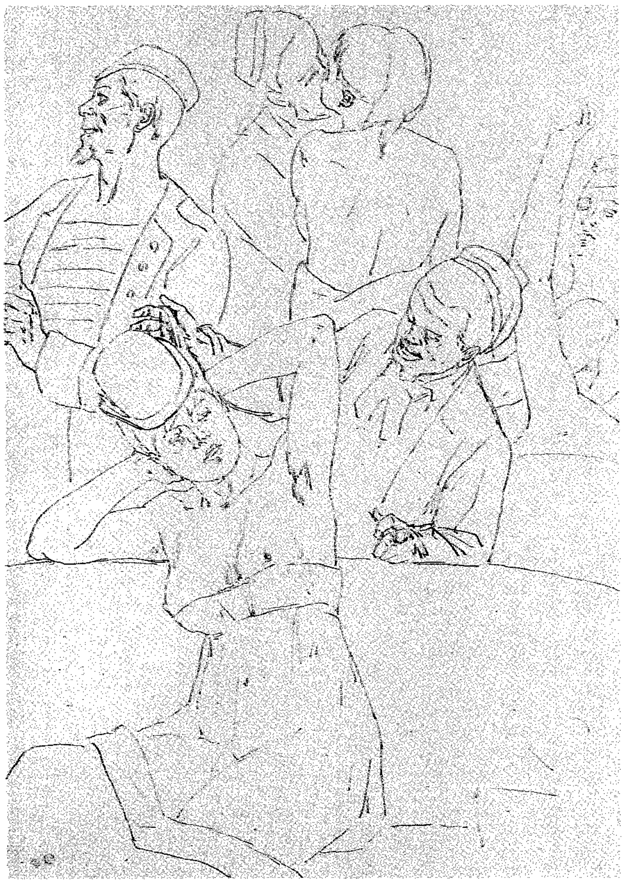
Daniel Ludwig—A still-life of a bowl of pears and starkly lit nudes—Balthus-like girls on a vacation to Hopper-esque Cape Cod—that deftly contrast their shiny glazes with matte-finish palette-knife effects. Through April 11. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 988-6870.)

Félicien Rops (1833-98)—Louche and inventive drawings by the Belgian artist and friend of Baudelaire, Flaubert, et al. In their refinement and syphilis-inspired anxieties, Rops's scenes of casual priapism are in keeping with the obsessions of his confrères. It's also easy to spot similarities with more contemporary artists, such as Carroll Dunham or the Chapman brothers, who also depict phalluses with a Tourette-ish frequency. Through April 25. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. 861-4050.)

Short List—**QUENTIN BELL**, Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. 838-0333. Through April 18. . . . **THERESA BERNSTEIN**, Whalen, 24 W. 57th St. 397-9700. Through April 18. . . . **JUDITH COTTON**, Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. 535-5767. Through April 11. . . . **JOHAN CRETEN** and **ROBERT GREENE**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. 980-5454. Both shows through March 28. . . . **JOHN FERREN**, Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. 262-1160. Through April 25. . . . **MARY FRANK**, DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 247-2111. Through April 4. . . . **KATHRYN FREEMAN**, Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. 664-0907. Through March 31. . . . **GIAMBOLOGNA**, Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. 879-6606. Open Mondays; through April 4. . . . **LEON GOLDIN** and **ANNE RYAN**, Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 307-5730. Both shows through April 4. . . . **ADOLPH GOTTLIEB**, Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550. Through April 4. . . . **GEORGE MCNEIL**, ACA, 41 E. 57th St. 644-8300. Through March 28. . . . **MARISOL**, Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. 541-4900. Open Mondays; through March 28. . . . **VOLKER STELZMANN**, Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 355-4545. Through March 28. . . . **PAUL WALDMAN**, Helman, 20 W. 57th St. 245-2888. Through March 28. . . . **BEATRICE WOOD** and **ELIE NADELMAN**, Clark, 24 W. 57th St. 246-2205. Both shows through April 4.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

Vito Acconci—"Spoken Rooms (3 Installations 1974-75)." A museum-quality show of complex son-et-lumière works, incorporating multiple, sometimes overlapping projections, video monitors, crude plywood sculptural props, and speaker systems through which the artist spouts rambling, obscure, yet often riveting texts. The impact of these works hasn't dimmed over three decades, but they do require a patient viewer willing to do the work of looking and listening. Through April 1. (Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 206-9300.)



"The Sailors' Den," by Félicien Rops (Shepherd).

Matthew Benedict—"The Magus and Other Tales," large-scale gouaches and mounted embroideries by a young artist with a keen interest in myth and theatricality. In one picture, a sea captain is at the wheel of his ship during a raging storm; for some reason, he is also outfitted with a mitre and crook. Benedict's works also transmit a muted but unmistakable whiff of homoeroticism. Through April 25. (Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave., at 18th St. 367-7474.)

Alice Neel (1900-84)—"Men in Suits," a series of paintings from the fifties through the seventies of just what the exhibition title promises, all rendered in the artist's signature style of ironic expressionism. The only double portrait in the show—of the art critics David Bourdon and Gregory Battcock—really stands out: the former wears a suit, but Battcock appears in a white tank top, yellow briefs, and lurid red socks. Through April 25. (Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727.)

Thomas Ruff—"Plakats," a series of photomontages by this prominent student of Bernd and Hilla Becher. Ruff first achieved fame in the eighties for documentary photographic work that expanded upon the example of his teachers in diverse ways. In these new computer-manipulated images, Ruff seems to be reaching further back into German modernist art history, namely the incendiary photomontages of the Berlin Dadaist John Heartfield. But given Ruff's large quotient of self-awareness, there is no escaping the irony of these "political" works. Through March 28. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

"Maverick"—An exceptionally smart-looking installation of works by several artists known for crossing genres. Jean-Marc Bustamante juxtaposes two large-scale black-and-white photographs of interiors with a few birdcages that contain live finches. Katharina Fritsch contributes a tower of white plaster brains. Roni Horn joins her interest in Minimalist form (i.e., the grid) with photography, in a manner that evokes the industrial landscapes of the Bechers without any of their dry, documentary approach. Through April 11. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200.)

Short List—**RICCI ALBENDA,** Kreps, 529 W. 20th St. 741-8849. Through April 4. . . . **DAVID FEBLAND,** Caelum, 526 W. 26th St. 924-4161. Through April 4. . . . **MARY HEILMANN,** Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. 727-7366. Through April 18. . . . **DAVID IVIE** and **MATT MARELLO,** Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318. Both shows through April 4. . . . **RONALD JONES,** Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100. Through April 11. . . . **ALAIN KIRILI,** Marlborough, 211 W. 19th St. 463-8634. Through March 28. . . . **JOSEPH LOGAN,** Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. 243-5937. Through March 28. . . . **SHARON LOUDEN,** Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. 463-0970. Through April 4. . . . **PETER SARKISIAN,** I-20 Gallery, 529 W. 20th St. 645-1100. Through April 4. . . . **RANDY WALZ,** Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752. Through April 18.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

John Chamberlain—A pair of sculptures of crushed and painted steel, "The Privet" and "The Hedge," sixty and fifty feet long, respectively, which the artist calls "Fauve Landscapes." Through April 25. (Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. 431-9224.)

Feng Mengbo—This young Chinese artist, in his first American solo exhibit, displays an impressive mastery of various media as he explores the relationship between family and the individual over several generations. There's nothing new here from a technical point of view, but Feng's work speaks with a refreshing, if rather earnest, candor. Through March 21. (Holly Solomon, 172 Mercer St. 941-5777.)

Bonnell Silverman—Mixed-media paintings that forge an unexpectedly fresh alliance between two disciplines, Abstract Expressionism and academic drapery study. Silverman builds swathes of fabric into her pastily brushstroked surfaces in a way that revives the witty literalism of the standard Ab-Ex gesture. It also feels figurative: the lavishness of her swirls recalls the veils and vestments in countless school-of-Lippi chiaroscuro studies. Through March 21. (Steele, 420 West Broadway. 941-8388.)

Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925)—"Blackboard Drawing, 1919-24," an unusual and rewarding exhibition devoted to the theosophist and educator's lecture sketches (preserved by a colleague who placed black paper over the blackboards). Steiner didn't consider the results works of art, nor, apparently, did the artists who attended the lectures, but in light of more recent "blackboard" art by Joseph Beuys and Cy Twombly, Steiner's preserved ephemera do have a prescient look. Through March 21. (Blum, 99 Wooster St. 343-0441.)

Richard Tuttle—A large selection of delicate, painted, wall-mounted plywood sculptures that circle the two gallery spaces like a frieze. Tuttle is one of those rare artists who manage to unite formal rigor with inescapable charm. Through March 21. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. 431-3685.)

"Archigram"—Drawings, maquettes, installations, and other re-creations of the capsule structures, plug-in environments, and walking cities, etc., envisioned by counterculture architects in the sixties and early seventies. Through April 25. (Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway. 966-9520.)

Group Show—The Drawing Center's spring roundup features several artists strongly influenced by Surrealism: Leona Christie's biomorphic fantasies, daintily rendered in ballpoint pen, trace a direct ancestry to the psychosexual visions of Miró; Enrique Chagoya's use of nineteenth-century engravings as a background for bizarre hallucinations comes straight out of Max Ernst's collages. Stephen Sollins explores new frontiers in wispiness, cutting out extremely fine geometric grids from newspaper pages, tacked to the wall, which flutter with every passing breeze. Through March 28. (35 Wooster St. 219-2166. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Short List—**BERNARD CHAET,** New York Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. 673-6466. Through April 4. . . . **ELLEN GALLAGHER,** Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. 228-2828. Through April 11. . . . **JANE HAMMOND,** Beitzel, 102 Prince St. 219-2863. Through March 21. . . . **IRENE HARDWICKE,** Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. 477-1820. Through March 30. . . . **JENIFER KOBYLARZ,** Thorp, 103 Prince St. 431-6880. Through April 4. . . . **MICHAEL LAZARUS,** Feature, 76 Greene St. 941-7077. Through March 28. . . . **SHARON LOCKHART,** Petzel, 26 Wooster St. 334-9466. Through April 4. . . . **CHRISTOPHER LUCAS,** McIntyre, 45 Crosby St. 334-9666. Through March 28. . . . **ANISSA MACK,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. 941-5711. Through March 21. . . . **RUTHARD MIKSCH,** Au Base, 433 W. 14th St. 414-0563. Through March 28. . . . **JOHN L. MOORE,** M-13, at 72 Greene St. 925-3007. Through April 4. . . . **ROBERT MOSKOWITZ,** Markey, 55 Vandam St. 627-4446. Through March 21. . . . **ELIZABETH OLBERT,** Golden, 39 Wooster St. 274-0080. Through April 4. . . . **DANIEL REYNOLDS,** Deven Golden, 16 Mercer St. 334-3124. Through April 4. . . . **ULRICH RUCKREIM,** Ace, 275 Hudson St. 255-5599. Through March 28. . . . **RUBÉN TORRES-LLORCA,** Knowlton, 568 Broadway. 966-

RUSSIAN
NATIONAL
ORCHESTRA

Ætna

2625. Through April 25. . . . **JULIAN TRIGO,** Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. 219-9600. Through April 11.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S—March 18: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . ¶ March 20: Continental furniture, including especially striking eighteenth-century Italian mirrors and consoles. . . . ¶ March 23: Chinese calligraphy and paintings and more than four hundred Chinese snuff bottles. . . . ¶ March 24: Chinese art, including Tang-dynasty tomb sculpture. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S—March 18: The first of three sales of the Haskell F. Norman collection of books about science and medicine, limited to examples from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in this installment, with further sales to follow in June and November. . . . ¶ March 19: French and other Continental furniture. . . . ¶ March 24: Chinese paintings and calligraphy. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.). . . . At **CHRISTIE'S EAST:** Old Master paintings (March 18) and Asian decorative art (March 24). (219 E. 67th St. 606-0400.)

PHILLIPS—Twentieth-century decorative art. (406 E. 79th St. 570-4830. March 20.)

SWANN—An auction of books, autographs, and other performing-arts memorabilia. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. March 19.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ILSE BING—An exhibition of vintage prints in celebration of the photographer's ninety-ninth birthday. Through May 2. (Houk, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 750-7070.)

ANDREW BUSH—A teasing mini-retrospective of the artist's projects over the past fifteen years. There are only five "Vector Portraits"—sharp, colorful candids of drivers at the wheel, speeding along the highway. But three shelves of nearly fetishistic "Envelopes"—trompe-l'oeil images in photographic printer's frames—are the real scene stealers. Through April 4. (Saul, 560 Broadway. 431-0747.)

KARL STRUSS (1886-1981)—Thirty-three small, very charming platinum prints from around 1910, of landscapes in New York City, Long Island, and Nova Scotia. Through March 28. (Danziger, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. 734-5300.)

SUSAN UNTERBERG—"Water Dreams," a suite of well-executed meditations on the pastoral landscape around the artist's colony Yaddo. Each picture represents only *one* exposure, but the effect is many-layered. Unterberg sets up at the surface of a lake and shoots the reflections of trees, blue sky, and clouds under varying natural-light conditions. "Radiant Ivory" has a lower foundation of dark-green leafy trees and an ethereal middle of creamy white clouds reflected in a jewel-like pattern. Dark fish wend their way underneath the surfaces of most of these dreamscapes. Through April 4. (Richardson, 560 Broadway. 343-1255.)

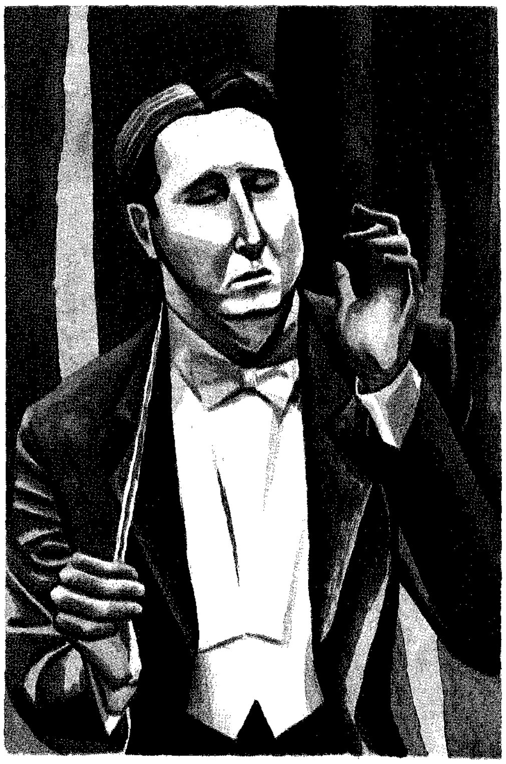
INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN—"Robert Capa: Photographs," a retrospective of the war correspondent's career. Through June 7. (Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. 860-1777. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—**CECIL BEATON,** Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway. 966-6223. Through April 18. . . . **ROBERT CUMMING,** Borden, 560 Broadway. 431-0166. Through April 4. . . . **CHARLES HAGEN,** Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave., at 23rd St. 242-7767. Open Sundays, noon to 5; through April 26. . . . **ALEXANDER LIBERMAN,** Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. 517-3766. Through April 18. . . . **RALPH EUGENE MEATYARD,** Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. 334-0010. Through April 25. . . . **AUGUST SANDER,** Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. 242-7727. Through April 25. . . . **DAVID SMITH,** Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200. Through April 18. . . . **ED VAN DER ELSKEN,** Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St. 431-0292. Through April 25. . . . **WILLIAM WEGMAN,** Pace Wildenstein MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. 759-7999. Through April 25.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall is 247-7800, and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 501-3330.)



Mikhail Pletnev, conducting the Russian National Orchestra, at Carnegie Hall.

JENNY WILLIAMS

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—**L'ELISIR D'AMORE,** with Ruth Ann Swenson, Frank Lopardo, Roberto de Candia, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Maurizio Benini. (March 18 at 7:30.) . . . With Youngok Shin, Mr. Lopardo, Earle Patriarco, and Mr. Plishka; Mr. Benini. (March 21 at 8.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY,** with Catherine Malfitano, Wendy White, Richard Leech, and Alan Opie; Carlo Rizzi. (March 19 at 8.) . . . **ROMÉO ET JULIETTE,** with Angela Gheorghiu, Kristine Jepson, Roberto Alagna, Russell Braun, and Robert Lloyd; Bertrand de Billy. (March 20 and March 24 at 8.) . . . **LOHENGRIN,** with Deborah Voigt, Deborah Polaski, Ben Heppner, Hans-Joachim Ketelsen, and Eric Halfvarson; James Levine. (March 21 at 12:30.) . . . **STIFFELIO,** by Verdi, with Maria Guleghina, Plácido Domingo, Vladimir Chernov, and Mr. Plishka; Mr. Levine. (March 23 at 7:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN.** (March 19 at 7:30 and March 22 at 1:30.) . . . **LA BOHÈME.** (March 20 at 8 and March 21 at 1:30.) . . . **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.** (March 21 at 8.) . . . **MADAMA BUTTERFLY.** (March 24 at 7:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Daniele Gatti conducts Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" and Mahler's Symphony No. 5. (Avery Fisher Hall. March 18-19 and March 21 at 8, and March 20 at 2. 875-5030.)

WASEDA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TOKYO—Chikara Iwamura leads Stravinsky's "Le Sacre du Printemps," Dvořák's Cello Concerto (with Ralph Kirshbaum), and works by Verdi and Yuzo Toyama. (Carnegie Hall. March 18 at 8.)

RUSSIAN NATIONAL ORCHESTRA—Mikhail Pletnev conducts Liadov's "Three Fairy Tales," Glazunov's Violin Concerto (featuring Gil Shaham), and a suite from Tchaikovsky's "Sleeping Beauty." (Carnegie Hall. March 19 at 8.)

NEW YORK POPS—Skitch Henderson leads Broadway standards, with singer Karen Mason. (Carnegie Hall. March 20 at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Sibelius is inescapable in New York this season, thanks in no small part to the largesse of the Finnish government. This weekend, the exploration of his œuvre moves to Brooklyn, as Robert Spano conducts his rarely played tone poem "Luonnotar" and "Kullervo" Symphony (with soprano Lucy Shelton, baritone Scott Hogsed, and the New York City Gay Men's Chorus), in addition to his Violin Concerto (with Joshua Bell). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. March 20-21 at 8. . . . **NOTE:** On March 21 at 3, composer Magnus Lindberg and conductor and composer Esa-Pekka Salonen join the musicians to perform and discuss twentieth-century Finnish music.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC SYMPHONY—In a well-ordered world, Mahler's Symphony No. 3—enormous, exhausting, and difficult to pull together—would not receive competing performances in the same city in the same week (not to mention on the same afternoon). One does not expect the conservatory orchestra to rival the polish of the Los Angeles Philharmonic (which performs the work on March 22), but the enthusiasm of youth can offer its own rewards—and, as you may imagine, the ticket price for these performances is far more wallet-friendly. Glen Barton Cortese leads the orchestra, the Riverside Women's Choir, the Manhattan School of Music Chorus and Children's Festival Chorus, the Barnard/Columbia Chorus, and mezzo-soprano Mignon Dunn. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. March 20 at 8 and March 22 at 3. For information about tickets, call 870-6784.)

LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Esa-Pekka Salonen conducting. March 20 at 8: Magnus Lindberg's "Fresco," Bernstein's "Serenade" (with violinist Martin Chalifour), and Schumann's Symphony No. 3. . . . ¶ March 22 at 3: Mahler's Symphony No. 3, with contralto Anna Larsson, the New York Choral Artists, and the New York City Opera Children's Chorus. (875-5030.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Pianist Frederic Chiu is featured in Mozart's D-Minor Piano Concerto and Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No. 4 (for the left hand), in a program that also includes Mozart's Symphony No. 41. Richard Kapp conducts. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. March 21 at 7.)

CENTRAL CITY CHORUS—Charles Pilling directs Haydn's Stabat Mater and "Kleine Orgelmesse." (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-0808. March 22 at 7.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS—In a day-late celebration of Bach's birthday, Harold Rosenbaum leads seven of his cantatas: No. 1, No. 50, No. 53, No. 55, No. 79, No. 80, and No. 191. (Merkin Concert Hall. March 22 at 8.)

OPERA CELEBRATION—Lots of arias, performed by sopranos Patricia Racette and Maureen O'Flynn, tenor Marcello Giordani, and baritone Sherrill Milnes, among others. (Temple Emanu-El, Fifth Ave. at 65th St. March 23 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY—Jesús López-Cobos conducts Debussy's "Prélude à l'Après-midi d'un Faune" and "La Mer," Ravel's "La Valse," and Sibelius's Violin Concerto (with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg). (Carnegie Hall. March 23 at 8.)

CLARION MUSIC SOCIETY—They certainly did know how to throw a party back in 1608; that's when the court of Mantua indulged in a

GREAT ARTISTS! GREAT MUSIC! GREAT SAVINGS!

GET ANY ONE OF THESE MULTI-CD SETS AT SAVINGS OF UP TO 90%!

Plus a hassle-free membership! No cards to return! No automatic shipments!

LEONARD BERNSTEIN

Mahler's Complete Symphonies

"Having the cycle as a whole on these 13 CDs has one eager to go from one symphony to another. This is a personal statement by one great musician on another, and represents a monumental achievement." ***–Penguin Guide***

"It was his ability to empathize with Mahler's psychological torments...that persuaded the music world once and for all of Mr. Bernstein's importance as an interpreter." ***–NY Times***

Vienna Philharmonic, New York Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw with soloists: Ludwig, Hendricks, Riegel, Prey, others.

13 CDs *Deutsche Grammaphon*
Suggested retail list price–$169.98
***Yours for* $9.98**
plus shipping and handling

MAHLER · BERNSTEIN
MAHLER · 10 SYMPHONIEN
M

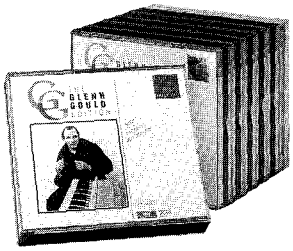
GLENN GOULD PLAYS BACH

"He was extraordinary whatever he played, but it was in his Bach recordings, with their propulsive rhythmic drive and uncanny capacity to make every voice independent, that his genius was fully realized." ***–Classic CD***

"No more original genius of the keyboard has existed than Glenn Gould. Sony's presentation is superb." ***–Gramaphone Good CD Guide***

Includes the complete *Well-Tempered Clavier, English Suites, French Suites, Partitas,* the historic 1955 *Goldberg Variations,* plus much more!

14 CDs *Sony Classical*
Suggested retail list price–$222.98
***Yours for* $9.98**
plus shipping and handling



MURRAY PERAHIA

Mozart's Complete Piano Concertos

"The cycle is a remarkable achievement; in terms of poetic insight and musical spontaneity, the performances are in a class of their own. There is a wonderful singing line. This is an indispensable set in every way." ***–Penguin Guide***

"Perahia is one of the greatest artists before the public today, or I suspect at any time." ***–London Daily Telegram***

Murray Perahia and the English Chamber Orchestra scale the heights of some of Mozart's most celebrated masterpieces.

12 CDs *Sony Classical*
Suggested retail list price–$167.98
***Yours for* $9.98**
plus shipping and handling

MOZART
MOZART
MOZART
MOZART
MURRAY PERAHIA
MURRAY PERAHIA

ROMANTIC ITALIAN OPERA EXTRAVAGANZA

Verdi: La Traviata *Muti, Alagna, Fabbricini, Chorus of La Scala, et al.*
"An exciting and eloquent reading on all sides...." ***–Gramophone Good CD Guide***

Verdi: Il Trovatore *Levine, Domingo, Millo, Zajick, Morris, et al.*
"...the most recommendable among modern versions of *Trovatore.*" ***–Gramophone Good CD Guide***

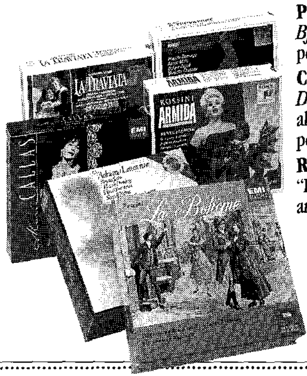
Puccini: Tosca *de Sabata, Callas, di Stefano, Gobbi, et al.*
"There has never been a finer recorded performance of *Tosca*...." ***–The Penguin Guide***

Puccini: La Boheme *Beecham, de los Angeles, Björling, et al.* "Beecham's is a uniquely magical performance...." ***–The Penguin Guide***

Cilea: Adriana Lecouvreur *Levine, Scotto, Domingo, Milnes, et al.* "...the centre of its allure, its *raison d'etre,* is Renata Scotto, glamour personified." ***–Gramophone Good CD Guide***

Rossini: Armida *Renée Fleming, et al.*
"Fleming sings commandingly...the voice both golden and flexible...." ***–The Penguin Guide***

13 CDs *Sony Classical/EMI Classics*
Suggested retail list price–$179.98
***Yours for* $9.98**
plus shipping and handling



Just look at this extraordinary selection of multi-CD sets...the brilliant virtuosity of the legendary Leonard Bernstein, the incomparable playing of both Glenn Gould and Murray Perahia, and superb operatic performances by James Levine, Riccardo Muti, Renée Fleming, Placido Domingo and others! Any one of these sets makes an ideal gift for any music lover–and it can be yours *at a savings of up to 90% off suggested list price,* with membership in the Columbia House Classical Club.

- **As a Club Member** you agree to buy as few as six selections in the coming two years, at the regular Club price (currently $12.98 to $16.98) – and you may cancel membership at any time after doing so. (A shipping and handling charge will be added to each shipment.)

HASSLE-FREE MEMBERSHIP PLAN

...guarantees that you will never receive any selection you did not order. That's because there are no "automatic shipments" of the Selection of the Month. If you don't ask for it, we won't send it! When you want to place an order, just send the response card, call us on the phone or visit our Website at **www.columbiahouse.com/music.** Otherwise, rip up the card!

- **Great savings opportunities!** As a member, you'll have over 10,000 selections to choose from! We'll send free catalogs on a regular basis, with your favorite Classical recordings at special low prices. What's more, you may now use any major credit card to make your Club purchases.
- **14-Day Free Trial.** We'll send details of the Club's operation with your multi-CD set. If not satisfied for any reason whatsoever, simply return everything within 14 days at our expense – and there's no further obligation on your part. So you risk absolutely nothing by acting now!
- **If application is missing,** write to:

Columbia House Classical Club,
1400 North Fruitridge Avenue,
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

COLUMBIA HOUSE

© 1998, The Columbia House Company

Columbia House Classical Club

1400 N. Fruitridge Ave.
P.O. Box 1129
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811-1129

Please enroll me as a Member in the Club under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the multi-CD set checked below – for which I will be billed only $9.98, plus shipping and handling. As a Club Member, I need to buy as few as six CDs, at regular Club prices, in the coming two years – and I may cancel my membership at any time after doing so. (I understand that a shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.)

Send me this set at the price indicated (check one only):

☐ GLENN GOULD PLAYS BACH, 14 CDs for $9.98 (MW)
☐ LEONARD BERNSTEIN/Mahler's Compete Symphonies, 13 CDs for $9.98 (MX)
☐ MURRAY PERAHIA/Mozart's Complete Piano Concertos, 12 CDs for $9.98 (MY)
☐ ROMANTIC ITALIAN OPERA EXTRAVAGANZA/
Verdi, Puccini, Cilea, Rossini. 13 CDs for $9.98 (MZ)

Mr.
Mrs. ______________________________ Age (09)______
Print First Name *Initial* *Last Name*
Miss

Address ______________________________ Apt. ______

City ____________________ State __________ Zip __________

Do you have a telephone? (01) ☐ **Yes** ☐ **No**
If yes, what is the number? (05) (________) ____________________
Area Code *Phone Number*

Have you ever bought anything by mail in the past? (27) ☐ **Yes** ☐ **No** **A96-MW-MX-MY-MZ**

How have you paid for you mail-order purchases? Check below all that apply:
☐ **Cash** (28) ☐ **Credit Card** (29) ☐ **Check** (30) ☐ **Money Order** (31) **EU/S98**

Note: We reserve the right to request additional information, reject any application or cancel any membership. This offer not available in APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto. Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

series of entertainments to mark the marriage of Francesco Gonzaga and Margherita di Savoia. Two of the high points were works by the resident musical genius, Claudio Monteverdi: "Il Ballo delle Ingrate" and the opera "L'Arianna." The latter is mostly lost, but the Clarion performers offer the entire "Ballo," a masque combining vocal and instrumental music with dance and poetry. Various vocal soloists and the Ken Pierce Dance Company assist the Clarion musicians, who will be led by Frederick Hammond. Works by Giovanni Gastoldi, Salamone Rossi, and Marco da Gagliano round out the program. (Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. March 23 at 8.)

RECITALS

Joan Lippincott—The organist plays music by Bach, Liszt, Howells, and Widor. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. 378-0248. March 18 at 7:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall. March 18 at 8: Presenting the Guarneri Quartet in Arriaga's Quartet No. 2, Debussy's String Quartet, and (with clarinettist David Shifrin) Mozart's Clarinet Quintet. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5 and March 24 at 7:30: Presenting the Ensemble Wien-Berlin, playing Beethoven's Octet (Op. 103), Hindemith's "Kleine Kammermusik" for Wind Quintet, Ligeti's Six Bagatelles, and Enescu's Wind Dectet. (875-5050.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The foursome performs quartets by Schubert (in E-Flat Major, D. 87), Webern (his "Five Pieces," Op. 5), and Beethoven (in B-Flat Major, Op. 130, with the "Grosse Fuge" attached). (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. March 18 at 8. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 769-7406.)

Sequitur—The modern-music group performs four works on Judaic themes: Simon Bainbridge's "Four Settings of Primo Levi," Jonathan Kramer's "Remembrance of a People," Harold Meltzer's "Shylock" (a première), and Osvaldo Golijov's "Yiddishbbuk." (Merkin Concert Hall. March 18 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Violist Paul Neubauer, clarinettist Chen Halevi, and pianist Christopher O'Riley offer clarinet trios by Mozart, Schumann (his "Märchenerzählungen"), and Kurtág (his "Hommage à Robert Schumann"). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-4061. March 19 at 7:30 and March 22 at 4.)

Susanne Mentzer and Zheng Zhou—Mezzo-soprano and baritone, performing songs by Brahms, Strauss, and Mahler (among others) to texts from "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," an anthology of German folk poetry that proved irresistible to nineteenth-century lieder composers. Pianists Steven Blier and Michael Barret assist. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. March 19 at 8.)

New York Philomusica—An all-Mozart concert, comprising the D-Minor String Quartet (K. 173), the C-Major Piano Trio (K. 548), and the G-Minor String Quintet (K. 516). (Merkin Concert Hall. March 19 at 8.)

Emmanuel Pahud and Eric le Sage—The Berlin Philharmonic's principal flutist and the pianist offer sonatas by Poulenc and Prokofiev, among other works. (Weill Recital Hall. March 20 at 8.)

Artek Trio—A newly formed period-instrument trio (comprising violin, viola da gamba, and harpsichord) offers German Baroque chamber works, by Johann Philipp Krieger, Buxtehude, and Bach. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. March 20-21 at 8. For information about tickets, call 873-0473.)

Wall-to-Wall Bach—Johann Sebastian's legacy seems to be holding up nicely as we reach the composer's three-hundred-and-thirteenth birthday, on March 21. Performers of all stripes mark the occasion with twelve hours of his music. Here are some highlights. From 11 A.M. to 1:30: An audience play-along; you bring the instruments, they supply the scores. . . . ¶ From 1:30 to 6: Keyboard and chamber music, including "A Musical Offering." . . . ¶ At 7: Jazz interpretations by pianist George Shearing, clarinettist Don Byron, and others. . . . ¶ At 8:30: Gerard Schwarz and Lukas Foss take turns leading the New York Chamber Symphony in a concert that includes the Orchestral Suite No. 4, the D-Minor Keyboard Concerto (with Mr. Foss as pianist), the Cantata No. 209, and movements from the B-Minor Mass. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. No tickets necessary. For further information, call 864-1414, ext. 403.)

Richard Dowling—Pianist, performing works by Beethoven (his "Thirty-two Variations in C Minor"), Chopin, Gershwin, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. March 21 at 8.)

Matthias Goerne—The German baritone offers songs by Schubert and Wolf, with pianist Andreas Haefliger assisting. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. March 22 at 2.)

André Emelianoff—Cellist, with pianist Tian Ying, performing sonatas by Barber and Prokofiev, among other pieces. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. March 22 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet and Ursula Oppens—Performing Mendelssohn's F-Minor Piano Quartet and piano quintets by Shostakovich and Brahms. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. March 22 at 7.)

Gallois Quintet—The French flutist Patrick Gallois and several colleagues offer works by Françaix, Villa-Lobos, Cage, Piston, and Hovhaness. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. March 23 at 8.)

Lara St. John—The Canadian violinist is joined by pianist Ilan Rechtman for Beethoven's G-Major Sonata (Op. 96) and Mr. Rechtman's "Gypsy Music." (Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St. March 23 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

David Schofield—Organist, playing Tournemire's epic "Seven Last Words of Christ." (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 288-2520. March 24 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Spring Is in the Air—Donna Henes, a Brooklyn-based fifty-two-year-old self-proclaimed urban shaman, brings three hundred and sixty eggs (and flaming torches) to the plaza at the World Trade Center for a balancing ceremony, to celebrate the vernal equinox. It's an annual chance to "participate in the natural order of the universe," Henes says. "Much better than Al Roker just telling you today's the day." (March 20, starting at 2:30; spring arrives at 2:55. For more information, call 718-857-2247.)

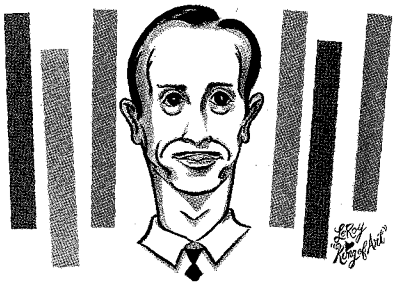
Readings—March 19 at 6: By Aharon Appelfeld, from his latest novel, "The Iron Tracks." (Eldridge Street Synagogue, 12 Eldridge St. 219-0888.) . . . ¶ March 23 at 8: By novelists Don DeLillo ("Underworld") and Charles Frazier ("Cold Mountain"), journalists Jon Krakauer ("Into Thin Air") and Anne Fadiman ("The Spirit Catches You and You Fall Down"), and other finalists for the National Book Critics Circle Awards. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. For reservations, which are required, call 463-6778.) . . . ¶ March 24 at 7: By the Polish poet Adam Zagajewski. (Queens College, Kissena Blvd. and Melbourne Ave., Flushing. 718-997-4646.)

Talks—March 18 at 6:30: Former Hiroshima Carp third baseman Sachio Kinugasa (whose record of consecutive games played—2,215—is second only to Cal Ripken's) and former New York Mets first baseman Keith Hernandez join Masaru Ikei, political-science professor at Tokyo's Keio University, and others to discuss the differences between Japanese and American baseball. (Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. 752-3015.) . . . ¶ March 18 at 7: Wu Hung, an art professor at the University of Chicago, talks about early Chinese art. (Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. 360-3503.) . . . ¶ March 22 at 2: Dr. Joseph LeDoux, chief of New York University's Center for Neural Science, explains how memories and emotions are stored in the brain. (New York Hall of Science, 47-01 111th St., Flushing. 718-699-0005.)

BOOK CURRENTS

Tales of Tinseltown

"If you think about it, getting famous is easier than getting a job," the director John Waters mused in his 1986 book, **Crackpot** (Vintage). But staying famous, and insuring that your legend outlives you, is something else again. Movie-star biographies and autobiographies could be considered how-to (or, in many cases, how-not-to) manuals, and Waters—whose movies include "Pink Flamingos," "Female Trouble," and "Hairspray," and whose most recent book is **Director's Cut** (Distributed Art Publishers)—could go on forever about his favorites. He loves **The Tragic Secret Life of Jayne Mansfield**, by Raymond Strait. "It's the trashiest of all the Jayne Mansfield biographies," he says. "It has the most outrageous stuff, including the fact that supposedly she was addicted to LSD at the end of her life. And it has great pictures, too."



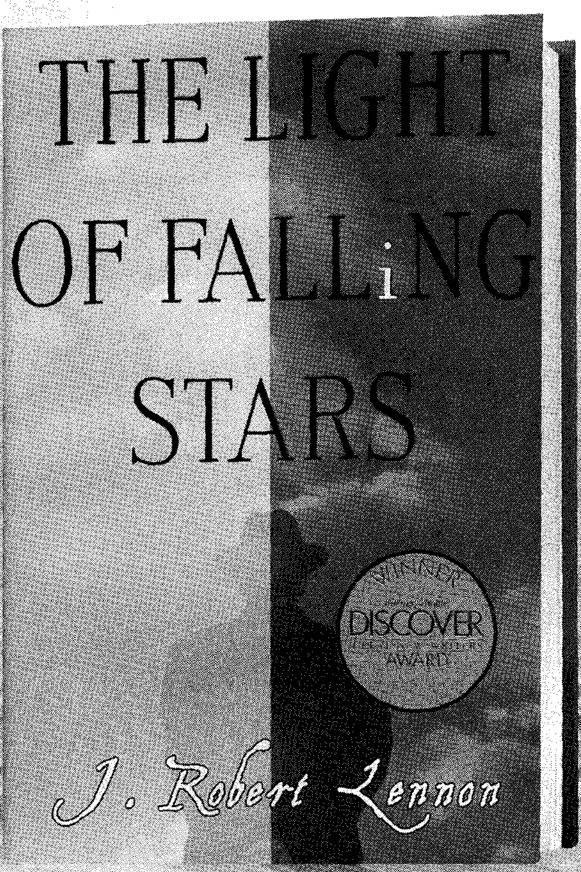
Waters is also a Carroll Baker fan ("Certainly ever since 'Baby Doll,' when the nuns told us we'd go to Hell if we saw it"), and he adores her memoir, **To Africa with Love: A True Romantic Adventure**. "It's really just her story about this great boyfriend she had and how they went to Africa together," he says. "There's insane lovemaking scenes with lions outside." Klaus Kinski's **All I Need Is Love** is "an astounding book about a sex addict. . . . It's maybe the most extreme heterosexual autobiography I've ever read," Waters says.

Of all the books about Lana Turner, one of the director's favorite stars, he's fondest of **Detour** (Avon), written by Turner's daughter, Cheryl Crane, and Cliff Jahr. "Cheryl was the most famous juvenile delinquent in Hollywood because of the Johnny Stompanato murder. So she was always my idol as a teen-ager." Waters even spent one Thanksgiving, in 1989, with Crane and her mother. "So that's what a good biography can lead to," he says. "A lifelong friend and Thanksgiving dinner with Lana Turner. It was the only year that I called my mother and said I wouldn't be home."

LEROY "KING OF ART"

ANNOUNCING THE WINNER OF THE BARNES & NOBLE DISCOVER GREAT NEW WRITERS AWARD

J. Robert Lennon has been named the winner of the 1997 *Barnes & Noble Discover Great New Writers Award* for his powerful debut novel, *The Light of Falling Stars*, published by Riverhead Books. Distinguished authors Melvin Jules Bukiet, Francine Prose and Scott Spencer served as judges for this year's award, selecting Lennon's work from among 34 nominated first novels.



The *Barnes & Noble Discover Great New Writers* program reflects our commitment to introducing and supporting extraordinary new writers. By handpicking the season's most noteworthy works by new and emerging authors, and bringing them to the wider audience they deserve, we're giving these authors a chance to thrive. You'll find this and other *Discover* titles at each of our bookstores.

Pub. Price (hardcover) $23.95 **B&N Price $16.76**
Pub. Price (paperback) $13.00 **B&N Price $10.40**
Prices effective through [illegible]

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

Read an interview with J. Robert Lennon by visiting barnesandnoble.com

http://www.barnesandnoble.com • aol keyword: barnesandnoble

Berlitz. Your first word in a new language.

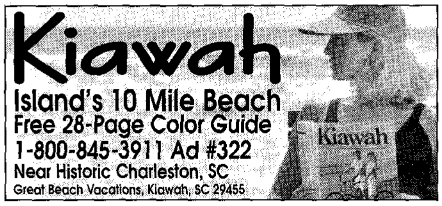
No time for language classes? Then start learning at your own pace, in your own space — with a new Think & Talk® home-study course from Berlitz. As the world's leading name in language learning, we have 120 years of experience using the proven Berlitz Method.® To find out more about the entire Berlitz family of language products, call today.

120th anniversary Berlitz

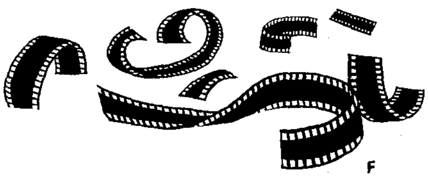
TO ORDER PRODUCTS OR A CATALOG, CALL:
1 800 338 0183 EXT 6062
www.berlitz.com

April 24 - May 3 NEW YORK
avignon/new york film festival
t: 212 343 2675
f: 212 343 1849
Transatlantic Crossroads of French and American Independent Cinema
Festival tributes to director Samuel Fuller
www.francetelecom.com/twist
rencontres cinématographiques franco-américaines
June 24 - 28 AVIGNON

Healthy Solutions for Losing Weight
STRUCTURE • HOUSE •
◆ Physical Health
◆ Emotional Renewal
◆ Beautiful Surroundings
◆ Personal Support
800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com


Kiawah
Island's 10 Mile Beach
Free 28-Page Color Guide
1-800-845-3911 Ad #322
Near Historic Charleston, SC
Great Beach Vacations, Kiawah, SC 29455

THE MOVIES



OPENINGS

Fireworks—The multitalented Takeshi Kitano stars in an action film he also wrote and directed about an ex-cop with a violent streak who robs a bank and is trailed to a quiet mountain village by the yakuza. Mr. Kitano also did original paintings and drawings for the film. In Japanese. Opening March 20. (Film Forum.)

Mendel—A drama about a nine-year-old German-Jewish boy in 1954 who learns about the Holocaust while trying to adjust to a new life in Norway. Directed by Alexander Røsler. In Norwegian and German. Opening March 20. (Quad Cinema.)

Mr. Nice Guy—Hong Kong action star Jackie Chan plays a television chef with a videotape wanted by drug dealers. Directed by Samo Hung. Opening March 20. (Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas.)

Niagara, Niagara—A drama focussing on an obsessive-compulsive young woman with Tourette's syndrome (Robin Tunney) and the young man (Henry Thomas) who falls in love with her. Directed by Bob Gosse. Opening March 20. (Village East Cinemas.)

Primary Colors—A comedy-drama about the Presidential campaign of a Southern governor and the sex scandal surrounding the candidate and his wife. Starring John Travolta and Emma Thompson. Directed by Mike Nichols, with a screenplay by Elaine May, based on the novel by Joe Klein. Opening March 20. (Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, Waverly, and Ziegfeld.)

Taste of Cherry—Writer-director Abbas Kiarostami's tale of a middle-aged Iranian who wants to commit suicide and the people he has asked to help him. In Farsi. Opening March 20. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

Wide Awake—A comedy-adventure about a ten-year-old fifth grader (Joseph Cross) who is dealing with the death of his grandfather. With Denis Leary, Dana Delaney, Rosie O'Donnell, and Robert Loggia; written and directed by M. Night Shyamalan. Opening March 20.

Wild Things—Florida is the setting of John McNaughton's thriller concerning a sex scandal, a murder, and double-crosses. With Kevin Bacon, Matt Dillon, Neve Campbell, Theresa Russell, and Denise Richards. Opening March 20.

FILM NOTES

(If a movie has been reviewed recently in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

As Good as It Gets—A romantic comedy directed and co-written (with Mark Andrus) by James L. Brooks, in which an improbable trio overcomes a heap of troubles and finds collective happiness, sitcom style. Jack Nicholson stars as a romance novelist with a seriously alienating manner, Helen Hunt is a waitress with a young son who has a life-threatening disease, and Greg Kinnear is a gay painter with a sweet smile and no visible erotic attachments. You keep expecting to hear a laugh track.—*Daphne Merkin* (1/5/98) (Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas.)

Au Revoir les Enfants (1988)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau which sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, and for dramatic purposes the director has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark Jewish boy who is using the false name Jean (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. In French.—*Pauline Kael* (Symphony Space; March 24.)

The Big Lebowski—A comedy from the writer-director team of Joel and Ethan Coen about mistaken identity and a million-dollar kidnapping. With Jeff Bridges, John Goodman, Julianne Moore, and Steve Buscemi. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (Beekman, Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII.)

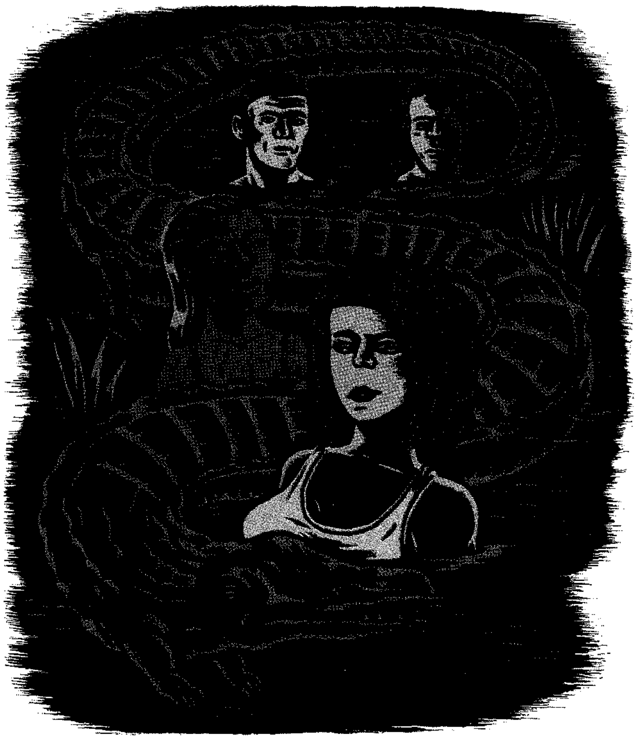
Death of a Salesman (1985)—In most productions, Willy Loman moans "I'm fat" and broods over the time a competitor called him a "walrus." In this revisionist version of the Arthur Miller warhorse, Dustin Hoffman says "I'm short" and remembers the insult as "shrimp." Hoffman was coming off "Tootsie" when he prepared Loman for Broadway, and he interprets Miller's over-the-hill salesman as an anxious New York actor caught up in a bewildering role. His Loman is a peppy little drummer, so used to spieling for effect that he falls apart when he can't command the attention of buyers and his beloved boys (John Malkovich, as Biff, and Stephen Lang, as Happy). Volker Schlöndorff made this TV film from Michael Rudman's acclaimed stage production. Schlöndorff's visual bluntness and uncertain rhythms tarnish—but don't kill—Hoffman's vitality. With Kate Reid as Linda.—*Michael Sragow* (American Museum of the Moving Image; March 21.)

Funny Games—A psychological thriller about two polite young sadists, dressed in tennis whites and espadrilles, who terrorize an affluent family by insinuating themselves into their lakeside home. Austrian writer-director Michael Haneke (known in *cinéaste* circles as "Europe's philosopher of violence") is skilled at creating a surreal atmosphere of casually escalating cruelty, and he's so knowing about the intimate relationship that can develop between tormentors and victims that his film becomes, at times, literally unbearable to watch. Much of its diabolical power stems from the sense of lurking but intangible menace that is established from almost the first frame, and from the even more disorienting gap that exists between the boys' neat, well-spoken demeanor and their brutal intentions. The movie's almost antiseptic look and calm pace only heightens the tension. Although the movie sticks deliberately to the dire games at hand, the shadow of greater evil hovers; the young perpetrators seem Nazi-like in their mocking rigor, and in the way they move coolly from bloodshed to watching television or making sandwiches. This elegant and provocative film succeeds in disturbing the peace, as all serious art does; we emerge from it guilty voyeurs, shaken by what we've just witnessed and by our own helplessness to intervene. In German.—*D.M.* (Film Forum.)

Good Will Hunting—Matt Damon plays a belligerent working-class genius from South Boston who's been abused in foster homes and is now being given a chance to triumph over his past; Robin Williams is the maverick shrink who helps him understand his demons, and Minnie Driver is the unsnobbish Harvard girlfriend who tries to heal him with acceptance. If it sounds treacly, it's not, thanks to a honed script (co-written by Damon and Ben Affleck, who plays Damon's best pal), subtle performances, and surprisingly warm direction by Gus Van Sant.—*D.M.* (1/19/98) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea

West, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, and State.)

Love and Death on Long Island—A surprising film about romantic pursuit, written like a mischievous postmodern fable. John Hurt is Giles De'Ath, a widowed British author of highbrow novels who lives in reclusive Luddite splendor until he is smitten with teen-flick heartthrob Ronnie Bostock (Jason Priestley). Giles pursues this unlikely object of desire all the way to a sweet little Long Island hamlet, where his inventive plans for ensnaring Ronnie prove to be both baroquely funny and touching. One of the many ways in which the film subverts our expectations is by refusing to condescend to its central character; we come to see the daffy Giles as half stalker, half *poète maudit*, transfigured by romantic greatness. Directed with an original touch by Richard Kwietniowski, the movie is less about the nature of homoerotic longing than about the closeted nature of love itself.—*D.M.* (3/9/98) (Angelika Film Center, Cinema II, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)



From the alligator's head to tail: Neve Campbell, Denise Richards, Matt Dillon, and Kevin Bacon in "Wild Things."

GEOFFREY GRAHN

The Man with the Golden Arm (1955)—Frank Sinatra's performance is pure gold, but the director, Otto Preminger, goes for sensationalism; the film is effective, but in a garish, hyperbolic, and dated way. It's a lot more entertaining than the other pictures about dope addiction in that period, though. The others tended to treat it very gingerly, with edifying explanations of childhood traumata, or a slice-of-life view of the addict's environment. (In the 1957 "A Hatful of Rain" the real problem seemed to be low-cost housing.) The film is based on Nelson Algren's Chicago-set novel about the hot poker dealer and addict Frankie. Sinatra's performance is rhythmic, tense, and instinctive, yet beautifully controlled, and, of course, he has a performer's presence. Eleanor Parker's Zosh is somehow out of context, but on its own terms the role has some appeal. The young Kim Novak's Molly has a dumb, suffering beauty that's very touching. The music is by Elmer Bernstein, with jazz sequences in which Shorty Rogers and Shelly Manne appear, along with Bud Shank, Ralph Pena, and others.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; March 23-24.)

Men with Guns—John Sayles's first film since "Lone Star" is no match for that relaxed and haunting tale. Federico Luppi (as strong here as he was in "Cronos") plays Fuentes, a government doctor, all white hair and good suits, who leaves his dignified life to track down his students who were sent, armed with medicines and high ideals, into remote areas of an unnamed Latin American country. The journey involves the getting of wisdom and the loss of faith, as Fuentes discovers the horrors that befell his protégés. The movie is calm and considered, but also schematic; you can't help feeling that you're being taught a lesson—a true and valuable one, perhaps, but it's still enough to block the flow of the drama. The story jerks along in episodes, although, to be fair, some of these are beautifully told: the most harrowing involves a priest (Damián Alcázar) whose Christian courage fails him in his, and others', hour of need. In Spanish.—*Anthony Lane* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Mrs. Dalloway—With Marleen Gorris ("Antonia's Line") as director, Eileen Atkins as screenwriter, and Vanessa Redgrave in the title role, the near-impossible is achieved: Virginia Woolf's lyrical evocation of life-as-flux is safely transferred to the screen, helped by an evocative soundtrack, well-edited flashbacks, and an adroit substitution of voice-over for the novel's interior monologues. The supporting performances—by John Standing, Margaret Tyzack, Amelia Bullmore, and Rupert Graves, among others—are a triumph of ensemble acting.—*D.M.* (2/16/98) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

The Sweet Hereafter—An exquisitely sober movie by Atom Egoyan, based on the novel by Russell Banks. Ian Holm holds the screen with volcanic force as a big-city lawyer trying to bring a class-action suit on behalf of a small blue-collar town in the wake of a school-bus accident. The cast is uniformly good, and Sarah Polley, as a paralyzed survivor of the crash, is extraordinary.—*D.M.* (11/24/97) (Cinema 3rd Avenue, Cinema Village, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Titanic—At well over three hours, James Cameron's grand new picture has plenty of romance to get through before it breaks the vessel in half. Leonardo DiCaprio plays the freewheeling Jack, who wins a steerage ticket and finds himself falling for the wealthy Rose (Kate Winslet), to the disapproval of her mother (Frances Fisher) and her brute of a fiancé (Billy Zane). The social animus of the story, like its imaginative majesty, is Dickensian; this all feels like two hundred million dollars well spent.—*A.L.* (12/15/97) (Astor Plaza, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Twilight—Paul Newman plays a retired, limping private eye named Harry Ross, who lives in Los Angeles with his ailing friend Jack (Gene Hackman) and Jack's wife, Catherine (Susan Sarandon). Harry is sent to deliver a package across town, and, true to the traditions of the genre, he finds him-

Fine Estate Rings
Platinum by Oscar Heyman c. 1950-60
Ruby and diamond $7,500
Sapphire and diamond $3,250
Diamond $7,500
Ruby and diamond $3,250
Sapphire and diamond $7,500
SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE
FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858

Moving?
Never unpack another box again.
Professional unpacking and home organizing.
GETTING ESTABLISHED™
800 736-0725
www.getestab.com

TURKEY
Discover the best—in style. Hike to remote ruins, balloon over Cappadocia, sail the Turquoise Coast. Luxuriate at Four Seasons Hotel Istanbul.
SMALL GROUPS. FREE VIDEO AND BROCHURE.
INCA (Inca Floats, Inc.)
1311-YT 63rd Street, Emeryville, CA 94608
510-420-1550 incafloats@aol.com

TACONNET ON GREAT POND
Belgrade Lakes, Maine

Family "Camping" Since 1881
Comfortable Shorefront Cottages.
Central Dining Room & Lodge.
Tennis on 3 Har-Tru Courts. Swimming,
Boating, Fishing. 15 Min. to Belgrade
Lakes Golf Club. Send for Particulars.
WINTER: Box 956, Henniker, NH 03242 1 (800) 588-7024
SUMMER: Box HC 75, Belgrade Lakes, ME 04918 (207) 397-2351

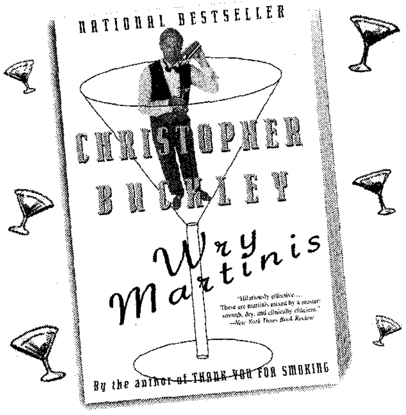
Half Moon
Golf, Tennis & Beach Club
Montego Bay, Jamaica
See your travel agent or call
800-626-0592 • 876-953-2211
Member ERI/Heinz E. Simonitsch, Dir.
Web Address: http://www.halfmoon.com.jm

Christopher Buckley has stirred up the critics.

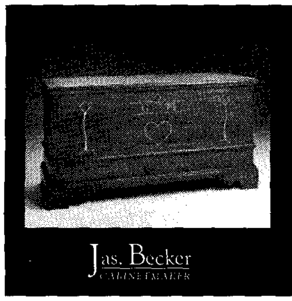
Again.

"Funny, quirky bits of Buckenalia."
—*Washington Post*

"Buckley is one of the funniest writers in America."
—David Halberstam


NATIONAL BESTSELLER
CHRISTOPHER BUCKLEY
Wry Martinis
"Hilariously effective.... These are martinis mixed by a master: smooth, dry, and clinically efficient." —New York Times Book Review
By the author of THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

HarperPerennial
A Division of HarperCollins*Publishers*
http://www.harpercollins.com
Now in paperback



Hand made custom, reproduction, and original design furniture crafted in a variety of woods and finishes to suit your needs and desires.

A Street P.O. Box 802
Wilder, Vermont 05088
802 295-7004

Brochure available

Jas. Becker
CABINETMAKER

Walking & Trekking Tours Worldwide
Europe ✧ Patagonia
Himalaya ✧ Madagascar
Above the Clouds
Free brochure 800-233-4499

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
The Inn at Blueberry Hill
CHILMARK
TELEPHONE 800-356-3322

diamonds in the rough.
Black truffles
Grow your own and save or make hundreds of dollars!
Garland Gourmet Mushrooms & Truffles
Phone (919) 732-3041 Fax (919) 732-6037
Email truffleman@mindspring.com

self in trouble. The past rears its head, the dames play him like a fish, and even his pal Raymond (James Garner) is only half helpful. Robert Benton's movie is shot with shadowy grace by Piotr Sobocinski; the lack of pace, however, feels fatally close to inertia, and the solution of the mystery comes as absolutely no surprise. Like Benton's "Nobody's Fool," this one was co-written with Richard Russo, but it seems less sure of its motives. You could say the same of Harry Ross. With Reese Witherspoon and Stockard Channing, who are outplayed by all the old guys.—*A.L.* (3/16/98) (Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema, 72nd Street East, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

FILM FORUM 2, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—"Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films directed by Otto Preminger. March 19 at 2:30 and 6: "A Royal Scandal" (1945)....March 20 at 2:30 and March 22 at 5: "Rosebud" (1975)....March 20 at 6 and March 22 at 2: "Carmen Jones" (1954)....March 21 at 2: "River of No Return" (1954)....March 21 at 5: "In Harm's Way" (1964)....March 23 at 2:30: "Saint Joan" (1957)....March 23 at 6 and March 24 at 2:30: "The Man with the Golden Arm" (†)....March 24 at 6: "The Moon Is Blue" (1953)....¶March 19 at 6: One program in a series about the history of 8-mm. films and videos in the United States....¶March 20 at 7: "The Band Wagon" (1953, Vincente Minnelli)....¶March 20 at 8: "The Big Heat" (1953, Fritz Lang)....¶March 21 at 2:30: "Primary" (1960, Richard Leacock, D. A. Pennebaker, Albert Maysles, T. McCartney-Filgate, and Robert Drew)....¶March 21 at 5: "Dog Star Man" (1964, Stan Brakhage)....¶March 22 at 2:30: "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957, Alexander Mackendrick).

Otto Preminger and Frank Sinatra (both in shirtsleeves) on the set of "The Man with the Golden Arm," one of the films being shown at MOMA's salute to Preminger.

BOB WILLOUGHBY/MPTV

ALSO PLAYING

AFTERGLOW (reviewed in our issue of 1/19/98): Regency....**AMISTAD:** Paris....**DANGEROUS BEAUTY:** Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Square, and 64th and 2nd....**DARK CITY:** Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, 59th Street East Cinema, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII....**FALLEN:** Worldwide Cinemas....**THE FULL MONTY:** Art Greenwich Twin, Metro Cinema, and Sutton....**HUSH:** Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas....**KUNDUN:** Guild and Village East Cinemas....**L.A. CONFIDENTIAL** (9/22/97): Art Greenwich Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, and 34th Street Showplace....**LIVE FLESH** (1/26/98): Angelika Film Center and 62nd & Broadway....**THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK:** Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, Olympia, Orpheum VII, State, and Village Theatre VII....**MRS. BROWN** (8/4/97): Village East Cinemas....**A PERSONAL JOURNEY WITH MARTIN SCORSESE THROUGH AMERICAN MOVIES:** Gotham Cinema....**POST COITUM:** Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema....**THE REAL BLONDE:** Chelsea Cinemas, Coronet Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Waverly....**U.S. MARSHALS:** Coronet Cinemas, Criterion Center, 84th Street Sixplex, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII....**WAG THE DOG** (1/5/98): Art Greenwich Twin, Lincoln Square, Sutton, and Village East Cinemas....**THE WEDDING SINGER:** Cinema I, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas....**THE WINGS OF THE DOVE** (11/10/97): 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas.

WALTER READE THEATRE, Lincoln Center (875-5600)—A program of new films from France; all in French, with English subtitles. March 18 at 2 and 6:15: "A Big Scream of Love" (Josiane Balasko)....March 18 at 4 and March 19 at 9: "A Brother" (Sylvie Verheyde)....March 18 at 8:30: "Ma 6-T Va Crack-er" (Jean-François Richet)....March 19 at 2 and 6:30: "Genealogies of a Crime" (Raoul Ruiz)....March 19 and March 22 at 4:15 and March 23 at 2: "Bat Out of Hell" (Xavier Durringer)....March 20 at 2 and 6:30 and March 21 at 4: "Alors Voilà" (Michel Piccoli)....March 20 at 4:15 and 8:45 and March 21 at 8:45: "Dry Cleaning" (Anne Fontaine)....March 21 at 6:30, March 22 at 2, and March 23 at 4:15: "Seventh Heaven" (Benoît Jacquot)....March 22 at 6:45 and March 24 at 2 and 6:30: "Reprise" (Hervé Le Roux)....¶Weekend showings for children. March 21 at 11 and 1:30: "Little Miss Broadway" (1938, Irving Cummings), with Shirley Temple. Susannah McCorkle will be present to perform songs from Miss Temple's films.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Films starring Dustin Hoffman. March 21 at 2: "The Graduate" (1967, Mike Nichols)....

March 21 at 4: "Death of a Salesman" (†). . . . March 22 at 2: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969, John Schlesinger). . . . March 22 at 4:30: "Lenny" (1974, Bob Fosse).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St.—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). March 22 at 7, the feature will be "Stepping Out" (1991, Lewis Gilbert), with Liza Minnelli, Shelley Winters, Bill Irvin, and Ellen Greene.

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—Through March 31: "Promise" (1986, Glenn Jordan), with James Garner and James Woods. (Showings Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2 and 4; Thursdays and Fridays at 2, 4, and 6.)

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—March 24 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Salut Cousin!" (1996, Merzak Allouache; in French).

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—A series of films that have won or been nominated for the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. March 24 at 7: "Au Revoir les Enfants" (†). . . . March 24 at 9: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970, Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110)—March 18-22: The 5th Annual New York Underground Film Festival. . . . March 23-24 at 6: "Brigands" (1996, Otar Iosseliani). . . . March 24 at 8:30: "Fata Morgana" (1965; in Spanish) and "Las Crueles" (1969; in Spanish), both directed by Vincente Aranda.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

•

(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

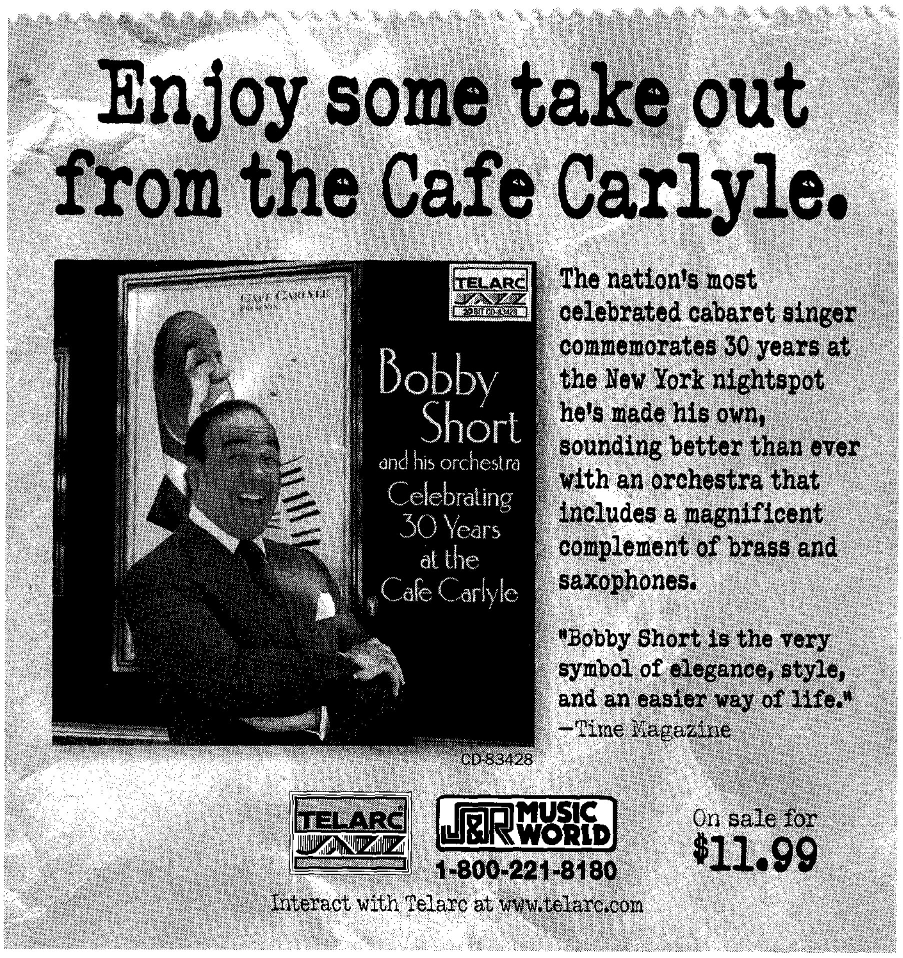
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet Cinemas, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy 1, 2, and 3, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly 1 and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

Around here,
time doesn't stand still.
It laughs, smiles
and plays in the sun.

Whether it's golf, watersports, tennis, or quality time together, a vacation at Basin Harbor is a time to reconnect with your family and with yourself.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
On Lake Champlain, Vermont

Owned and operated by the Beach family since 1886.
800-622-4000 www.basinharbor.com



Enjoy some take out from the Cafe Carlyle.

The nation's most celebrated cabaret singer commemorates 30 years at the New York nightspot he's made his own, sounding better than ever with an orchestra that includes a magnificent complement of brass and saxophones.

"Bobby Short is the very symbol of elegance, style, and an easier way of life."
—Time Magazine

TELARC JAZZ
Bobby Short and his orchestra
Celebrating 30 Years at the Cafe Carlyle
CD-83428

TELARC JAZZ
J&R MUSIC WORLD
1-800-221-8180
On sale for $11.99
Interact with Telarc at www.telarc.com

Every great performance starts with a hint of potential.

22 years old
2 years old

To spot the investment thoroughbred in a crowd of ponies you need what one former President referred to as "the vision thing." A sharp perspective on the future coupled with the patience to wait for opportunity to unfold. How should the fast-paced investor respond? Seek wisdom. As personified by mutual fund managers with a superior grasp of the world's up and coming markets (and in 24 languages, no less). Where can you find these paragons of profit? Permit us to offer you a phone number. Along with a few potentially winning ideas.

800-572-FUND

www.montgomeryfunds.com

THE MONTGOMERY FUNDS

*Invest wisely.*SM

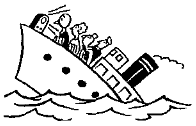
For complete information, including charges and expenses, call for a prospectus to read carefully before investing. Funds Distributor, Inc. (12.97)

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE PICTURES

Fighting over the unanticipated spoils of the good ship Titanic.

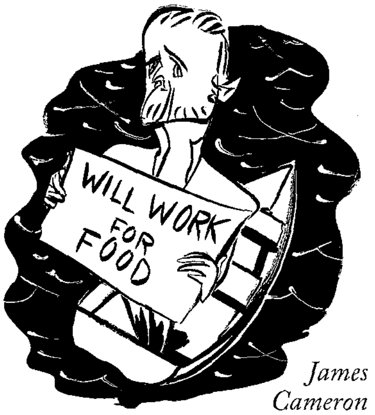


The aftermath of "Titanic" has become an even more riveting subject in Hollywood than the film's well-documented production troubles. In a gambler's town, the movie represents the ultimate fairy tale: two studios and one obsessed genius risk everything, suffer grievously, and win big. Fox and Paramount battled throughout the filming, and they are expected to skirmish on several fronts as they divide up the unexpected profits.

In December, both studios despaired of ever making money on the film, whose budget had grown from a hundred and ten million dollars to more than two hundred million. When James Cameron, the director, refused to stop shooting in Mexico, he sacrificed the bulk of his eight-million-dollar producing and directing fees and his profit points, which were roughly equal to ten per cent of the studio's gross profits and would escalate to fifteen per cent when the film broke even. (Cameron also used his own money to pay part of the fee of the Oscar-winning Kathy Bates, who plays Molly Brown.) But then "Titanic" opened, and it swiftly broke all box-office records; it is now projected to gross $1.2 billion.

Fox launched and oversaw the film (and put up at least two-thirds of its budget), and there's been a lot of sniping around Hollywood lately about Peter Chernin, the president of Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., which owns Fox. Chernin is the man who greenlighted "Titanic" and then distanced himself from the troubled project, only to pop up after the miracle to take credit. If "Titanic" had failed, it would have been Fox's chairman, Bill Mechanic, whose job was on the line. A metaphor making the rounds in Hollywood has Chernin strapping Mechanic to the deck of the sinking Titanic, hopping into a lifeboat, and then turning around when he realizes that the ship isn't going to sink after all.

It's rare for a major filmmaker to give up his entire stake in a picture, and it falls to Chernin to address the awkward matter of paying Cameron. The Fox executives are corporate types who aren't known for their schmoozing abilities. Paramount's Sherry Lansing, on the other hand, and her boss, Jonathan Dolgen, the chairman of Viacom Entertainment Group, are a classic good-cop, bad-cop team, with Lansing ministering warmly to directors and actors and Dolgen making the tough deals. (Dolgen insisted on capping Paramount's investment in the film at sixty-five million.) Paramount is the studio that gave Mercedes-Benzes to Tom Cruise and Sidney Pollack after "The Firm."



James Cameron

If it had been Lansing's call, Cameron's back end would have been reinstated in January (his stake could have netted him more than a hundred million), and a Range Rover tied up with a bow would have been parked in front of his office; indeed, Dolgen has told Chernin that he'll go fifty-fifty on repaying Cameron. So far, Chernin has told Cameron only that, as far as paying him goes, he intends to "do the right thing." Whatever that thing turns out to be, Murdoch presumably will have to approve it.

At the annual Directors Guild of America awards dinner last week, the master of ceremonies, Carl Reiner, heckled Cameron from the podium. "Have you gotten restitution yet?" he asked the director. In interviews, Cameron has dodged embarrassing questions about his compensation by making jokes. He told me that he contemplated taking out a full-page ad in *Variety* to nudge things along: "I thought maybe if I got a picture of me in front of the Fox gates with a sign saying, 'Will work for food,' that would serve the purpose." He added, "I'm sure it will all get worked out. But I can't buy dinner yet."

Some of the confusion over how to handle Cameron's payment stems from the complicated nature of the financing deal itself. Chernin and Dolgen had agreed to split the revenues evenly until Paramount recouped its investment. Then, in light of Fox's bigger investment, two-thirds of the revenues would go to Fox until Fox recouped. Marketing costs would be split fifty-fifty, and once both studios broke even Fox would get sixty per cent of clear profits, Paramount forty. Back in early 1997, everyone in Hollywood was whispering about how Dolgen had trumped Chernin on the deal.

For a month after the movie opened, Fox and Paramount executives were dazed with relief and complimented each other's marketing efforts. Then suddenly everyone seemed to realize that "Titanic" would not only break even but become very profitable. That meant that Fox and Paramount had more to fight about than ever. The rivalry erupted anew, with a few weeks of "Mine is bigger" boasting. In mid-February, Murdoch told Wall Street analysts that News Corp. expected to net a hundred million dollars from "Titanic." That caused Paramount to leak its own estimate that by the time the sixty-forty split kicks in the studio will already have made between a hundred and thirty-five and a hundred and sixty million in profit. By the end of the month, Fox was able to claim that ultimately it would make more money than its partner. "There's

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

totally a poetic justice in it," Mechanic says. "We were made to look bad for making a bad deal, and in the end the higher risk brought a higher reward."

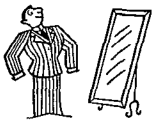
Because of Paramount's budget cap, Dolgen doesn't know how much "Titanic" finally cost. If Fox spent more than a hundred and thirty-five million, new disputes may arise once the accounting begins. "Who knows? These things could end up in court," Mechanic says. "There have been issues all through the production. I don't know that this one is ever going to come out completely clean."

One studio head has observed that making a film on the scale of "Titanic" "is like someone saying, 'I'm going to shoot you across the Grand Canyon in a cannon, and when you get to the other side I'm going to give you a hundred million dollars.' If you land, it's great, but most of the time your brains will be blown out." It remains to be seen how smooth a landing "Titanic" actually has.

—Nancy Griffin

POSTSCRIPT

James McDougal made his exit without an encore.

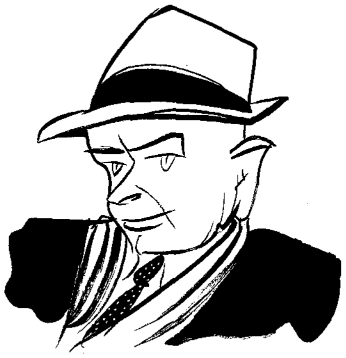


It seems fitting that news organizations gave conflicting reports of James McDougal's age after he died, last week, in a federal prison in Texas—fifty-seven in some cases, fifty-eight in others. No doubt McDougal himself cited different birth dates from time to time as he embellished tales of his youth, such as how he peddled pears from his grandfather's orchard in tiny Bradford, Arkansas. I remember his telling me that he was descended from a Scottish laird and a Norwegian princess, and that the McDougal clan once owned a third of Scotland. This, he said, was where he got his innate talent for real estate, the failed Whitewater development and his subsequent bankruptcy notwithstanding. Later, I was surprised to learn that in his unsuccessful 1982 bid for Congress he had campaigned as an Irishman, festooning campaign stops with shamrocks and wearing lots of green. When I asked him about this discrepancy, he paused only briefly before insisting that he was Irish on his mother's side.

Jim was the only person I've ever encountered who used the fact that he had failed a lie-detector test—five times—to bolster his credibility. A year and a half ago, after he finally changed his story and implicated his old friend Bill Clinton in a fraudulent loan made to McDougal's former wife, Susan, he liked to point out that his earlier, failed polygraph tests proved that he was now telling the truth.

For this and other reasons—such as his eighteen Whitewater-related felony convictions—McDougal would never have been a credible witness against the Clintons. Still, his legacy will surely be that, by spending a few unguarded hours with a *Times* reporter during the 1992 campaign, he single-handedly set in motion the chain of events that has come to be known as Whitewater and that leads directly to the current investigation of Clinton's alleged affair with Monica Lewinsky. McDougal often talked to me about his ambivalence toward the President: he admired Clinton, whom he had considered a protégé, but he resented Clinton's ingratitude and his broken promises, and he felt that Clinton was using him.

McDougal once told me that in rural Arkansas electioneering was as much entertainment as politics, and he cast himself as the star in a great drama, using a script of his own invention. This may explain his mysterious need to disseminate the Whitewater story. He deliberately set himself apart from his fellow-Arkansans, with his Savile Row suits, his Panama hats, his pale-blue Bentley, and his Mercedes sports car. In the late eighties, he shaved his head after having surgery to clear an artery. When I went to meet McDougal for the first time, he insisted that I park at a Mid-Ark gas plaza off the interstate near Arkadelphia, where he was living in a mobile home, and sit in the car reading the *Wall Street Journal*. He wanted to make sure that I hadn't been followed. Despite his reduced circumstances, he was dressed impeccably, in a navy pin-striped three-piece suit and a hat. He looked utterly incongruous at the truck stop.



James McDougal

McDougal was always embarking on grandiose moneymaking schemes that held far greater potential as drama than as investments. He bought the tiny Bank of Kingston, renovated it, rebrassed the tellers' cages, restored the town square as a would-be tourist mecca, and then threw a party with hot-air-balloon rides and a "millionaire for a day" contest. He bought Campobello Island, off the east coast of Canada—once F.D.R.'s summer retreat—despite the northern latitude and the frigid waters, intending to turn it into

OSCAR, THE HOME VERSION

Many of the two hundred and sixty-nine million Americans who are not invited to the Shrine Auditorium on Oscar night sit in front of the TV and compete with friends to predict the winners. One homemade Oscar ballot faxed around Hollywood last week contains some special extra-credit questions.

Bonus Question No. 1: *Self-Adulation.* Predict any nominee who applauds for him- or herself on camera when the presenter reads his or her name.

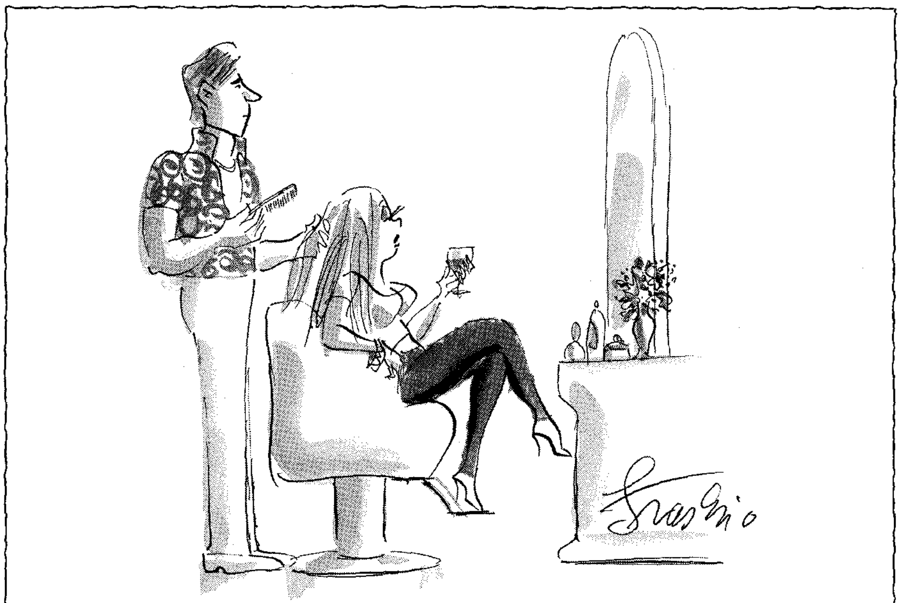
Bonus Question No. 2: *Windbaggery.* Correctly predict a category in which the winner's speech is cut off by the orchestra, the camera's cutting back to the host, or a hastily inserted commercial. (Hint: Foreign-language-film nominees are a good bet.)

Bonus Question No. 3: *Award Handling.* Correctly name any winner who hoists the Oscar statuette above his or her head.

Bonus Question No. 4: *Topicality.* How many Monica Lewinsky jokes?

Bonus Question No. 5: *Buzzwords.* Come closest to predicting how many times each of the following words is uttered during an acceptance speech: "genius," "Mom/Dad," "share," "God," "Tibet," "Titanic."

—Robert E. Kaplan



"Something intellectual—I'm presenting a goddam writing award."

a modern resort with hotels, condos, and houses. McDougal's failed ventures ultimately cost taxpayers more than sixty million dollars.

McDougal plainly revelled in the attention that the Whitewater stories generated. Even after his fraud convictions, people would ask for his autograph. Whatever else might be said of him, McDougal had flair, and he was never dull. He was putting the final touches on his autobiography when he died, and had told me that he was looking forward to a national book tour.

Jim was afraid of dying in prison, but he was even more afraid of dying unknown and forgotten. Death deprived him of his finale—the testimony that he anticipated giving in any eventual proceedings against the President or the First Lady, or both. But he would surely have been pleased to know that his obituary made the front page of the New York *Times*.—JAMES B. STEWART

DEPT. OF INFLUENCE

A report from the state funeral of New York's Eric Breindel.

If the hereafter bears any resemblance to New York, as it surely must, it will contain a large number of greasy spoons, and perched in a corner of one, enjoying his regular lunch of a hamburger and Camels, will be Eric Breindel, the former editorial-page editor of the New York *Post*. Eric, who was buried last week at the age of forty-two, will have all the local papers piled around his plate, but his attention will be focussed on the *Post's* extensive coverage of his untimely death and his A-list funeral. Lighting a cigarette, he will allow himself a smile and say aloud, in his gravelly voice, "Do you believe that?" He was never a man to rely on the printed version of events, and his conspiratorial mind will demand reassurance: Did the list of speakers really include Rudolph Giuliani, Al D'Amato, George Pataki, Pat Moynihan, Ed Koch, Rupert Murdoch, and Henry Kissinger? Is it true that Benjamin Netanyahu and Bill Clinton sent personal letters that were read to the distinguished assembly? And did Steve Dunleavy, the *Post's* antipodean answer to Damon Runyon, really refer to the deceased as "sweet prince" in his column the next day? That was only the half of it.

According to some of Breindel's friends, the family had wished for a small, private funeral, but such a fate was never likely to befall a man as ambitious as Eric. During his eleven years at the *Post's* editorial page, he was one of the city's most influential conservatives, forever defending Israel, the police, and Republicans. Constantly on the phone to City Hall, Albany, and Washington, he loved the feeling of being in the middle of things. Eric's rise to this position was testimony to his brains and his fortitude, but also to the remarkable opportunities that New York City affords people to re-create themselves. The son of Holocaust survivors, he swanned his way through Exeter, Harvard, and the London School of Economics before getting a job on Senator Moynihan's staff. Perhaps because of his parents' experience, Eric had few illusions about the nature of power, and he learned how to cultivate political figures of all persuasions. His Washington career came to a premature end, however, when he was arrested in a drug bust at a Holiday Inn. Many people would have given up at that low point, but Eric returned to his home town and landed jobs at the *Daily News* and, later, the *Post*.

His marriage to Tamar Jacoby ended some years ago, and he spent much of the past decade with Lally Weymouth, the Washington *Post* heiress and columnist. Their relationship fizzled last year, but Weymouth played a large role in choreographing the funeral, which ended up feeling a bit like a sepulchral version of a state dinner. Most of the politicians relied heavily on clichés—Eric was "a beacon" (D'Amato), "a man of character" (Pataki), and "a man that we all loved" (Giuliani)—but other speakers were better, and Weymouth's two daughters upstaged the dignitaries with their moving comments. "He was one of the worst drivers I have ever met," one of the girls said. "He lived life the way he smoked—unfiltered," said her sister, who also admitted that she "grew to love him despite his politics." Norman Podhoretz called Eric a "very good Jew," and Seth Kaplan, a friend of twenty-eight years, said, "I thought I was obsessive until I met Eric." Robert Kennedy, Jr., recalled him as a student socialist who sported a beard and chased a rival suitor down a Cambridge street, lobbing bricks at him en route.

When the mourners could take no more, Martin Peretz, who teaches at Harvard and owns *The New Republic*, delivered an endless soliloquy about his "noble" former pupil, "the arch-conservative of his generation." Peretz meant well, but he claimed with a straight face that Eric "never gossiped" (he rarely stopped), and described him as "the person in my life whom I would call if I had a body to bury at three in the morning." When he finally sat down, people rushed for the exits, and one *Post* writer was heard to utter, "Marty Peretz can clear a synagogue faster than a P.L.O. bomb threat." Eric would have liked that line. —JOHN CASSIDY

THE POLITICAL SCENE

PORTRAIT OF A WHISTLEBLOWER

The family history behind Linda Tripp's anger.

BY JANE MAYER

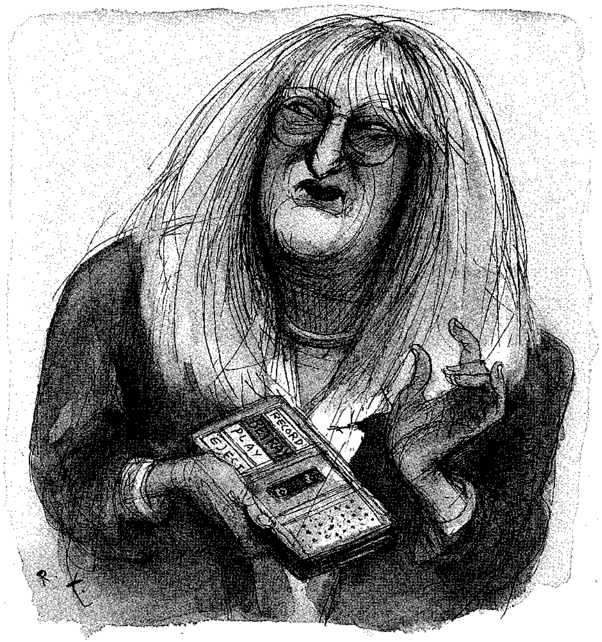
LINDA ROSE TRIPP, a middle-level, middle-aged career bureaucrat, seems an unlikely character to find at the center of a White House crisis. Yet in the course of one day in January, she became the mechanism, the "Tripp wire," that set off perhaps the most bizarre and hysterical episode in the history of the American Presidency. Since then she has been in seclusion, waiting to appear before the Whitewater grand jury.

A whistleblower's motives are often complex. Principles can play a part; so can hurt feelings, workplace resentments, and family disasters. It is usually a potent mixture of civic indignation and personal anger that compels someone to risk job and reputation in order to expose perceived wrongdoing. In the case of Linda Tripp, eight weeks of feverish newsgathering has failed to explain fully why she decided to betray her friend Monica Lewinsky and level charges against a former employer, Bill Clinton.

To be sure, many theories have been put forward for Tripp's actions: that she was a right-wing mole in a Democratic White House; that she wanted to sell a tell-all book to a publisher for a huge advance; that she felt personally insulted by one of the President's lawyers; that she was afraid the investigations conducted by the Whitewater prosecutor Kenneth Starr and by Paula Jones's advocates would ensnare her; that she was public-spirited; that she was simply a meddler, a gossip, and a snoop. There may be bits of truth in each of these theories. In addition, however, evidence suggests that Tripp's actions were consistent with a lifelong pattern of behavior that may be rooted in her childhood.

Psychobiography is at best a form of speculation, of guesswork about the motives of public figures, but with Tripp, the most curious player in this strange drama, the details of her life are all we have to go on. What we know from friends and colleagues—many of whom demanded anonymity—is that Tripp has always been slightly obsessive about marital infidelity, perhaps because her philandering father caused her such pain and anger. And she appears to have become even more embittered about men after her own divorce. To understand what she did on January 16, 1998, it helps to examine events that happened long before she met Bill Clinton or Monica Lewinsky.

That day, Tripp invited Lewinsky to meet her for lunch at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Arlington, Virginia. Shortly after they arrived, several people surrounded their table and identified



This was not the first time that Tripp had demonstrated an interest in other people's sexual trangressions.

RICHARD THOMPSON

EXPERIENCE A GREAT ADVENTURE
6 and 13 day Caribbean sailing adventures from $650.
For more information call your travel agent or 1-800-327-2601.
Windjammer Barefoot Cruises
http:/www.windjammer.com
PO Box 190120, Dept. 38, Miami Beach, FL 33119

LIGHTHOUSE PIN
1½"
A beloved coastal beacon made by James Breakell in sterling silver $30. 14k gold $200. With gemstone light, add $30. Add $4 handling. Catalog available (800) 767-6411.
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring Street, Dept. NYLH, Newport, RI 02840

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA
Retire to Fearrington, a Country Village full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, and fascinating people of all ages. Please write, call or come and see us.
VISIT OUR WEBSITE: http://www.fearrington.com
2000N Fearrington Post, Pittsboro, NC 27312. 800-277-0130

25 years
Euro Bike & Walking Tours
Offering Luxury European biking and walking tours since 1974 at affordable prices for all levels of experience
For free full color catalog call 1-800-321-6060
See why our customers return year after year!
Euro-Bike and Walking Tours, PO Box 990-NY, DeKalb, IL 60115

The Newsletter for People Who Love Paris
PARIS notes
To order call toll-free:
1-800-976-7749
current events, culture history, restaurants hotels, travel tips $39 10x/yr

themselves as F.B.I. agents and federal prosecutors. The team escorted both women upstairs to a hotel room, and Lewinsky was informed that for several months Tripp had been surreptitiously taping her young friend's romantic confessions about the President of the United States. Monica began to weep and loudly accuse Tripp of betrayal. She was so distraught that the prosecutors finally asked Tripp to leave.

Tripp drove to her home, in a cul-de-sac of middle-class houses in Columbia, Maryland. The President was scheduled to be deposed the next day in Paula Jones's sexual-harassment lawsuit, and Jones's lawyers had been trying all day to reach Tripp, who had also been subpoenaed in the Jones case but had not yet been deposed. That evening, in her antique-filled living room, where she has been known to keep cages for her dog and for her pet rabbits, Tripp sat down with members of Jones's legal team and gave them detailed information about Lewinsky's contacts with the President, including meetings, gifts, and efforts to find Monica a new job. According to the Washington *Post*, the lawyers used this information the next day to question the President closely in his deposition.

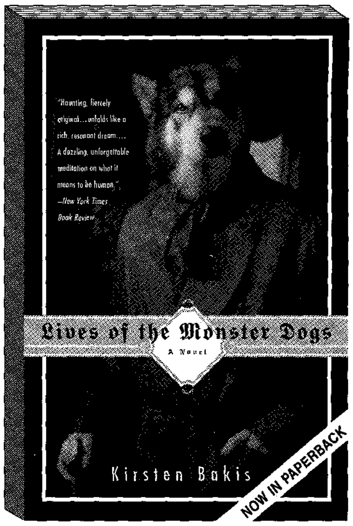
This episode, now so famous in the annals of Clintoniana, was not the first time that Tripp had demonstrated a penchant for office intrigue or an interest in other people's sexual transgressions. In 1987, she worked as a secretarial assistant in Army intelligence at Fort Meade, where émigrés from the Eastern bloc were sometimes debriefed. Her colleagues there remember her as an excellent stenographer, but also as an inveterate busybody, who was particularly concerned that a senior officer might be having an extramarital affair. "She was underemployed, so she would fill her time by gossiping," one of her former colleagues said. "She was the type who always knew all the dirt. She wasn't wrong, but it wasn't stuff you necessarily wanted to know." When Tripp moved to the Pentagon, and then on to the Bush White House, in 1990, she continued to pass around information—sometimes to the press—about other people's romantic lives. In January, CNN reported that "Tripp was known as a source of never-proven allegations about President Bush's personal life." Through her lawyer, Tripp denied this, and Dorrance Smith, who supervised Tripp at the Bush White House and now works at ABC News, also dismisses it as "laughable," explaining that Tripp "was never in a position to be taken seriously as a source." Yet a well-established news reporter who dealt with Tripp in those years insists that she loved to talk about people's relationships, and that she was very outspoken about Bush, among others.

Tripp also took an intense interest in the marital problems of less powerful people. Edita Butler, a law librarian in Ellicott City, Maryland, was a divorced mother raising three children on her own when Tripp became her neighbor many years ago. "She was prying into my life, trying to get the scoop on my divorce," Butler says. Tripp spoke very personally about the subject. "She told me the children always lose in a divorce," Butler says. "And that she knew because she was from a broken home herself. She told me she would never forgive her father."

TRIPP'S father, Albert Carotenuto, was a short, heavy-featured man who taught math and science at West Essex Regional High School, in North Caldwell, New Jersey. Tripp's mother, Inge, was a German war bride whom Albert met during the Berlin airlift. Inge settled in as a housewife in Morris County, New Jersey, to raise Linda, born in 1949, and another daughter, born six years later. Albert was a strict disciplinarian, and "Linda was angry her whole life," one relation says. In a memorable act of defiance, Linda, denied permission to attend a rock concert, took a sharp object to the paint on her father's beloved Mercedes. But she was a very good student at Hanover Park Regional High School, where she was a member of the Future Nurses of America, and she was well liked as a funny and loyal friend. By her senior year, however, she had to endure the public shame of her father's having an affair with a fellow-teacher, J. Lowe Davis, which a person familiar with the family says he admitted was only one of many infidelities.

Inge sued for divorce. It was, by several accounts, a troubled period in Linda's life. One person recalls that she disappeared for a stretch of time, alarming

"BIZARRE, HAUNTING, FIERCELY ORIGINAL... THE BOOK UNFOLDS LIKE A RICH, RESONANT DREAM... DAZZLING." —*The New York Times Book Review*


"Haunting, fiercely original... unfolds like a rich, resonant dream.... A dazzling, unforgettable meditation on what it means to be human." —New York Times Book Review
Lives of the Monster Dogs
A Novel
Kirsten Bakis
NOW IN PAPERBACK

"One of the most unique and unusual works of fiction to come along in many years....Fabulous." —*USA Today*

"An effective fantasy...loaded with metaphor and reflection—on nature and culture, on science, on the place of artists in society." —*The Wall Street Journal*

WARNER TRADE PAPERBACKS http://warnerbooks.com

©1998 WARNER BOOKS, INC. A TIME WARNER COMPANY

KUKLA, FRAN and OLLIE™

Now On Video

Premiere Collector's Edition

Beautiful Boxed Set
5 Color Videos
Plus FREE Poster

$69.95 Plus $7.50 Shipping & Handling

"That Perfect Gift For Any Occasion"

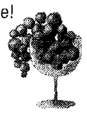
1-800-309-2392

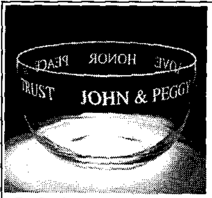
GREAT WINES OF ITALY

3-Day gastronomy tours of Italy's best wine regions. Sommelier guided visits to wineries, vineyards & hill towns. Stay in classy romantic inns. Discover Italy through its food & wine!

800 280 2811

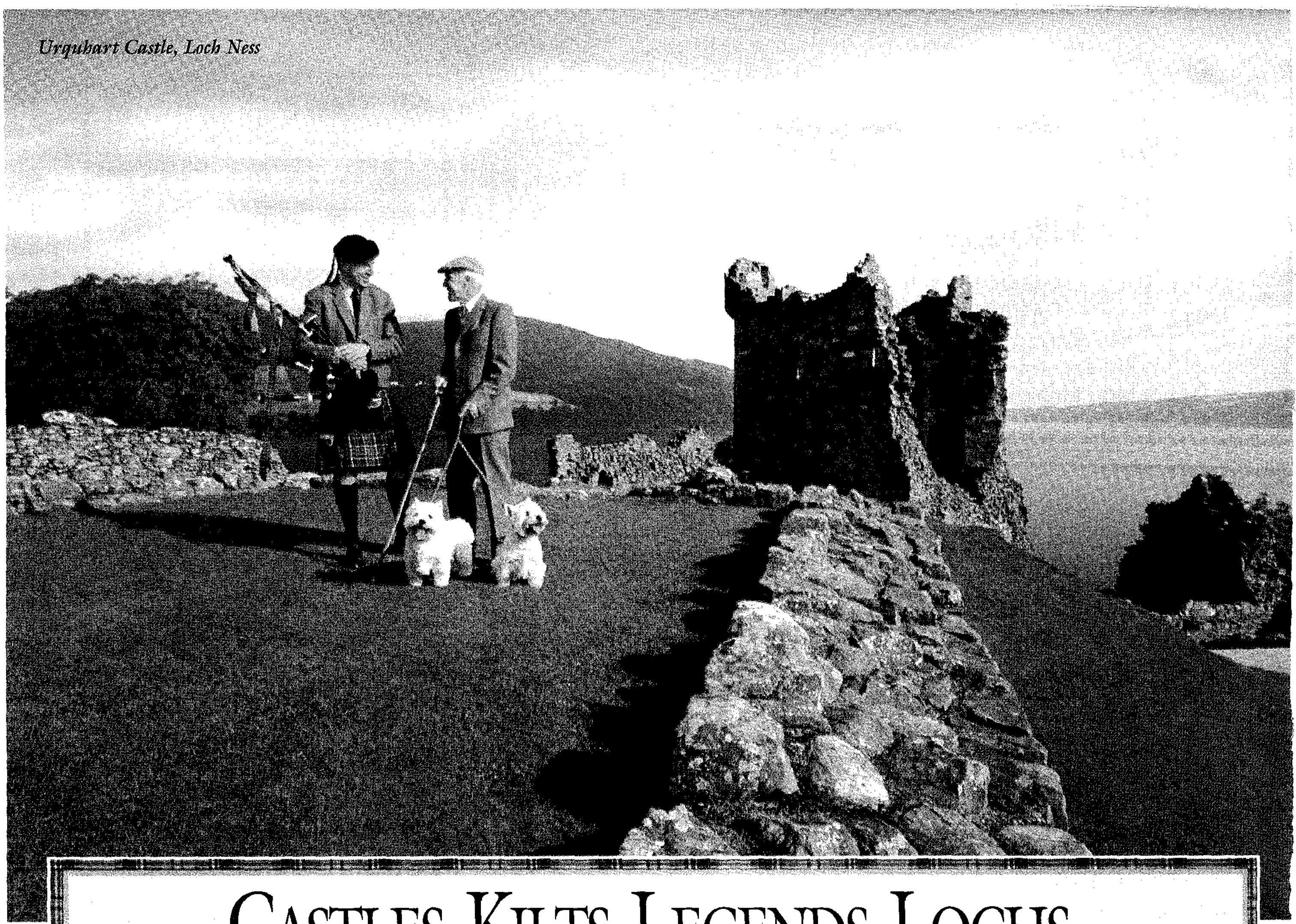
THE PARKER COMPANY
Italian Villas & Tours





CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece. Hand blown and etched.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush Orders? Absolutely.
8.5" - $129 12" - $239
408-427-3512

America's Best River Trip
6-day Wilderness Vacations rafting Idaho's Middle Fork of the Salmon. $1,495 per person.
OUTDOOR ADVENTURES • P.O. Box 1149, Pt. Reyes, CA 94956 1-800-323-4234.
www.GoRafting.com



CASTLES. KILTS. LEGENDS. LOCHS. FESTIVALS. FAIRS. SCOTLAND.

If you like variety in a vacation, Scotland will give you more than you bargained for.

In this enchanted land, each bend of the road brings new delights. And each season brings an action-packed calendar of festivals and celebrations.

The Excitement of the Cities.

Edinburgh, with its elegant Georgian architecture splendidly intact, stretches regally below the towering presence of its great castle. See the stirring Military Tattoo with its legions of marching pipers. Enjoy the renowned Edinburgh International Festival and don't miss the lively Festival Fringe.

Glasgow is one of Europe's great cultural centers and birthplace of the renowned Scottish architect, Charles Rennie Mackintosh, whose works are very much alive here. Inverness, capital of the Highlands, is the gateway to Loch Ness. And Aberdeen is a city that sparkles with silvery granite and beautiful gardens.

Pipers at the Highland Games

The Pleasures of the Countryside.

For a change of pace, explore the countryside with its majestic hills and furrowed coastline dotted with tiny villages. This is Rob Roy and Braveheart country.

In the North East, drive along Castle Trail, where you can visit nine great castles and historic houses, including Fyvie Castle, whose five towers enshrine five centuries of Scottish history.

Fun and Games.

Join the friendly Scots at one of the many Highland Gatherings, where you'll see colorful athletic events, Highland dancing and bagpipe competitions.

There's so much to see and do in Scotland, it would take a book to tell you about it all. And that's exactly what we have for you.

Before You See the Country, Read the Book.

Send for the Scottish Tourist Board's free, 104-page Vacation Planner. It's packed with color photos, suggested itineraries, information on special events, transportation, accommodations and more. It's the perfect introduction to your vacation in Scotland.

For Your Free Vacation Planner, Mail the Coupon, or Call:

1-800-443-3503

SCOTTISH TOURIST BOARD
P.O. Box 744, Radio City Station
New York, NY 10101-0744

Please send me your free Scotland Vacation Planner.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________________

STATE/ZIP ______________________

NY323

SCOTLAND

Visit our web site at: www.holiday.scotland.net/usa

Special Advertising Feature

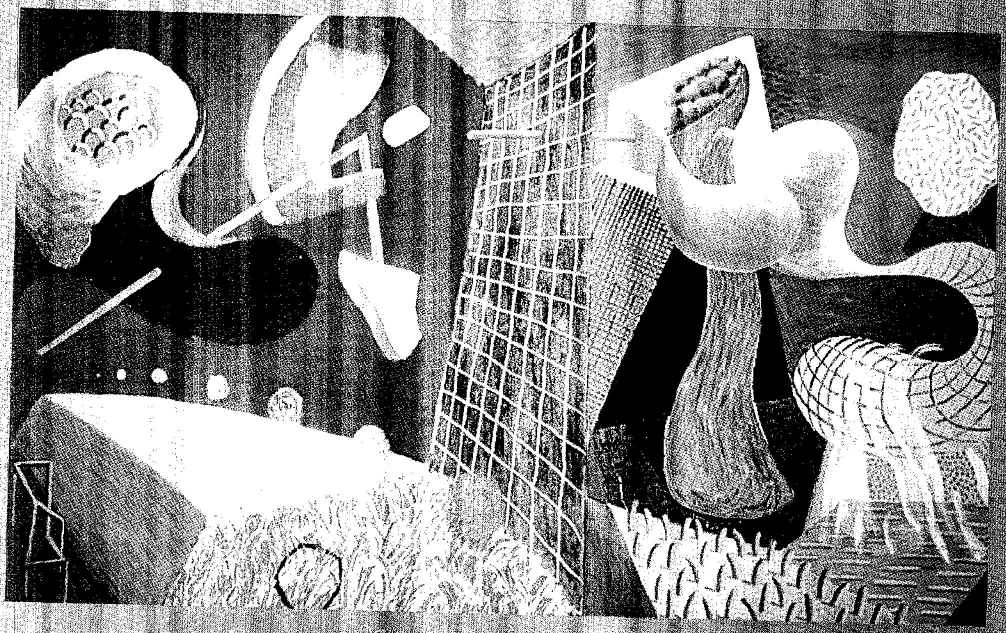
UNDISCOVERED GREAT BRITAIN

isles of curiosities

[illegible] the well-honed path is a richly idiosyncratic Britain waiting to be discovered. [illegible]-century cabinet of curiosities, it's filled with singular treasures from around the world—[illegible]llected to record the passions of great adventurers. Astonishing wonders of the natural [illegible]ound, and afford their own curiosities. Come, travel the back roads, and marvel.

[illegible]rth country

Burton Constable Hall
A gem of eighteenth-[illegible] architecture and crafts[illegible]. The hall's *memento hom[illegible]* rare, surviving case of [illegible] that illustrates the English [illegible] gentleman's practice of [illegible] plant, sea, and anim[illegible] scientific instrument[illegible] medals characterizing [illegible] enthusiasms. *Fifty miles [illegible] seven miles north of [illegible] more information, call 01[illegible] 196 456 2400.*



David Hockney's "The Other S[illegible]"

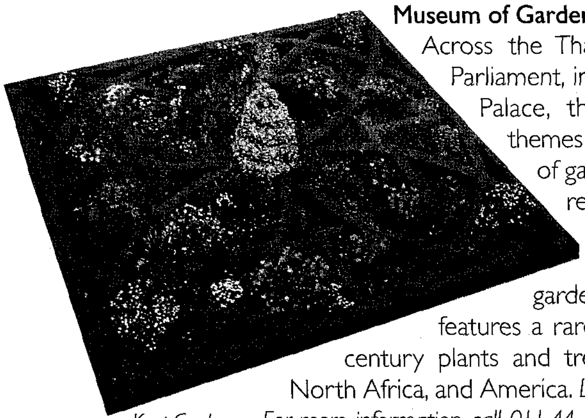
1853 Gallery
You may be most famil[illegible] artist David Hockney's [illegible] colors and photomontage[illegible] Southern California, but [illegible] recently returned to his [illegible] with paintings of his native [illegible] countryside. The 1853 Gallery, housed in historic [illegible] Mill, contains the world's largest collection of native son [illegible] works from his student days through his recent experimental projects. *Twenty miles north-east of Manchester in S[illegible] preserved nineteenth-century industrial village. For more information, call 011 44 127 453 1163.*

[illegible]entral England

Newstead [illegible]
Henry [illegible] Newstead Abbey, the eight-hundred-year-old re[illegible] of a priory church, to Sir John Byron [illegible] the poet Lord Byron, who inherited Newstead two and a half centuries later, restored part of the [illegible] lodging and lived there. Today you can visit his manuscript-filled rooms and wander among the [illegible] gardens, which comprise two large lakes, ornamental waterfalls, and Japanese water gardens. *[illegible] north of Nottingham. For more information, call 011 44 162 379 3557.*

BRITAIN You don't know the half of it.

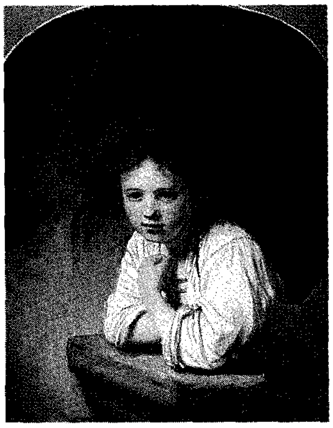
London and Beyond



Knot Garden

Museum of Garden History
Across the Thames from the Houses of Parliament, in a church next to Lambeth Palace, this museum cultivates the themes of each period of the history of gardening. On the grounds is a replica of a garden originally planted by Tradescant and his son, two generations of gardeners to Charles I and II. It features a rare collection of seventeenth-century plants and trees gathered from Europe, North Africa, and America. *Lambeth Palace Road, London. For more information, call 011 44 171 261 1891.*

Dulwich Picture Gallery
South of the Thames, Britain's oldest public art gallery can be found in scenic Dulwich Village. Designed in 1811 by Sir John Soane, the site houses the Dulwich College collection assembled in the late eighteenth century by a French art dealer. The permanent collection features three Rembrandts including "Portrait of a Young Man"; Rubens' "Venus, Mars and Cupid"; and works by Tiepolo, Murillo, and Poussin. *College Road, London. For more information, call 011 44 181 693 5254.*



Rembrandt's "A Girl at a Window"

Darwin Museum
Down House, the home where Charles Darwin lived for forty years, has reopened following a more than three million dollar restoration. The downstairs' rooms conform to their appearance during the time when Darwin wrote "On the Origin of Species By Means of Natural Selection." Upstairs, a series of exhibition rooms are devoted to different aspects of his work, such as his Galapagos travels. *Fifteen miles southeast of London, near Bromley in Kent. For more information, call 011 44 168 985 9119.*

Windsor's Grand Reception Room

Windsor Castle Restoration
The burning of Windsor Castle may have capped Queen Elizabeth's *annus horribilus* of 1992, but it has recovered splendidly. After an extensive sixty million dollar restoration (including the cost of half a million sheets of gold-leaf), Windsor reopens and is now granting access to parts of the castle never before seen by the general public, including the State Dining Room. *Forty minutes from London's Waterloo Station. For more information, call 011 44 175 386 8286 or visit their website at www.royal.gov.uk.*

Diana, Princess of Wales' Memorial
Althorp Park is the Northamptonshire home of the Spencer family and final resting place of Diana, Princess of Wales. It will open to the public from July 1st (Diana's birthday) through August 30th. The anniversary of her death, August 31st, will be preserved as a private, family day. The number of visitors will be limited and the public must call in advance to apply for admission. The island where Diana is buried will be visible but not accessible. However, there will be a visitor's museum that will include family photographs, a film made by Diana's father, childhood personal effects, memorabilia, and tributes. *Sixty-seven miles northwest of London. For invitations, call 011 44 160 459 2020 or visit their website at www.althorp-house.co.uk.*

HPR
Hyde Park Residence
55 Park Lane, London

Luxury serviced apartments in Central London at a fraction of the cost of 5-star hotel accommodation.
Privacy, security, space and luxury.
Minimum 1 week stays.
Prices per night for two start at £150.
Call us anytime (free) on -1 888 807 3127
or Tel: 011-44-171-409 9000
or Fax : 011-44-171-493 4041.
E-mail:lettings@hprapts.demon.co.uk

Think Yacht charter...
the most exclusive way to travel.
Call 1 800 626 0019 for full colour charter brochure.
Yachting Partners International
28/29 RICHMOND PLACE BRIGHTON ENGLAND. TEL: 44 (0) 1273 571722

Are You Tempted?
Our 80-page, colour, fully-illustrated catalogue is the key to a forbidden world of passionate works by artists of both fame and promise. Compact and sexually explicit.
Be warned: it's not for prudes... House & Garden
THE *Erotic* Print Society
http://www.eps.org.uk
Send $9.50 check (to 'EPS') or Visa-Mastercard-Amex details to: EPS (dept NY8), PO Box 10645, London SW10 9ZT, UK. Tel +44-(0)171-351 6955 Fax +44-(0)171-244 8999

Some people rent cars and tour Britain.
Others call James & Co. and they have the best guides, cars, tours, transfers...
Freephone & Fax
1 800 949 7521

NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
All subjects considered:
Fiction, Biography, Poetry, Religion, Childrens
AUTHORS WORLDWIDE INVITED
Write, or send your manuscript to:
MINERVA PRESS
2 OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON SW7 3DQ, ENGLAND

COTE D'AZUR VILLA RENTAL
Cap Ferrat-St Tropez: 60 seaview villas; private pools; many with tennis court; services comparable to world-class hotels; total peace & privacy; airport reception; staff. Hi-season weekly rates from $4500
Color portfolio: one page each villa: $20 refundable
VIP ESTATE SERVICES LTD, 2-5 OLD BOND ST, LONDON W1X 3TB
TEL: 011 44 171 409-3270 FAX: 011 44 171 499-7517 Cheques only

LONDON S WILD

40% OFF

FORTE

HOTELS

Home to the *Crown Jewels*, manned by Beefeaters, guarded by ravens. Legend has it, that if the ravens ever desert the *Tower*, the *Royal Family* will be doomed (perhaps you'd better hurry) and if you arrive in August or September you can even take a peek round *Buckingham Palace*, itself.

Where better to check out the fizzing capital of cool than from the sanctuary of a *Forte Hotel* room? Voted by the travel industry '*Best European Hotel Company*' last year, you'll always find us exactly where you need to be – whether you're after economy or luxury, hip or history. And over *Easter* and the *Summer* we're offering *40% off* our normal rates in our 18 London hotels.

www.LondonTown.com

☞ For your guide, call 1-800 839 6523, or send the coupon to: London Tourist Board, Dept LTB06C, PO Box 141199, Cincinnati, OH 45250-1199.

I can barely believe this Raven thing. Prove it.

Name

LTB06C

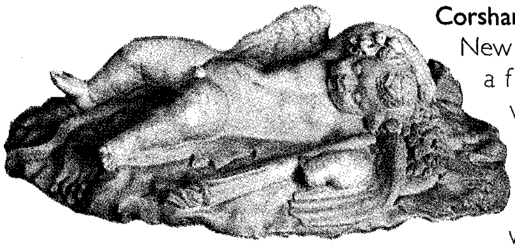
Address

City **State**

Zip **Phone**

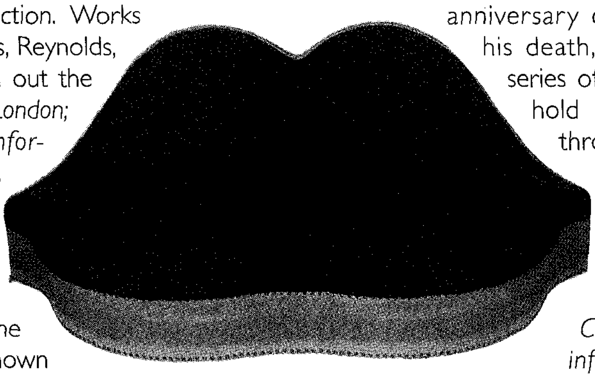
Le MERIDIEN | Posthouse | LONDON SIGNATURE HOTELS

The south of England


Michelangelo's "Sleeping Cupid"

Corsham Court

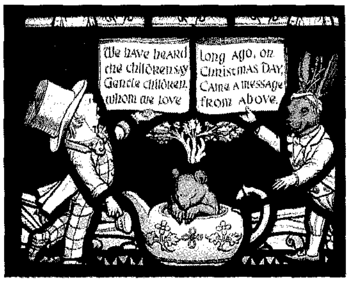
New York was abuzz a few years ago when what some took to be an unknown Michelangelo cupid was sighted in the lobby fountain of a Fifth Avenue mansion, just steps from the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Although the cupid's creator turned out not to have been the old master, you will find his famous "Sleeping Cupid" in Elizabethan Corsham Court, a mansion that houses the Methuen family's 150-piece collection. Works from Van Dyke, Caravaggio, Rubens, Reynolds, and a 1463 Fra Fillipo Lippi round out the collection. *An hour and a half from London; nine miles from Bath. For more information, call 011 44 124 970 1610.*


Mae West lips "appropriated" by Dali

Brighton Museum and Art Gallery

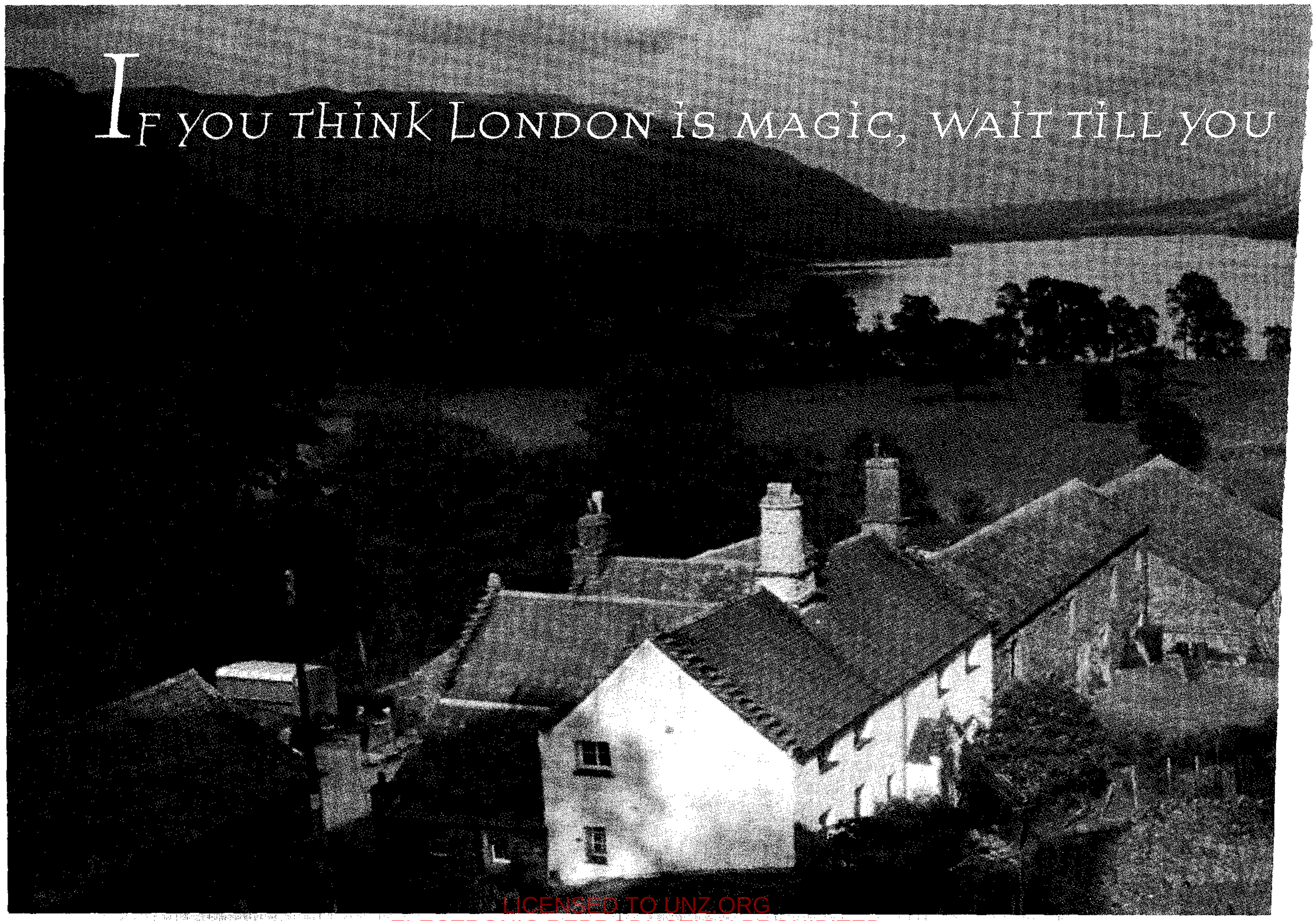
Adjacent to the Dome, Brighton's famed concert hall, stands an eclectic little museum. Opened in the late nineteenth century, it is best known for its collection of Lalique glass, and its Art Nouveau and Art Deco furniture—including Salvador Dali's famous sofa modeled after the lips of Mae West. Don't miss the Willett Collection of Pottery, which ranges from the Neolithic period to rare eighteenth century porcelain pieces. *Church Street, Brighton, For more information, call 011 44 127 329 0900.*

Wales


We have heard the children say Gentle children whom we love
Long ago, on Christmas Day, Came a message from above.
"Curiouser and curiouser..."

Lewis Carroll Centenary

Few British writers have captured the hearts of the world's children like Lewis Carroll. This year marks the hundredth anniversary of his death, and Britain honors him with a series of events. Cardiff, South Wales will hold a centenary festival from March through October with exhibitions, talks, and readings. A special children's musical, "Mad Hatter," featuring the BBC National Orchestra of Wales, will be presented on May 23rd. *Cardiff, South Wales. For more information, visit their website at www.cf.ac.uk/uwc/secap/carfest.*



Summer Library of The Third Marquis of Bute

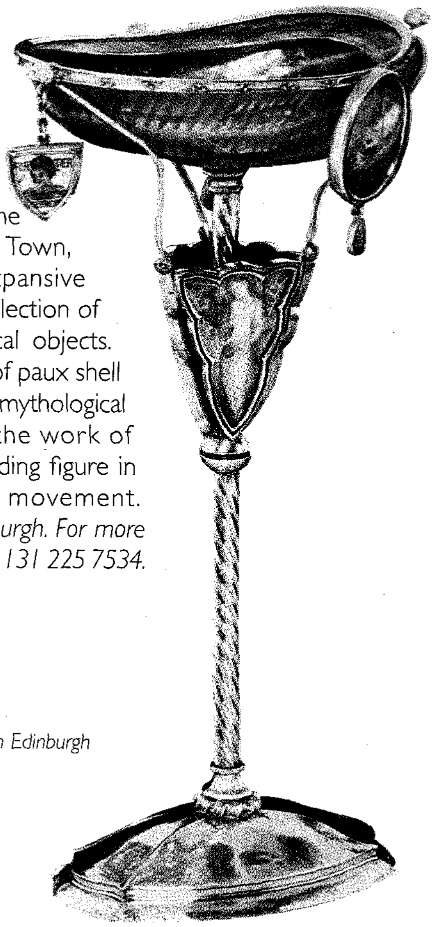
Cardiff Castle

While in Cardiff, don't neglect to take the kids to see Cardiff Castle, an extravagant neo-Gothic creation commissioned in the last century by the Third Marquis of Bute. He lavished a fortune on restoring his ancestral home although he lived there only six weeks out of the year. Victorian architect, William Burges, transformed the existing castle into a storybook fantasy, complete with a gilded Arab Room, a phantasmagorical clock tower, and a main tower commanding sweeping views of Cardiff. In the courtyard below, iridescent peacocks roam the grounds. *Castle Street, Cardiff. For more information, call 011 44 122 287 8100.*

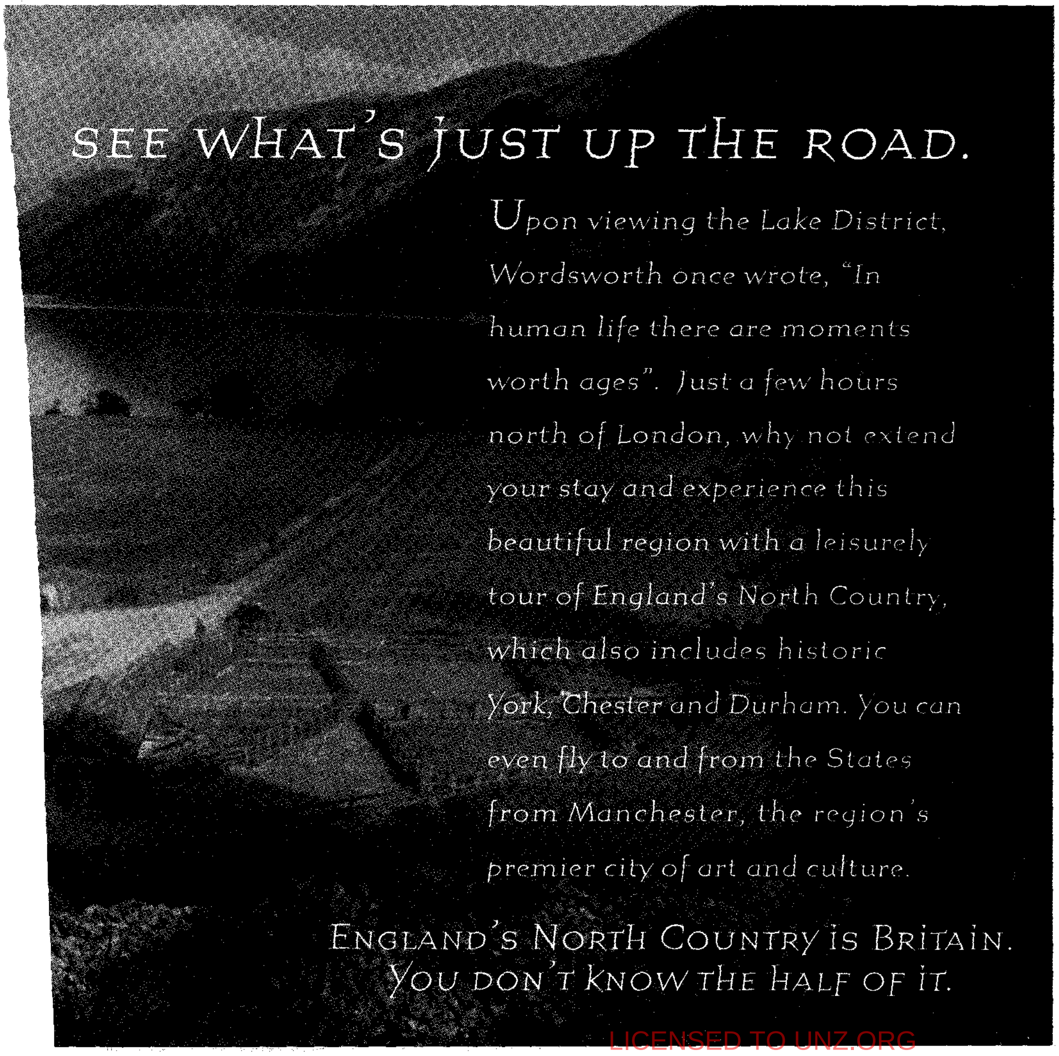
scotland

Royal Museum of Scotland

This jewel of Edinburgh museums, set within the Scottish capital's Old Town, houses, among its expansive range of exhibits, a collection of early medieval liturgical objects. An enameled chalice of paux shell decorated with Greek mythological figures is, however, the work of Phoebe Traquair, a leading figure in the Arts and Crafts movement. *Chambers Street, Edinburgh. For more information, call 011 44 131 225 7534.*



Paux shell chalice in Edinburgh



SEE WHAT'S JUST UP THE ROAD.

Upon viewing the Lake District, Wordsworth once wrote, "In human life there are moments worth ages". Just a few hours north of London, why not extend your stay and experience this beautiful region with a leisurely tour of England's North Country, which also includes historic York, Chester and Durham. You can even fly to and from the States from Manchester, the region's premier city of art and culture.

ENGLAND'S NORTH COUNTRY IS BRITAIN.
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.

FLY BRITISH AIRWAYS
TO BRITAIN
AND DRIVE UP THE ROAD
FOR ONLY $19 A DAY.

Fly British Airways round trip to Britain from 21 U.S. cities and take advantage of incredible offers. Car rentals start at $19 a day, North Country hotels start at $65 per night, and cozy B&B's start at $39 per night. Call your travel agent or 1-800-AIRWAYS.

BRITISH AIRWAYS
HOLIDAYS

Please write or call for a free vacation planner.
The British Tourist Authority, Dept. NEY03C
P.O. Box 141199, Cincinnati, OH 45250-1199

ENGLAND'S NORTH Country
BRITAIN
marketing Manchester

Name____________________________
Address__________________________
City__________________State________
Zip________Phone________________

1-800-357-3174
www.visitbritain.com

See the "Create Your Own Vacation" brochure 4/1/98 – 3/31/99 for full details. Hotel/B&B prices are per person, require double occupancy and may not include additional charges, valid for travel 5/1 - 9/30/98. Car rental does not include VDI or TPI insurance. ©1998 British Airways Plc.

With Eurodrive, the quoted price is the price you pay!

All-inclusive car plans in Europe from $480 for 17 days.

- **Tax-free rates**
- **Full insurance**
- **Brand-new cars**
- **Unlimited mileage**

Call: *800/221 1052*
Western states: *800/477 7116*

RENAULT EURODRIVE
l'Europe en Liberté

JAMES LOCK & CO., LTD.
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S HATTERS
ESTABLISHED 1676

MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE
OF HATS AND COUNTRY CLOTHING AVAILABLE FROM:-
6 ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, SW1A 1EF.
TEL: 01144171-930 8874 FAX: 01144171-976 1908

ENGLISH WANDERER
Walking holidays at quality country inns.
English Lakes - Scottish Highlands & others.
Call: 800-231-2930
6 George Street (NY), FERRYHILL, County Durham, DL17 0DT, England. Tel: 01144-1740-653169 Fax: 01144-1740-657996

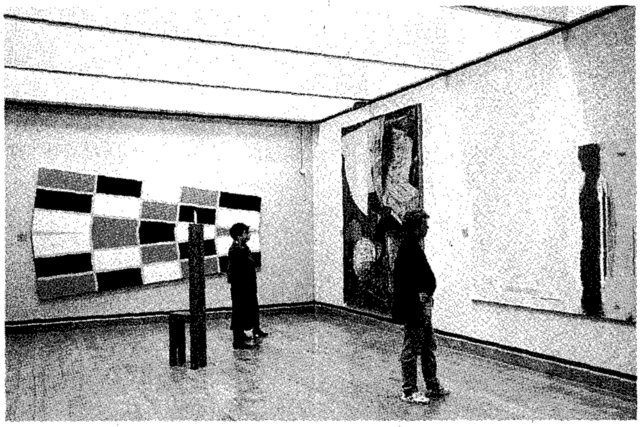
!!CASHMERES!!
AND LOTS OF OTHER GOODIES! FREE BROCHURE MAP!
WHEN IN SCOTLAND, COME ON IN!
Or write, phone, fax, or e-mail. All major credit cards.
tel. 011-44-1334-472366 (24 hr) fax 476416
Web www.standrewswoollenmill.com/orders
ST. ANDREWS WOOLLEN MILL, ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND

EUROPE by CAR
ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020
212-581-3040 • 800-223-1516
9000 SUNSET BLVD, LOS ANGELES, CA 90069
213-272-0424 • 800-252-9401
SAVE ON RENTALS • TAX-FREE LEASES
www.europebycar.com

TAYSIDE & THAMES
Discover Britain's Finest Country House Hotels
For Reservations & Information 800 965-0555 201 236-0555

Village Vacations S. W. England
All inclusive tailored tours 3 night minimum
Somerset/Dorset border. Transfers.
David & Christine Hale, Village Vacations, Brookmead,
Rimpton, Yeovil, Somerset BA22 8AQ UK
tel/fax 011.44.1935.850241
Toll Free 1-800-227-5550
e-mail: villagevac@aol.com

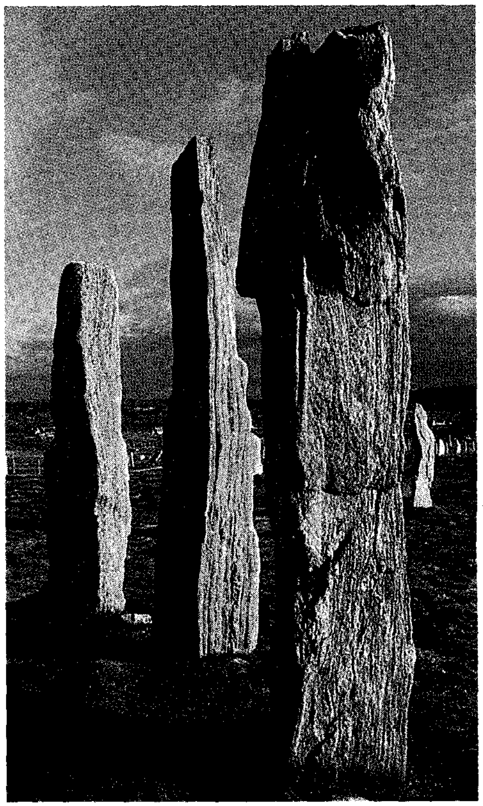
The Stafford
LONDON
WELCOME HOME!
Represented by
TAYSIDE & THAMES
201 236-0555
800 965-0555



Distinguished European collection at the Hunterian

Hunterian Art Gallery
James Abbott McNeill Whistler may best be known in America for the portrait of his mother, but the rest of his life's work is amply represented in the extensive collection housed here in Glasgow—the largest number of Whistler's works outside of the Smithsonian. The Hunterian gallery also exhibits other major artists works including William McTaggart, E. A. Walton, and Edward Hornel. *Glasgow University. For more information, call 011 44 141 330 5431.*

Callanish Standing Stones
Sir Paul McCartney has written that he found inspiration for his recent symphonic poem, "Standing Stone," on his many trips to Scotland. While England's famous Stonehenge records the trajectory of the sun on Midsummer Day (June 24th), the nearly fifty monolithic stones at Callanish may have, for some 4,000 years, traced the path of the moon. *Isle of Lewis in the Western Isles, off the northwest coast of the Scottish Highlands. For more information, call 011 44 131 668 8800.*



Callanish's lunar sentinels?

The Malt Whisky Trail
In the highlands surrounding the Scottish burgh of Dufftown is a Scotch lover's dream—a winding seventy-mile drive offering tours of some of the world's greatest malt whisky distilleries including Glenlivet, Cardhu, and Glenfiddich. All distilleries offer guided tours and tastings. If you're serious about sampling, you may want to contact Eurotalk tours, which specializes in trips to distilleries and castles in the highlands. *About forty miles east of Inverness. For more information, call the Highland Scotland Tourist Board at 011 44 146 323 4353.*

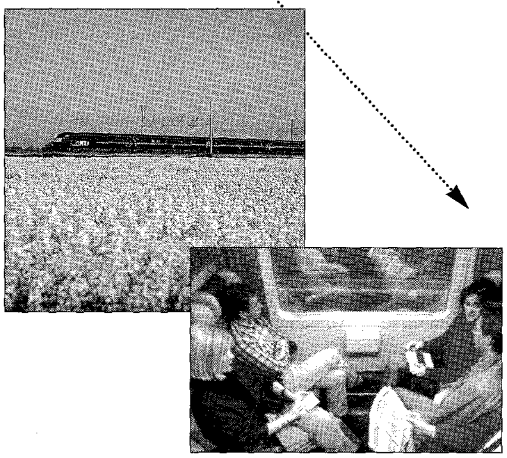
Northern Ireland

Giant's Causeway
This spectacular site combines both the awesome natural beauty of Northern Ireland, and its inhabitants love for tall tales. An other-worldly seascape of 40,000 hexagonal basalt columns, Giant's Causeway was either formed by cooling lava as it flowed to the sea, or sculpted by Finn McCool, a legendary giant Ulster warrior. Either way, it's "way cool." *Less than twenty miles from the northern coastal city of Ballycastle. The visitor's center can be reached at 011 44 126 573 1855.*

Dramatic Giant's Causeway formation

The Glens of Antrim

On your way to Ballycastle, if you drive up from Belfast along the gorgeous northeastern coastline, you will want stop at the best place to spot "the wee folk" in Northern Ireland. These mysterious glens—nine lush valleys bisecting the county of Antrim—are replete with legend, folklore, and stunning natural beauty. Antrim Coast Road, which passes by the foot of each glen, also makes for scenic biking. *About forty miles north of Belfast. For more information, call the Northern Ireland Tourist Board at 212.922.0101, 800.326.0036, or visit their website at www.ni-tourism.com.*



Three isn't a crowd when the third is 50% off.

The Party Pass is another great idea from BritRail. Travel in a group and save 50% on the third and fourth person in your party.

It's a great new addition to the range of BritRail passes: the Classic Pass, the Flexipass and the BritRail Senior Pass.

The Party Pass lets you sit back in comfort and style and watch the countryside roll by. And at 50% off, that's something to celebrate.

The BritRail Party Pass is a real crowd pleaser. Call today.

RE 1-888-BRITRAIL
www.raileurope.com

BritRail

With prehistoric Callanish inspiring a modern symphony, and the glory of Windsor Castle rising like a phoenix from its ashes, it's clear that the art, culture, and heritage of Britain is both ageless and everborn—especially for those willing to explore the byways to discover something new.

You can fly **British Airways** direct to London from twenty-one U.S. cities, including many on the West Coast. From London, it's easy to access an extensive network of other destinations throughout the British Isles. British Airways also flies nonstop from New York to Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow.

If you plan to travel around Britain by train, purchase a **BritRail** pass before leaving the United States (the passes are not available in Britain). BritRail offers unlimited rail travel throughout England, Scotland, and Wales for periods from four days to one month. Senior citizen and youth discount passes are available.

For further information about any of the British Isles' destinations, call the British Tourist Authority at 212.986.2200 or for the free "Grand Tour" brochure. Outside of New York City, call 800.462.2748.

Cultural
Kingdoms

We are a specialized travel company with an intimate knowledge of the North of England with its rich history and ancient battlegrounds.

✳ Our tour travels from Edinburgh through the Borders and Northumbria to York staying in castles, stately homes and mansions. We provide our guests with privileged access to venues not normally available to independent travellers.

✳ We can tailor make tours to individual or group client requirements.

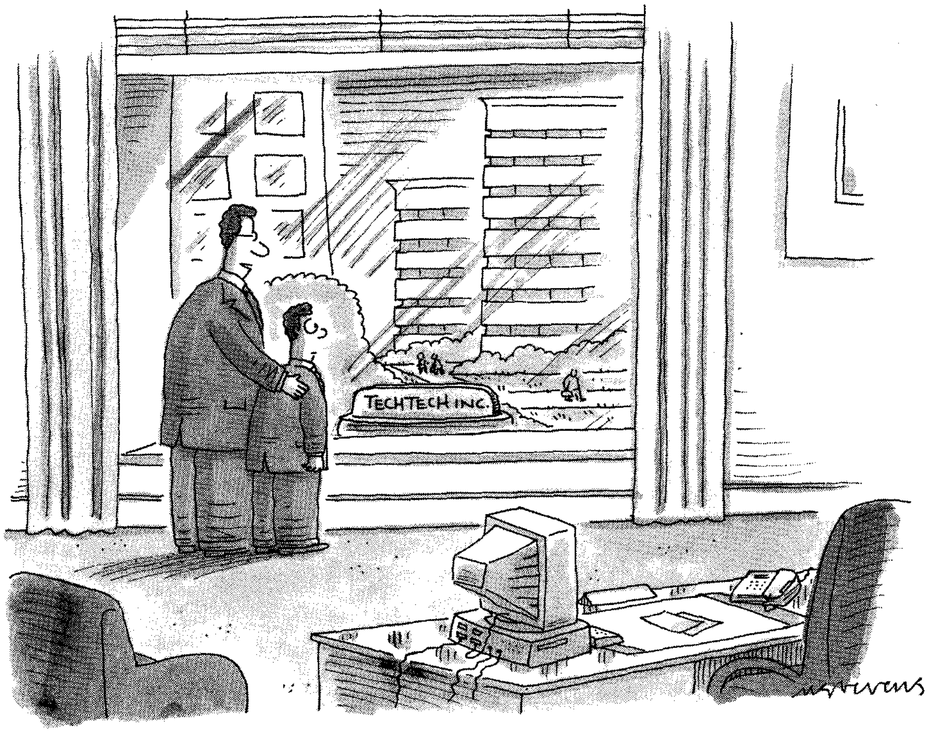
Can we invite you to visit our web site
www.cultural-kingdoms.com
or send for a copy of our brochure
Broomhaugh House, Riding Mill
Northumberland, NE44 6EG, England.

Tel +44 1434 682 802
Fax +44 1434 682 801
1 800 824 1251 USA TOLL FREE
E-Mail avril.trapp@cultural-kingdoms.com

[illegible] by the British Tourist Authority.

The GLENLIVET
AGED 12 YEARS
Pure Single Malt Scotch Whisky
The Glenlivet Single Malt. Once discovered, always treasured.
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly.

©1996 Imported by The Glenlivet Distilling Co., N.Y., N.Y., 12-Year-Old Single Malt Scotch Whisky, Alc. 40% by Vol. (80 proof). The Glenlivet is a registered trademark.



"Someday, son, all this will belong to Bill Gates."

• •

her parents. On May 12, 1969, when she was nineteen, records show that a Linda Carotenuto was arrested in the small resort town of Greenwood Lake, New York, on a grand-larceny charge. According to the police report, two men, Robert Hoffman and Paul Orlando, accused her of stealing two hundred and sixty-three dollars in cash and a watch valued at six hundred dollars from their rooms in the Long Pond Inn. She was arrested at 8:30 A.M., after the stolen goods were found in her possession, the report says, and she gave "oral admissions" to the police. The next afternoon, she posted bond and entered a plea of not guilty. As of March 13th, the outcome of the case could not be determined.

According to the Defense Department, when specifically asked on a security-clearance form in 1987 whether she had ever been "arrested, charged, cited or held by federal, state or other law enforcement or juvenile authorities regardless of whether the citation was dropped or dismissed or you were found not guilty," Tripp answered no. She also answered no to the question "Have you ever been detained, held in, or served time in any jail or prison?" The form, which Tripp signed on April 14, 1987, warned that "a knowing and willful false statement on this form can be punished by fine or imprisonment or both"; such a misstatement would be a felony under federal law. Asked for a response, Tripp's lawyer, James Moody, says he relayed detailed questions to her but "she hasn't responded." He would not comment, explaining, "I don't know the first thing about it."

A year after the arrest, Carotenuto married Davis. Eight years later, they, too, divorced, and Davis moved away. She is now a newspaperwoman in Florida. Reached recently, she said she didn't want to talk about the family, and was stunned to learn that the woman she was seeing on the news was her former stepdaughter.

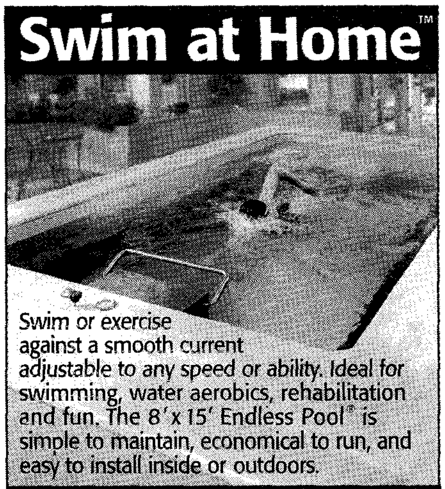
Davis's marriage to Carotenuto, who had changed his name to Caro, also failed because of a suspected affair with a neighbor. Not long after their divorce, he married yet another woman who lived on their block, in Essex Fells, New Jersey. "It was a regular Peyton Place," says Thomas Russell, a neighbor, who says his former wife had an affair with Caro (which she denies). Caro could be "a hell of a nice guy," Russell said. "But he thought with his trousers. He wanted them younger and younger." Neighbors also noticed a trait in Caro that Tripp complained about to friends: he was opinionated and overbearing, and was quick to belittle his wives, his children, and other people's kids. Linda later told friends that she blamed her low self-esteem and her weight problems on her father's browbeating. Though Caro paid child support and alimony, he rarely saw or mentioned his older daughter after his divorce from Inge. "I think he was very, very hurt that the family was so estranged," a relative says. "And I think Linda felt abandoned."

In October, 1971, less than a year after her parents divorced, Linda married Bruce M. Tripp, an enlisted soldier who is now a retired Army colonel. She was twenty and had completed secretarial school. As she followed her husband from base to base, she proved to be a smart and resourceful military employee, and she worked her way up to a top security clearance. The couple raised two children, now twenty-one and eighteen, before separating, in 1990. The marriage had been turbulent, according to neighbors, and the divorce was apparently difficult for Tripp. According to court testimony, it became final only after she failed to appear for two hearings, having fired her lawyer. Tripp's hairdresser, Patrick Hagen, remembers commiserating with Tripp, because he, too, was going through a breakup at that time. After her divorce, "she became a harsher personality," he says. Hagen says she also became a problem client for the salon, treating his employees rudely.

Around the time of the divorce, an old friend who worked in the Bush White House encouraged Tripp to become a "floating secretary" there. According to Hagen, the saving grace in Tripp's life was her job, which she loved. After Clinton took office in 1992, Tripp's friend was laid off, but Linda, who had a reputation for being cheerful and hardworking, was kept on. One White House colleague remembers that Tripp seemed to suffer from what the Clinton staffers called "Bushitis"—that is, a belief that the younger, less formal Democrats lacked the dignity and polish of their Republican predecessors. For example, Tripp was horrified to discover that Mrs. Clinton sometimes used the multi-stall ladies' room outside her office. "Mrs. Bush would rather be catheterized than use a public rest room," she said.

It appears that Tripp began talking about the President's behavior toward women long before Monica Lewinsky

Swim at Home™



Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. The 8'x 15' Endless Pool® is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors.

Call 800-732-8660 For FREE BROCHURE
or visit www.endlesspools.com

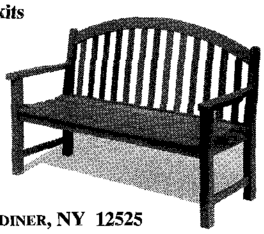
ENDLESS POOLS
200 E Dutton Mill Rd, Dept. N11
Aston, PA 19014

FREE CATALOG

TEAK AND MAHOGANY OUTDOOR FURNITURE

PRECISION-CUT KITS OR FULLY ASSEMBLED

Handcrafted to last a lifetime. Chairs, tables, benches, porch swings, rockers, lounges, planters, umbrellas and trellises. Assembled or as precision-cut kits that are both easy and fun to put together.



WOOD CLASSICS
914·255·5651

BOX 98Y1310 GARDINER, NY 12525

GALÁPAGOS

You, eleven other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will explore more islands by yacht than any other Galápagos expedition. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu and Peru options. Free video and brochure.

INCA (Inca Floats, Inc.)
1311-Y 63rd Street, Emeryville, CA 94608
510-420-1550 incafloats@aol.com

DISCOVER THE SPLENDOR OF ITALY

Beautiful homes for rent at affordable weekly rates in Abruzzo, Tuscany, Umbria, Lakes Como & Garda, the Italian Riviera, Rome, Amalfi, Capri, Venice, Sicily & more.

800 280 2811

THE PARKER COMPANY
ITALIAN VILLAS & TOURS

French Holiday Rentals

Experience *la vraie France* in your own chateau, cottage or farmhouse. Weekly or monthly rentals. All regions.

Call (510) 559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, Suite 200
Berkeley, CA 94704

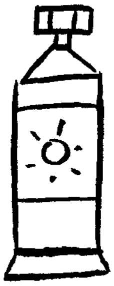
VILLE ET VILLAGE

DREAMSACK

Silk sleepsacks: perfect for travel, adventure, home, and...*you!*

To sleep in soft luxury of silk, call
1-800-670-7661 www.mind.net/dreamsack

came on the scene. A friend of Tripp's from the Bush Administration says that Linda was offended by what she perceived as the oversexed atmosphere of the Clinton White House. As a floater, she was sometimes stationed near the Oval Office, Tripp told her friend, where she claimed she could see Clinton flirting. "It knocked her for a loop," the friend says. "She just couldn't tolerate what she saw as misbehavior." Tripp talked often with F.B.I. agent Gary Aldrich, who left the White House in 1995 and later published a controversial book accusing Clinton of numerous incidents of sexual misconduct. Aldrich, who says he had "maybe seventy-five or a hundred conversations" with Tripp, recently told Geraldo Rivera that "Linda Tripp and I and about two thousand other permanent White House employees shared a scorn for what we were seeing."



Despite her disapproval of the Clinton Administration, Tripp wanted to stay on. Her job performance was good enough so that the Clinton team was willing to keep her. In 1993, she was offered a permanent secretarial position in the White House counsel's office, although it is unusual for even an exemplary civil servant to be carried over from one party's White House to the other's in such a sensitive job. Clinton's then White House counsel Bernard Nussbaum, who gave Tripp a staff job in his office, was a savvy New York lawyer but a Washington novice. Colleagues say he hoped to benefit from her institutional memory as a White House veteran. But soon enough Tripp began to criticize her new bosses. She sometimes worked for Vincent Foster, and complained to colleagues that he was spending too much time on the President's personal legal problems. When Foster committed suicide in July, 1993, she told one friend that she was traumatized. She was also privately critical of the investigation into his death. In a notorious E-mail written during the search of Foster's office, she derided Nussbaum and two other White House lawyers as "the three stooges."

This was the beginning of a period of intense scrutiny of White House operations, with the Foster suicide, Whitewater, and Travelgate all running together into one big contentious mess—a tangle of special investigations and convoluted conspiracy theories. Tripp was called as a witness in some of these inquiries. A few White House colleagues began to suspect that she was talking to the press. A White House official says that ethics officers received "repeated complaints" that Tripp was leaking. One such complaint, a former staffer says, involved Tripp's talking loudly on the phone to CNN's Wolf Blitzer. There is no hard evidence of Tripp's leaking to the press (there rarely is), but she did tell friends that she suspected that Foster had been driven to despair by knowing too much about the Clintons' machinations. She also had a preliminary conversation with the literary agent Lucianne Goldberg and her son Jonah about collaborating on a book about Foster's death. Tripp did not want to write anything herself, because she didn't want to jeopardize her job. Goldberg's plan seemed to be to develop the topic for one of her authors, such as former L.A.P.D. Detective Mark Fuhrman. The project never went anywhere. Still, the idea of doing a possibly lucrative exposé had been planted. ("Did she daydream a little?" Jonah Goldberg asks. "I won't say no.")

According to one former co-worker, Tripp was the kind of person others confided in, and she often befriended younger women on the staff, soliciting confidences and offering career advice. "She was fun," says a staffer who occasionally went out for drinks with Tripp and, like Monica Lewinsky, found herself involved in many gossipy phone conversations. But several of the women who trusted Tripp ended up feeling betrayed. They discovered that she spoke disparagingly about them to other staffers, and in one case spread unsubstantiated rumors about someone's supposed drinking problem.

Tripp was also close for a time to Kathleen Willey, the Richmond socialite who was a White House volunteer and the wife of Edward Willey, a Democratic Party donor. Colleagues say Tripp was drawn to Willey's glamour and piqued by her apparent closeness to Clinton. In November of 1993, Willey confided in Tripp that Clinton had made a pass at her, which Clinton denies.

Tripp schemed with Willey to get her a permanent staff job. Together, they went in March of 1994 to Lloyd Cutler, who was soon to replace Nussbaum, and requested that Cutler put them in charge of administering the counsel's office. (Cutler declined to do so.) Willey then discovered that Tripp had been telling others in the office that she was "useless." She broke off the friendship, according to another friend, and stopped taking Tripp's phone calls. In August, 1994, reportedly without so much as a job interview, Tripp moved to a public-affairs job in the Pentagon that paid twenty thousand dollars more than her job at the White House. Some in the White House say that by then she was regarded with suspicion, but she received consistently outstanding performance evaluations there, and this has been true at the Pentagon as well. It was at the Pentagon, in the spring of 1996, that Tripp met Monica Lewinsky, a former White House intern half her age. Lewinsky, too, had been exiled to the Pentagon, and by the summer of 1996 she had begun to confide in Tripp.

IN January, 1997, an anonymous source told one of Paula Jones's lawyers about the Willey incident. The Jones team, in turn, tipped *Newsweek* reporter Michael Isikoff. By March, he was talking to Tripp about the incident. Eventually, Tripp confirmed the story, adding a detail embarrassing to Willey: that Kathleen had been flattered rather than distressed by the President's attention. The *Newsweek* story ran in August, 1997, and included an angry denial from the President's lawyer Robert Bennett, who declared that "Linda Tripp is not to be believed." According to Lucianne Goldberg, Tripp was insulted by the remark and afraid that she would be entangled in the Clintons' legal problems. That, Goldberg claims, is why Tripp began to tape her new friend Monica: to get "proof" of Clinton's misbehavior. But there is evidence that she had been thinking for quite some time about exposing what she considered misdeeds at the White House.

As early as the summer of 1996, Tripp had moved closer to accusing Clinton publicly. It was then, the syndicated columnist Maggie Gallagher told me, that Lucianne Goldberg approached her about ghostwriting a tell-all White House memoir for Tripp. The book would cover many topics, and include a chapter called "The President's Women," about the President's alleged philandering, Gallagher recalls. The project was expected to be "very big" financially. There was a sense of urgency about getting the book done, Gallagher says, presumably so that it would come out before the 1996 election.

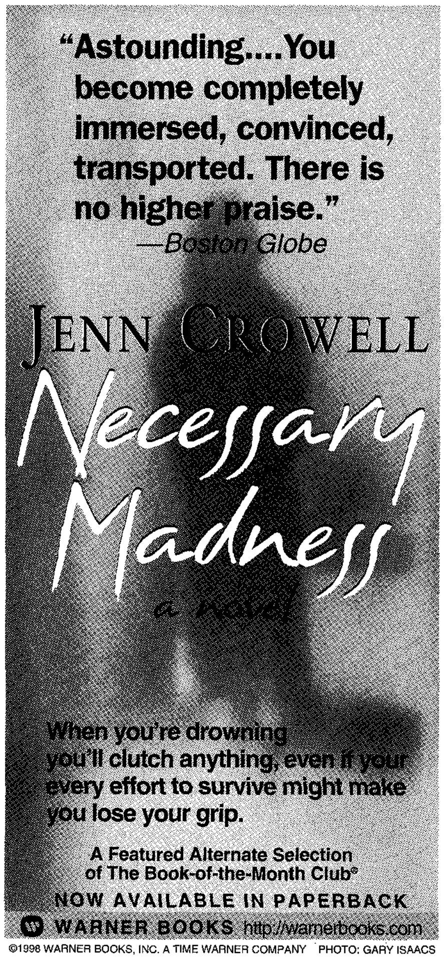
Gallagher and Tripp met for the first and only time at a restaurant in New Jersey on August 6th. Tripp had been with her mother earlier in the day, and struck Gallagher as a dutiful daughter and "a good girl." The two women talked easily about sex and the White House, though Tripp was concerned about appearing too tawdry in print. It was clear to Gallagher that Tripp was torn about the project. "She had all of these conflicts," Gallagher says. "It's the lying that really bothered her," she adds, apparently referring to White House statements about various investigations. "She wanted to be loyal, but she also wanted to get her story out." Six weeks into this second book project, Tripp lost her nerve. She told Gallagher that she had received a raise and had two college-age children to support. Gallagher's sense, though, was that "it might take time, but in the end staying silent was going to be too hard." This, then, was the frame of mind in which Linda Tripp played confessor to Monica Lewinsky.

A year after walking away from the Gallagher collaboration, in August of 1997, Tripp again phoned Lucianne Goldberg. She wanted advice on how to handle *Newsweek*, which she said had been pursuing her ever since she spoke on the record about Kathleen Willey. She could refuse to say anything more, but she was tempted to talk, because she had some new information.

"It sounds like you're on the Bimbo Beat," Goldberg recalls saying.

"That's why I'm afraid," Tripp replied nervously. "Can you help me? He's got a girlfriend."

Over the next few weeks, Tripp spoke to Goldberg numerous times about her conversations with Monica, and the possibility that the President was sexually involved with her. One of these conversations took place at Jonah Goldberg's Washington apartment, and he recalls that Tripp seemed especially upset that Monica was only slightly older than Chelsea Clinton. Linda Tripp, in other words, viewed the President through the eyes of a daughter. ♦

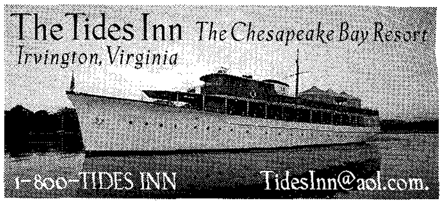

"Astounding....You become completely immersed, convinced, transported. There is no higher praise."
—Boston Globe

JENN CROWELL
Necessary Madness
a novel

When you're drowning you'll clutch anything, even if your every effort to survive might make you lose your grip.

A Featured Alternate Selection of The Book-of-the-Month Club®
NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK
WARNER BOOKS http://warnerbooks.com
©1998 WARNER BOOKS, INC. A TIME WARNER COMPANY PHOTO: GARY ISAACS

GRAND CANYON
The greatest vacations on earth! Rafting trips down the Grand Canyon, Canyonlands, the Salmon River and more. Holiday Expeditions, 801-266-2087. For a free catalog call 1-800-554-RAFT
www.bikeraft.com • holiday@bikeraft.com


The Tides Inn The Chesapeake Bay Resort
Irvington, Virginia
1-800-TIDES INN TidesInn@aol.com

The Magazine by Children
"The New Yorker of the 8 to 13 set"– Ms.
A perfect gift to inspire creativity
$32/yr (6 issues) • 800-447-4569
www.stonesoup.com
STORIES • POEMS • ART

HOME FROM HOME in LONDON
Private Flats & Houses for Short Rentals
TOLL FREE: 1-800 748 9783
TEL: 011-44 171 584 8914 FAX: 823 8433
E-Mail: homefromhome@compuserve.com
Internet: www.homefromhome.co.uk

ANNALS OF ADDICTION

SAYING YES TO DRUGS

Twelve-step treatment programs used to be anonymous. Why is the Hazelden Foundation going public?

BY DAVID SAMUELS

THE Great Coffee Debate at the Hazelden Foundation, in Center City, Minnesota, was the type of controversy that is dear to historians—a seemingly trivial event that illuminates larger issues and trends. The debate began in the spring of 1994, when a majority of the counsellors at Hazelden, which is the wealthiest and most influential treatment center for alcoholics and drug addicts in the country, suggested that coffee be banned. Since treatment at Hazelden is based on the twelve-step program of Alcoholics Anonymous, this was a little like trying to be holier than the Pope. Coffee is an integral part of most A.A. meetings, a de-facto sacrament. Members of A.A. have been known to make pilgrimages to Akron, Ohio, to view the coffeepot used by Dr. Bob, the co-founder of the organization. Nevertheless, the counsellors at Hazelden decided that coffee was just another drug. "There was concern that some people could be using caffeine as a stimulant, three-bagging or four-bagging it," Russell Forrest, one of the leaders of the anti-coffee camp, recalls. "What we were really dealing with, I guess, was a question of philosophy."

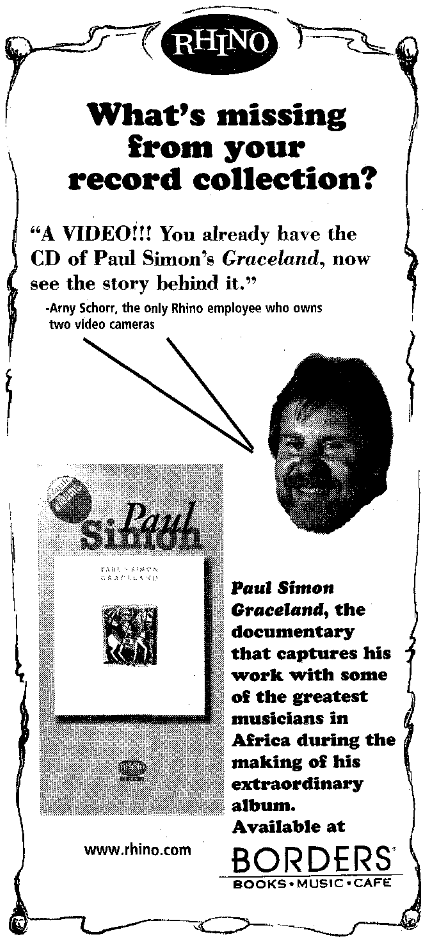
A ban on caffeinated coffee was implemented, but enforcing the ban was another story. "You had people bringing this stuff in from outside," Forrest recalls, "and there was an underground market, which, of course, you would point out to patients, and you'd say, you know, 'Doesn't this sound like chemical use?' People were opening up packages, and I saw what was in there. It was the strongest brew you could buy. Somebody was getting coffee from South America, and it was sticky and black, and I said 'What is this? This is not Maxwell House from Bogotá.' "

The black market in coffee grew at an alarming speed. Patients were brewing large quantities of coffee in their rooms and flushing the evidence down sinks and toilets. Soon the pipes were stuffed with coffee grounds, and the conflict between a fundamentalist approach to the tenets of A.A. and the practical demands of running a treatment center came to a head. As the plumbing at Hazelden became more and more clogged, the maintenance staff rebelled, and the coffee ban was finally and ingloriously rescinded.

HAZELDEN was disrupted for months by the coffee wars, which took place just as the foundation's president, Jerry Spicer, had begun to encourage the use of antidepressant drugs and other therapies that are not traditionally part of the twelve-step process. This was a controversial move, and several staff members had left in protest. Spicer's supporters also tended to support coffee. Phil Kavanaugh, the head counsellor on Shoemaker, one of Hazelden's six primary treatment units, was an outspoken proponent of caffeine. "The problem with the coffee, as I saw it, was that it wasn't strong enough," he says. "My proposal was that we should put in an espresso bar next to the dining area."

This was an ideological crisis. The opponents of coffee were registering disapproval of drugs of all kinds, no matter how limited or benign (or therapeutic) their effects might be. The pro-coffee faction was willing to embrace caffeine and antidepressants if they helped an addict get well. This more liberal approach to treatment opened the door to a view of the twelve-step program that could include new drugs which are much more ambitious than anything that has been available before.

The new drugs, which are the consequence of recent research into the way neurotransmitters in the brain affect behavior, will act on addiction in much the same way that S.S.R.I.s (selective serotin re-uptake inhibitors), like Prozac and Zoloft, act on depression. "My belief is that today, in 1998, you should be put in jail if you refuse to prescribe S.S.R.I.s for depression," says Alan Leshner, the head of


RHINO

What's missing from your record collection?

"A VIDEO!!! You already have the CD of Paul Simon's *Graceland*, now see the story behind it."
-Arny Schorr, the only Rhino employee who owns two video cameras

Paul Simon Graceland, the documentary that captures his work with some of the greatest musicians in Africa during the making of his extraordinary album.
Available at
BORDERS
BOOKS•MUSIC•CAFE
www.rhino.com

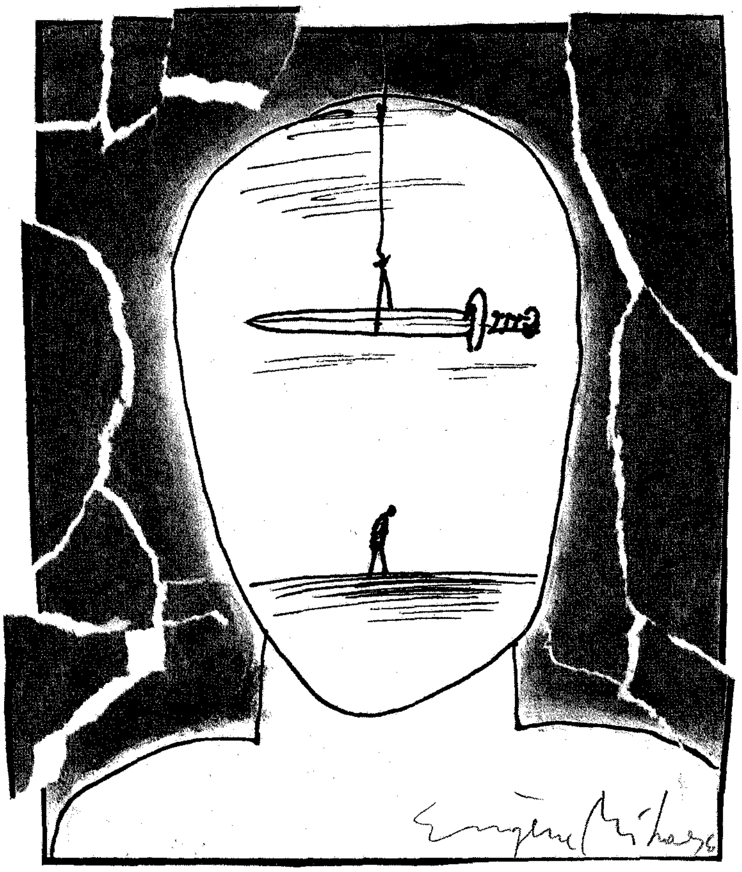
Italy & Paris Rentals
Tuscany, Umbria, Italian Seaside, Rome, Florence, Venice. We offer only homes we've seen. By the week, month, year.
HOMEBASE ABROAD
Homebase Abroad, Ltd.
(781) 545-5112
www.homebase-abroad.com

The Horned Dorset Primavera
RELAIS & CHÂTEAUX
'The best overall' hotel in Puerto Rico.
Rated 27 by Zagats Guide to U.S. Hotels, Resorts and Spas, 1997
For reservations: 1(800)633-1857

Guggenheim Bilbao
Small Group Tours
Discover gourmet food & wine and ★★★★ hotels in the Basque Country of Spain & France
1-800-227-7889
BACKROADS INTERNATIONAL

Want to brush up on a foreign language?
With Audio-Forum's introductory, intermediate and advanced materials, you can learn a new language or sharpen your skills. Our free 56-page catalog offers courses in 96 languages. Our 25th year. Call Toll-Free 1-888-773-2548 or write:
Audio-Forum, Room C321,
96 Broad Street, Guilford, CT 06437

the National Institute of Drug Abuse, or NIDA, the federal agency in charge of addiction-research funding. "I also believe that five years from now you should be put in jail if you don't give crack addicts the medications we're working on now."



EUGÈNE MIHAESCO

The new research is a mixed blessing for Hazelden and other A.A.-based treatment centers. On the one hand, neuroscientists using advanced imaging equipment to observe changes in regions of the brain that are known to govern addiction have provided evidence that addicts do not simply lack will power or character. They have a physical disease, which is what A.A. has claimed all along. On the other hand, the idea that addiction is a disease with the same kinds of physical causes—and cures—as diabetes or clogged arteries challenges the premise of a spiritual cure on which Hazelden has operated for the past fifty years.

The elimination of entire fields of therapeutic practice by cheap and powerful psychoactive drugs is a familiar story. Outside of a few high-income neighborhoods in New York City, for example, it is hard to remember that Freudian analysis was once standard medical practice rather than a culturally specific activity for people with a hundred dollars to spend for an hour on an analyst's couch. Those who champion the new drugs for addiction see a similar future for A.A.-based therapies. Why bother with Hazelden, which charges around fifteen thousand dollars a month, when pills can produce immediate and measurable results at a fraction of the cost? "Look, if swinging a dead cat over your head helps, then I'm for it," Alan Leshner says. "But if someone says never, ever use medication I can't understand that at all."

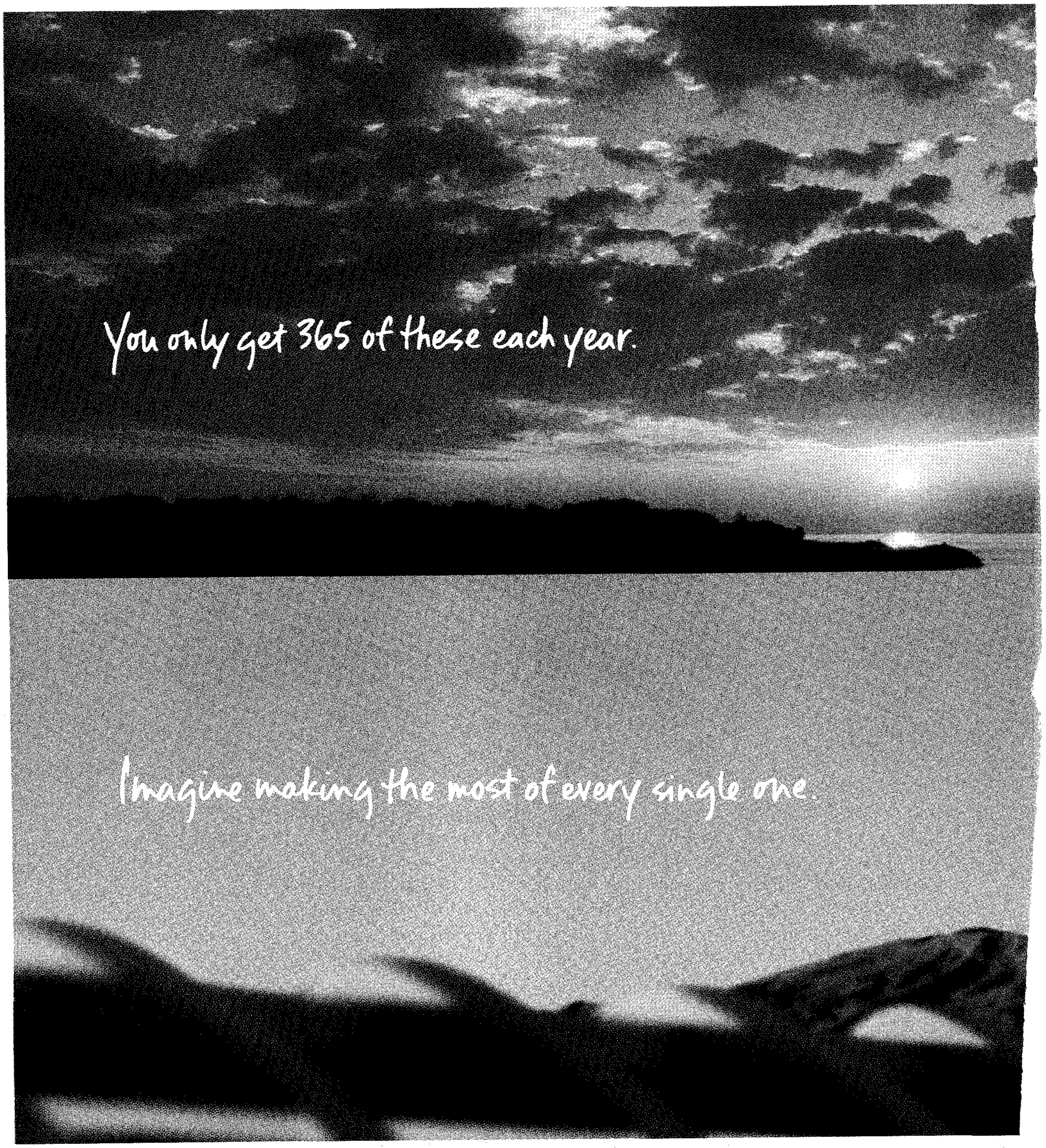
THE Hazelden Foundation sits on the shores of a small lake, surrounded by four hundred and eighty-eight acres of nature trails and tall pines. It looks like a well-run monastery or a small but fashionable resort. It was established in 1949 as a retreat for alcoholic priests. The original white shingled farmhouse has been replaced by tan brick buildings, and the Hereford cattle that used to graze on part of the land are gone, but the addicts at Hazelden today, many of whom are wealthy and some of whom are famous, live much as patients did fifty years ago, recovering from what they are told is not only a disease of the body but also a profound disturbance of the soul.

There are six treatment units at Hazelden, four for men and two for women, each named for a Hazelden founder or for one of the founders of Alcoholics Anonymous. When patients arrive for their twenty-eight-day stay, they are admitted to Ignatia, the detoxification unit. (Sister Ignatia was a Roman Catholic nun who helped Dr. Bob dry out alcoholics.) At Hazelden, unlike the more literal-minded A.A. treatment centers, including the Betty Ford Clinic, many of the new patients are placed on Librium, or, at any rate, they have been since Jerry Spicer liberalized Hazelden's drug policy.

Hazelden is legally, if not philosophically, independent of A.A., and treatment there has long incorporated behavioral psychology and other less than spiritual methods. But, because A.A. does not run treatment centers of its own, Hazelden is the closest thing to the institutional voice of the A.A.-based treatment community. It is a nonprofit foundation, run by an independent board of directors, and has a twenty-five-million-dollar endowment that is funded by corporate donors like I.T.T., CBS, and Goldman, Sachs. The publishing arm of the foundation brings in twenty million dollars a year by distributing manuals and workbooks to treatment centers across the country. It also publishes Melody Beattie's best-selling "Co-Dependent No More." The foundation has forty thousand alumni, who make donations, buy T-shirts, and attend retreats and reunions on the Center City campus.

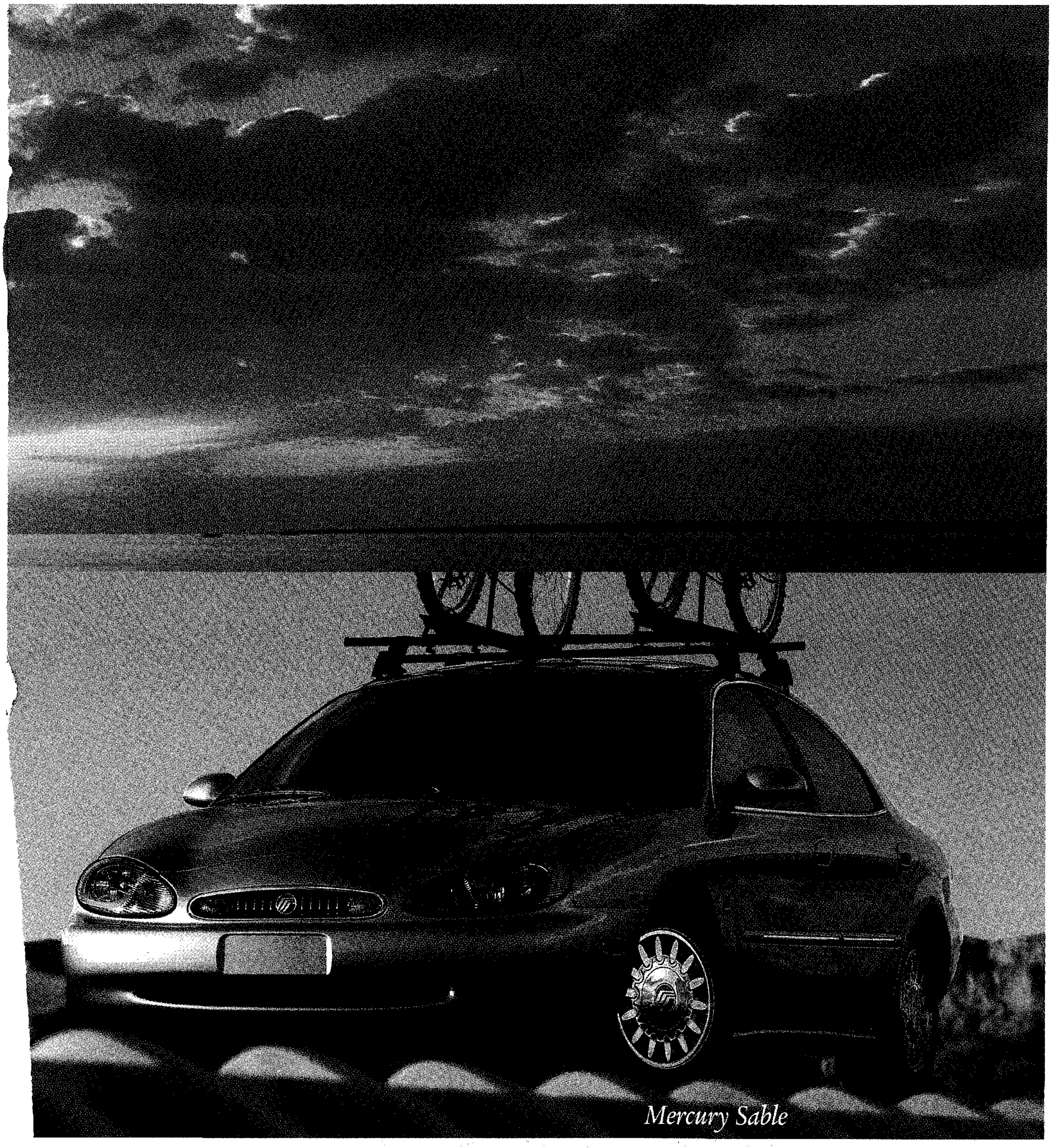
WILLIAM COPE MOYERS is typical of recent Hazelden alumni. He was the troubled son of privileged parents, he overcame an addiction to crack cocaine, and he stayed in Minnesota, becoming a pillar of the A.A. community. Moyers went to Hazelden for the first time when he was twenty-nine years old. He is now thirty-seven, and he works as Hazelden's director of public policy. He appears to be a younger, faster-talking version of his famous father, Bill Moyers. As he speaks, it is as if the down-home cadences familiar from hundreds of hours of public-television viewing were being played back with one finger pressed impatiently on the fast-forward button.

A former reporter for *Newsday* and CNN, Moyers has been in treatment for addiction to crack three times since 1989—twice at Hazelden and the last time at the Ridgeview clinic, outside Atlanta, in 1994. "I had been sober for three years and two months," he recalls, in a nasal prep-school drawl. "I was working at CNN. I named my second son after Tom Johnson, the president of CNN, because Tom had been really good to my family. And I stopped taking care of myself in recovery. And one day I decided, in the summer of '94, that I was


You only get 365 of these each year.
Imagine making the most of every single one.

Imagine yourself in a Mercury

We know you pack a lot into your day. So we pack a lot of helpful ideas into every Mercury. Like Sable's 60/40 split-fold rear seat and available front flip-fold



center console. They give you extra flexibility when it comes to carrying passengers and their gear. Just two more examples of how Mercury designs cars to keep up with your busy schedule. Maybe that schedule should include a test drive. For a free brochure call 1 800 446-8888 or visit www.mercuryvehicles.com for more information.

"'Take that,' growled the writer as the buyer for Borders slumped to the..."

never going to repeat the insanity of the past, because who would want to, but I might just try it my way. And I'll never, never forget holding the crack cocaine in my hand and thinking, This is going to last me a week. It lasted me four hours."

Several days later, he was removed from an inner-city crack house by the Atlanta police and taken to Ridgeview. "My family was very angry," he recalls. "My wife was very angry: 'How could you do this? Doesn't your family mean more?' And those are the questions that millions of people ask. And I couldn't explain it, except that I had stopped doing what I needed to recover."

As he reaches the summation of what he describes, in the A.A. language of the moment, as "my personal journey," Moyers spreads his arms wide. "There are two things more powerful than me," he says, his thick blond eyebrows rising high on his forehead and wiggling just a little to underline the point. "One is my disease. And the other one is God. God, disease, William Cope Moyers."

God and his disease have found a very effective P.R. guy in William Cope Moyers. "Addiction is the last great disease that still mystifies people, to which there's still a stigma attached, and which is not being addressed as a public-health issue," Moyers says. His mission is to change that, and this month Hazelden is launching a campaign that is modelled on the successful campaigns of advocates of treatment for breast cancer and AIDS. The cornerstone of their efforts is a congressional bill sponsored by two Minnesota legislators, Democratic Senator Paul Wellstone and Republican Representative Jim Ramstad, which would force health-care insurers to fund addiction treatment on a par with other major illnesses. The bill would direct hundreds of millions of insurance dollars a year into the monthlong inpatient programs on which Hazelden has built its reputation. In the nineteen-seventies and the early eighties, when addiction became a big business, insurance companies paid for such treatment, but with the rise of managed-care systems in the late eighties, the money dried up.

The Wellstone-Ramstad bill, which, if passed, would assure Hazelden's prosperity for years to come, will be the focus of attention at a congressional hearing on addiction on March 24th, at which Jim Ramstad, Paul Wellstone, and William Cope Moyers will testify. Five days later, PBS will air the first installment of a five-part series on addiction and recovery hosted by Bill Moyers. Judith Moyers, the wife of Bill Moyers and the mother of William Cope Moyers, is the co-executive producer of the series. She is also an active member of Hazelden's board of directors. The sponsors of the Wellstone-Ramstad bill hope to begin further hearings in Congress immediately after the Moyers series ends, on March 31st, with an episode on "The Politics of Addiction." "Am I naïve about the benefits of raising the debate about parity at the same time as the series is going to air?" William Cope Moyers says. "No. Is this some kind of grassy-knoll conspiracy? No. There's no way we could ever pull that off."

Paul Wellstone has been working with the Hazelden lobbyists. "Frankly, William and the others are very smart," he says. They make sure that representatives from other treatment centers are involved in meetings, and that the campaign doesn't look like a Hazelden publicity grab. The point is to turn the more than 1.1 million recovering people in America into a powerful grass-roots lobby for twelve-step addiction treatment. Thanks to A.A., alcoholics and addicts are already the best-organized sufferers of any major disease. But the Twelve Traditions of A.A. appear to prohibit the kind of affecting personal stories that have become a staple of daytime talk shows and congressional hearings alike. Tradition Ten, for example, states, "Alcoholics Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the A.A. name ought never to be drawn into public controversy." Tradition Eleven instructs A.A. members to "always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio and films." Hazelden is not the same thing as A.A., of course. "I think there has been too literal an interpretation of anonymity," Jerry Spicer says.

Opponents of the Wellstone-Ramstad bill will point to the shoddy practices and poor results that contributed to the closing of approximately half the treatment centers in America over the past ten years. Even for successful treatment centers, like Hazelden, the rate of patients who complete their stay and remain free of addictive behavior for at least a year is not particularly good. But such objections annoy William Cope Moyers. "Why is it that policymakers question the success rate of addiction treatment when they don't make the same demands on the recovery rates for other major illnesses?" he asks. "The reason that sentiment exists is that policymakers and the public don't see recovering people."

HAZELDEN has traditionally been very protective of its patients. The anonymity of Alcoholics Anonymous informs the relationship between the institution and the addicts who go there. Until recently, there was no director of public policy. The public was not part of the equation, and certainly the press was not. At Hazelden, an addict retreated into a self-contained world.

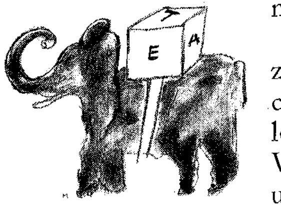
The buildings at Hazelden that replaced the original farmhouse, which is referred to as "the old lodge," are linked by long, sloping passageways that branch off without warning into cinder-blocked dead ends or open suddenly onto views of ice fishermen's huts on South Center Lake. Hazelden legend holds that the labyrinthine tunnels are a deliberate part of the therapeutic process, a reminder to addicts that they must ask for help if they want to get well. The most obvious signs of Hazelden's spiritual mission are square cardboard placards in the halls that say "Quiet Please: Fifth Step in Progress." The Fifth Step is as essential a part of the treatment process here as a radiology lab is to the operation of a modern hospital. The Fifth Step directs alcoholics to admit "to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs."

Bill Wilson, who co-founded Alcoholics Anonymous with Bob Smith (Dr. Bob), was a member of the Oxford Group, a religious movement that attained its greatest influence in the nineteen-twenties and thirties. Wilson also drew on an eclectic variety of other sources, including, most significantly, William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience." His intention in founding A.A., he wrote to Carl Jung, was to make the conversion experiences that James described "available on an almost wholesale basis." Supporters of drug therapy in the A.A. community note that Wilson, in his later years, also experimented with LSD; his eventual fixation on vitamin B_3 as a cure for alcoholism led to a rebuke from A.A.'s governing organization, the General Service Board.

Shoemaker, the unit at Hazelden on which I spent a week recently, looks like a ski chalet, with an open common area where there are couches and chairs and a color TV, and a split-level kitchen with a coffee machine and a large framed poster displaying the twelve steps. The unit is named for the Reverend Samuel Shoemaker, a leading Oxford Group publicist and the pastor of New York's Calvary Episcopal Church, where Bill Wilson attended missionary meetings before founding A.A.

The patients, or "peers," as they are called, begin their day at seven-thirty in the morning with a period of meditation. They then go to a lecture down the hall, and return to the unit for a group discussion, or "process," before disappearing for individual counselling or relaxation sessions. At times, the scene suggests freshman week in a college dorm. At other times, the unit resembles a house full of people who have been stripped of their skin. The threat of failure weighs heavily on the residents of Hazelden. For their First Step, they must surrender themselves to a higher power. "I just don't know how I feel about the higher power," Josh, an aeronautical engineer, said to me one afternoon in the Shoemaker lounge. If Josh failed to believe in a higher power, his counsellor had told him, he would use drugs again and probably die. "A friend of mine was here with me, and he was having the same problem," he said. "And the day after he left he started to use."

The models for the arduous transformation of self that Hazelden demands are the counsellors, most of whom are recovering addicts themselves, and former Hazelden patients who return to Center City in the evenings to talk to the current residents. There is a sameness to the stories that the former patients tell—of lost jobs, broken homes, an inability to stop using drugs or drinking, difficulties in treatment, the moment of connection with the higher power, and the lifelong importance of attending A.A. meetings at least once a week. Not all the stories end well. One evening, a ponytailed biker named Jim related his difficulties finding work, confessed his desire to drink, and finally broke down in tears. Sitting on the long couches in the Shoemaker living room after Jim's talk, many of the peers seemed put off. "It's depressing," said Damien, a lanky young crack addict from Michigan. "If my dad knew that my treatment was going to consist of a bunch of crackheads and addicts like myself, he never would have spent fifteen thousand dollars to send me here."



It is hard to find a single person at Hazelden who doesn't appear to want sincerely to get sober, or who doesn't profess a strong belief in the tenets of A.A. Yet nearly all the patients also admit to terrible cravings that go on for hours and threaten to obliterate any hope they have of staying sober once they leave. The intensity of these cravings is similar to those noted by Thomas De Quincey in 1822, in "Confessions of an English Opium Eater": "Think of me as one, even when four months had passed, still agitated, writhing, throbbing, palpitating, shattered; and much, perhaps, in the situation of him who has been wracked. . . . My dreams are not yet perfectly calm: the dread swell and agitation of the storm have not wholly subsided."

One reason that Hazelden may find it difficult to accommodate the new drugs that people like Alan Leshner claim will revolutionize the treatment of addiction is that the A.A. philosophy fervently rejects the idea of a "cure." Addicts are always "recovering," or "in recovery," regardless of how many years of sobriety they have attained. They are forever members of the A.A. community. This is literally true in the warm cocoon of Minneapolis-St. Paul, an hour's drive from Hazelden, where A.A. members in need can find a meeting dedicated to almost any addiction at almost any time of the day or night. Recovering addicts with money settle down in spacious turn-of-the-century houses off Grand Street in St. Paul or near one of the lakes. They get married, raise children, and lead comfortable lives shadowed by the fear that old demons will be stirred up.

New arrivals from Hazelden ease into the recovery community at Fellowship Club, a turreted Victorian mansion that used to belong to a local brewery. A Hazelden-run halfway house, Fellowship Club costs close to three thousand dollars a month for a four-month stay. Fellowship Club residents attend individual and group counselling sessions much like those on the treatment units at Hazelden, and are expected to find full-time work within their first two weeks of arrival. The jobs they find, at the Y.M.C.A. or Sam Goody, or at the Camp Snoopy amusement park in the Mall of America, often bear little relation to the jobs they held before.

Hazelden has opened halfway houses like Fellowship Club in Chicago, New

York, and West Palm Beach. These new facilities are intended to act as incubators for the recovery culture, re-creating the close-knit atmosphere of Minneapolis-St. Paul in other cities. Not all patients can afford to stay in facilities like Fellowship Club, however. The day after Josh left Hazelden, we met at a halfway house called Crossroads, a converted motel by the side of a highway in Minneapolis. His room, which cost sixteen dollars a day, looked out on a parking lot. His roommate, who was lounging in a sleeping bag, chain-smoking cigarettes and stubbing the butts out on the floor, was barely nineteen.

Josh was alternately hopeful and subdued, talking about his love of mathematics at one moment and then quoting from the Big Book, the collection of inspirational essays and stories about travelling salesmen getting drunk on hooch that is the A.A. bible. When he left Hazelden, he said, he cried because he was afraid. At home, he had dinner with his mother. "It was difficult to see her," he recalled. "She was checking me out, looking at my face, trying to see some change that had happened to me while I was at Hazelden. She wanted to hear that everything is fine, that I've done good, and now we're ready to go and start up our life again. And that isn't how I feel. And the more I told her, I could look at her face and see her getting sad and disappointed. But I told her that I had to tell the truth. I'm not better. I'm sitting on the fence. And a little breeze could come along and push me over to the other side."

48 BIG DAFFODILS

48 big daffodils blared yellow
From three vases in this room.
I was not expecting joy
But it arrived, brashly delivered
By flowers smelling of earth, primitive
In form and scent, bold enough
To grow through snow.

The florist's card with the sender's name
(So eagerly searched for in the past, *the name*
With its terrible power to thrill,
The name alone was what mattered)
Disclosed its unrushed secret:
"Happy spring. Love, Auntie"—
And I did not spit in despair.

Like the color (blatant solar flare), the joy
(What else to call it?) was childlike.
I did not think a child
Still lived in me, but with 48 big daffodils
Igniting my room
For their two-day lives
Here, there was spring.

—DEBORAH PEASE

THERE are few reliable statistics about how effective programs like Hazelden actually are, and the statistics that do exist are not particularly encouraging. In one recently completed, unpublished study, Pat Owen, Hazelden's director of research, was able to reach seventy-one per cent of a representative sample of recent patients, a number just above the acceptable minimum-participant rate. Of that sample, more than half said that they had successfully stayed sober for a year. However, if one estimates that the vast majority of the remaining twenty-nine per cent did not stay sober, the success rate falls to approximately thirty-five per cent. If one then assumes, according to standard protocols, that perhaps one-quarter of the respondents did not tell Hazelden the truth, the success rate declines below one-third.

Nor do A.A. methods work particularly well outside the white, middle-class communities that Hazelden has traditionally served. "I'm not really for something that's going to tell me I'm powerless," says Peter Hayden, the director of Turning Point, a rehabilitation center that serves the African-American community in Minneapolis-St. Paul. "Maybe if you're Ted Turner, then you need to hear that you're powerless. When you've got a history of step and fetch it, then it becomes pretty tough to stay in a program where all you hear is how powerless you are and how you need to submit."

Dumping hundreds of millions of insurance dollars into A.A.-based treatment centers, many of which are far less capable than Hazelden, seems unlikely to put much of a dent in what remains a terrifying and costly disease. Nevertheless, nearly everyone involved in the treatment of drug addiction supports the Wellstone-Ramstad bill. "The greatest cost offset for treatment is crime," says Dr. David Lewis, of the Center for Alcohol and Addiction Studies, at Brown University. The people who could afford the insurance that the bill would provide don't commit that many violent crimes, and the bill is unlikely to save taxpayers much money. But for Dr. Lewis and others like him the Hazelden campaign is "a chance to move the discussion away from prisons and stereotypes, and to focus on the fact that addiction can be treated just as effectively as heart disease or diabetes." Is that a political strategy? "I call it educational, but it's politics, sure."

The best that can be said for A.A.-based treatment methods is that they work for some people some of the time. Yet treating addiction with drugs alone may not be as simple as some neuroscientists believe. The poor, uneducated addicts who cost society the most are also the least likely to take their medication: compliance rates for naltrexone, the anti-addiction drug that is most commonly prescribed today, are as low as fourteen per cent. Nor are there any guarantees that neuroscience will actually be able to deliver a pill that works. Dopamine, which was identified as the so-called master molecule of addiction by Dr. Nora Volkow and her colleagues at the Brookhaven National Laboratory last year, is also the master molecule of pleasure. Without it, life would appear in even shades of gray. A drug that blocked dopamine surges, regardless of their cause, would block the naturally occurring highs of sex, or French cooking, or a summer afternoon in the park. What the new research on dopamine indicates, then, is that there will be no single cure for addiction. Unlike Zoloft and Prozac, which work on depression regardless of its cause, a drug that blocks cravings for crack, say, will not block cravings for other drugs, like alcohol or speed.

What the twelve-step treatment program may finally have in common with the new drugs being developed by NIDA is that neither will be able to deliver a cure. Addiction is a symptom, more urgent and dramatic, perhaps, of the constraints inherent in the human condition. The source of these constraints—our souls, ourselves, the chemistry in our brains—is hard to put a finger on.

THE laboratory run by Dr. Marilyn Carroll at the University of Minnesota is only a few minutes by car from Fellowship Club. Dr. Carroll runs one of the preëminent addiction-behavior research programs in the country. "I personally don't think the medications are going to work on their own," she says. "The brain has ways of being unbelievably plastic, of getting around whatever roadblocks you try to put up."

The white-walled rooms of Dr. Carroll's basement lab are home, at the moment, to forty-eight rats and thirty-four monkeys, all of whom are addicted to alcohol, heroin, or crack cocaine. The animals are subjects in a variety of tests, some of which involve the promising D-1 antagonist SCH23390, which NIDA hopes will eliminate cravings for crack. Some of the monkeys watch television, to see if the competing stimulus will lower their desire for the drug. "Their favorite is 'The Sound of Music,'" Carroll says, "and they like watching 'Oprah,' too. What they don't like, for some reason, are the nature shows."

Ten rhesus monkeys, or *Macaca mulatta*, live in one of the rooms. They poke their fingers out from between the wire-mesh cage fronts, make faces, and scream. Sticking out of the walls inside their cages are two stubby steel nozzles. The first is for water. The second is connected to a thin wire coil, like the inside of a cigarette lighter. Inside the coil is a rock of crack. In order to smoke the crack, the monkeys must push a lever an ever-increasing number of times, until a green light goes on above the pipe.

A room full of crack-smoking monkeys is very different from a treatment unit at Hazelden. None of the monkeys tell personal stories. None take the Fifth Step, or surrender to the will of a higher power. At a low dose of SCH23390, a rhesus monkey named Lars will press the lever ten out of every ten times the drug is offered. At higher doses, however, his desire for crack radically diminishes: he will press the lever fewer than three times for every ten trials. Lucifer, another monkey, is doing even better: at high doses, his desire for crack declines to zero.

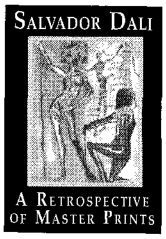
When we come to an eighteen-year-old monkey named Opus, however, Dr. Carroll rolls her eyes. "Out of twenty monkeys, you might have one or two that are exceptional, that are crazy about drugs," she explains. "We don't really know why." As she speaks, Opus pokes a finger through the wire at her, scratches at the number tattooed on his chest, and picks at the hair between his toes in a way that an addict of any species might find familiar. According to his chart, Opus will press the lever a thousand and twenty-four times for a hit of crack in ten out of every ten trials. Low doses of SCH23390 have no effect on his desire for crack: he still presses the lever in ten out of every ten trials. On the highest possible dose, the number declines only slightly, to nine times out of ten that the drug is offered.

"He was our first monkey," Dr. Carroll says, looking at Opus and shaking her head like a disappointed but understanding parent. "We didn't know he'd be this way." The monkey looks back at Dr. Carroll, waggles his finger, and utters a guttural noise, whether in protest or to signal some more urgent desire it is impossible to say. Maybe he is appealing to his higher power. Or perhaps his brain is wired in some unpredictable way. While we are standing there watching him, the monkey's eyes fade and go blank. Then he twists his head around, and his face lights up again as he gazes at the crack pipe inside his cage. ♦

RARE DALI PRINTS

If you own, or are considering the purchase of a Salvador Dali print....

Our exclusive catalog features full-color pictures of more than 500 signed limited edition Salvador Dali prints. Each print is fully documented by **Albert Field**, curator of the Salvador Dali Archives, and guaranteed authentic. The catalog, "Salvador Dali: A Retrospective of Master Prints," is a must for anyone interested in works signed by Dali. Call now and we will rush you a **free** copy of "The Salvador Dali Collector's Newsletter". ($15 per issue)


SALVADOR DALI
A RETROSPECTIVE OF MASTER PRINTS

1-(800) 275-3254

ask for Dept. NY

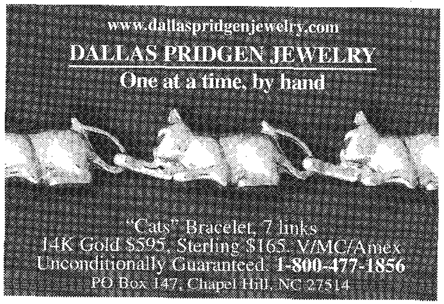
http://www.daligallery.com • FAX 310-454-2090
Brana Fine Art • 15332 Antioch St., # 108, Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

THE RITZ

A CedarWorks playset represents the pinnacle of care-free play built on a foundation of the safest materials available. Luxury has never been so much fun.

Catalogue & video
1-800-GO-CEDAR
(1-800-462-3327)
www.cedarworks.com

N Cedar works OF MAINE


www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. V/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

June and July Tours
Florence, Siena, Rome
San Gimignano, Umbria, more

CARAVELLA ITALIA

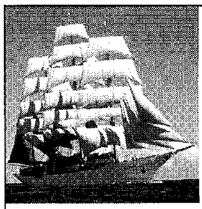
Escorted tours of Tuscany in small groups.

Call Toll-Free: **888-665-2112** www.seeitaly.com

No Traffic
No Roads
No Trails

CMH
Heli-Hiking & Mountaineering
Banff, AB, Canada
1-800-661-0252
www.cmhhike.com

LONDON FLATS
COTSWOLD COTTAGES
personally selected by
FARNUM & CHRIST
800-366-2048 • 423-652-2048

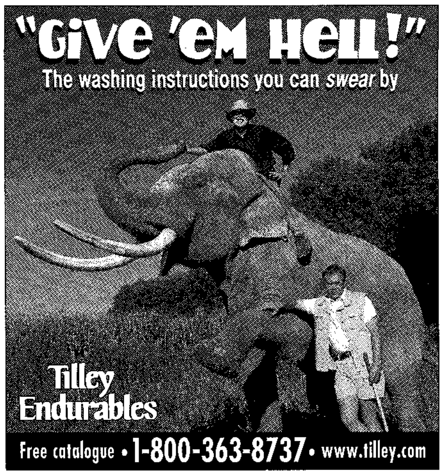


THE SEA CLOUD

Join Annemarie Victory's deluxe cruise aboard this incomparable tall ship...built with the style and elegance of her original owners, Marjorie Merriweather Post and E.F. Hutton.

With the first two nights at the **Grand Hotel Villa Igiea** in Palermo, Sicily, attend welcome dinner and concert in private palace, and enjoy full-day sightseeing tour. Cruise to Taormina, Sicily; Corfu, Greece; along the Croatian coast to Dubrovnik; then to Italy's Ravenna and Venice. Gourmet meals served with outstanding local wines. Witness the artistry of crew working the sails.

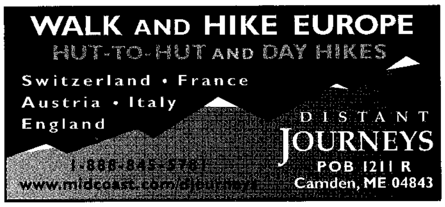
Dates: May 12 to 22, 1998
For detailed brochure contact:
THE ANNEMARIE VICTORY ORG. INC.
136 East 64th Street, New York, NY 10021
Tel: 212.486.0353 Fax: 212.751.3149



"Give 'em Hell!"
The washing instructions you can *swear* by
Tilley Endurables
Free catalogue • 1-800-363-8737 • www.tilley.com

World's Largest Inventory
China, Crystal, Flatware & Collectibles
• *100,000 Patterns* • *4 Million Pieces*
• *Discontinued & Active* • *Buy & Sell*
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept. YO

London Flats
Country Cottages
England, Scotland,
Ireland & Wales.
We have a wonderful selection of charming accomodation throughout the U.K. Catalogues available from Vacances Provençales Vacations, 1-800-263-7152, Fax (416) 322-0706. www.inforamp.net/~vpv



WALK AND HIKE EUROPE
HUT-TO-HUT AND DAY HIKES
Switzerland • France
Austria • Italy
England
1-888-845-5781
www.midcoast.com/djourneys
DISTANT JOURNEYS
POB 1211 R
Camden, ME 04843

For the discriminating vacationer
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
803-768-0273 1-800-845-6966

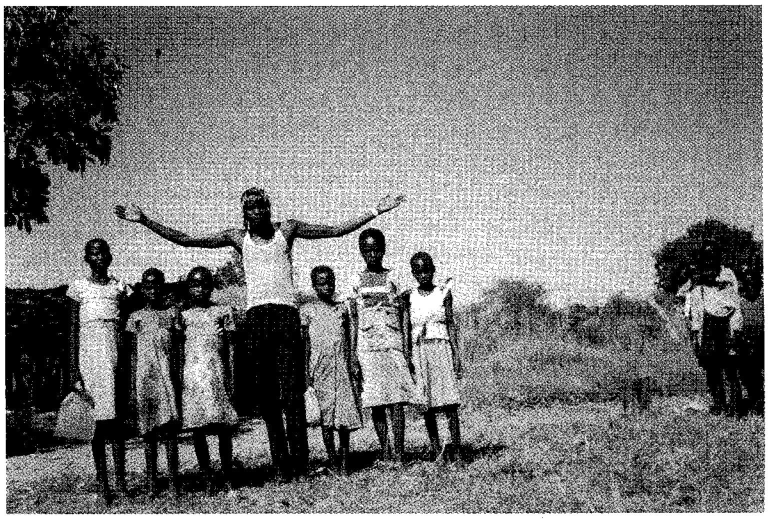
LETTER FROM UGANDA

OUR CHILDREN ARE KILLING US

A society lives in fear of the rebel leader who is abducting its children and turning them into obedient guerrillas.

BY ELIZABETH RUBIN

SHORTLY after midnight on October 10, 1996, the girls of St. Mary's, an élite boarding school run by Italian Catholic missionaries near the town of Aboke, in the Lango region of northern Uganda, were awakened by the sounds of shattering glass, clomping boots, and gunshots. Peering out the windows, they could see dark figures with flashlights moving toward the dormitory. "They are coming for us!" one girl cried. The students had heard rumors the previous day that the rebels of the Lord's Resistance Army were back. The L.R.A. had attacked St. Mary's in 1989 and again in 1991 to raid the well-stocked school for supplies—medicines, food, bedsheets, radios, and clothing—and, above all, young new recruits. In the first attack, they had captured thirty-three seminary students and ten schoolgirls and marched them north into Acholiland, a region of vast savannas which stretches up into Sudan and has been devastated for the past twelve years by the L.R.A.'s guerrilla war against the Ugandan government. Joseph Kony, the leader of the L.R.A., who is now thirty-two, has kidnapped some twelve thousand Ugandan boys and girls, mostly from his own tribe, the Acholi, and transformed them into soldiers, bandits, and, in the case of the girls, L.R.A. "wives." After the second raid on the school, Uganda's President, Yoweri Kaguta Museveni, visited St. Mary's and assigned Ugandan soldiers to protect it permanently. The dormitories were secured with steel doors and steel bars at the windows. And life on the cloistered campus, with its bucolic Italianate gardens and pastel-colored dorms, returned almost to normal. Accustomed to years of upheaval, parents continued to save money to send their brightest children to St. Mary's. The teen-age girls also accepted the risks, and learned to run on a moment's notice through eucalyptus groves behind the school to spend the night in the bush.



Joseph Kony with abductees. When some girls were ordered to hack to death a girl who had tried to escape, they protested, were beaten, then did as they were told.

BILLIE OKADAMERI

At 2:15 A.M., Sister Rachele Fassera, an Italian who is the deputy headmistress, was awakened by the knocking of the night watchman. "Sister," he said. "They are here." Most of the Ugandan Army's soldiers guarding the school had been removed for rotation ten days earlier, and Sister Rachele had been promised that new soldiers were on the way. But, as she told me when I visited the school recently, "the way he said it, I understood." And she said, "We reasoned that for sure they were not going to break the steel doors, so the girls would be safe." Fearing that the rebels would force her to unlock the dorms, she crept outside into the elephant grass with the other sisters and prayed.

But the rebels banged and chiselled away at the window frames for hours. They shouted to the girls to unlock the doors or they'd blow up the dorm. Grace, a fourteen-year-old, was hiding under her bed, in her nightdress, when a frightened girl opened the door and the rebels burst in. They pulled the girls from under the bed, tied them up in groups of five, and beat any who cried with rifle butts, flashlights, sticks, fists. The L.R.A. commander ordered silence as the rebels—most of whom were abducted children themselves—marched the girls out of the school and into the bush. It had rained earlier that night. Girls were slipping and falling, and were beaten for their feebleness.

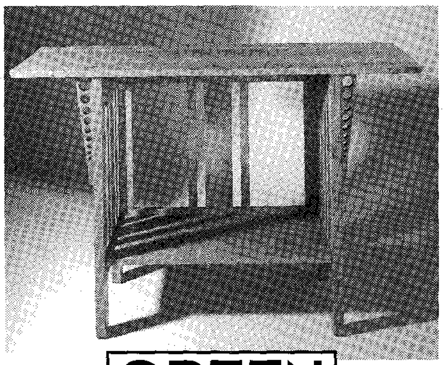
Sister Rachele emerged from hiding at dawn. When she discovered that most of the thirteen-to-sixteen-year-olds had been abducted, she set out in pursuit of the rebels with a Ugandan teacher named John Bosco as her guide. Tracking the rebels wasn't hard: they had left a trail of candy and biscuit wrappers and soda bottles. Sister Rachele and Bosco caught up with them, and were greeted by some thirty children down on one knee, with their AK-47s ready to fire. The young soldiers agreed to lead the two to Marianno Ochaya Lagira, the L.R.A. commander who had orchestrated the raid. Sister Rachele offered to buy back her girls, but Lagira didn't want money—he wanted girls. He drew the number "139" in the dirt. "The girls are a hundred and thirty-nine," he said. "I will give you a hundred and nine. I will keep thirty." Sister Rachele offered to stay as a hostage if all the girls were released. He said that that was up to Kony and then asked Sister Rachele for an image of the "Blessed Mother."

Meanwhile, Lagira's officers were inspecting the girls—for strength, height, and fine features, often choosing lighter-skinned girls—and selected thirty, including Grace and a girl named Barbara, to sit apart from the rest. "If they see you are a bit fine for them, they take you away just like that," Barbara later told me. When the chosen girls realized they were being taken away, they burst into tears. The rebels stomped on Grace and beat all the girls with branches. Sister Rachele dropped to her knees. "Please, Marianno, give them all to me," she said. "If you act like this, I won't give you any," he said. Then, in a gesture of absurd hospitality, he took Sister Rachele and Bosco away for tea and biscuits.

When the nun and the teacher returned to St. Mary's, the next morning, with the hundred and nine filthy, exhausted girls, hundreds of parents and villagers were gathered at the school awaiting news of the children. Sister Rachele saw Barbara's mother, Sarah. "Is Barbara here?" she asked the nun. When Sarah saw the expression on the faces of the girls behind Sister Rachele, she threw herself down on the grass and wept.

Sister Rachele, a slight fifty-year-old with a soft Italian accent, told me her story one evening in January in the musty office of St. Mary's, where she sat surrounded by photos of the Pope, books about missionaries, Harlequin romances, and E. M. Forster novels. Rain tapped against the windowpanes as we spoke; next door, in the library, schoolgirls were bent over their composition books. The cozy school looked now like a cozy prison, with almost as many heavily armed sentries as students. Sister Rachele was an animated storyteller. She often broke down in tears, gasped to replay her fear, or grabbed my wrist to express her horror. She seemed hounded by a need to tell her tale. She had promised the thirty girls left behind that day in the bush that she would return for them. As of last June, nine had escaped, but twenty-one were still said to be in Sudan, along with thousands of other kidnapped Ugandan children.

I HAD come to northern Uganda to find out what it meant for an entire society to live under the threat of having its children abducted and either killed or turned into killers. Perhaps one of the most terrifying sights in the dozens of post-Cold War insurgencies around the world is that of a thirteen-year-old with a loaded Kalashnikov. There are now some quarter of a million child soldiers worldwide serving in militias, such as those in Cambodia and Afghanistan, but Joseph Kony's L.R.A. is probably the most sinister instance of child-soldiering. It is estimated that as much as eighty per cent of his troops are children between the ages of seven and seventeen, who have been stolen from their homes, classrooms, churches, and their mothers' sides. Between three and five thousand have escaped; UNICEF estimates

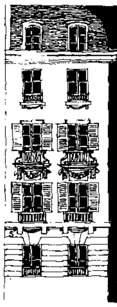


GREEN DESIGN
FURNITURE

'One of the best designs of the year.'
–TIME MAGAZINE

Hall Table $750

To place an order or request a catalog, call (800) 853-4234 in Portland, Maine.
http//www.greendesigns.com



PARIS
Charming apartments for holiday or business travelers
CHEZ VOUS
1001 Bridgeway, Suite 245
Sausalito, CA 94965
Call (415) 331-2535 Fax (415) 331-5296

TENNIS FANS...
See your favorite players.
Australian, Italian, Monte Carlo, and French Open, Wimbledon, US Open,
The Lipton and Newsweek/Evert Cup.
Call for a free brochure.
Grand Slam Tennis Tours
1-800-289-3333
A Vacation To Remember

CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE PROGRAMME
College credit courses for teens
at prestigious Queens' College,
Cambridge, England
Teens 14-19 July 19 - Aug. 8; Adults Aug. 2-8
Brochures U.S. Office:
1-800-922-3552; Fax: 312-988-7268
Est. 1986

Family Abroad℠
Global touring with congenial gay travel companions in a gay-friendly environment. For 36-page brochure call 800 999 5500. www.familyabroad.com

The REAL CARIBBEAN
Discover over 300 small family-owned hotels, beach villas, cottages, inns & guest houses. Bargain to deluxe. All islands. Special airfares nationwide. Please call our island experts today.
1-800-333-0392
www.smallhotels.com

that an equal number remain in captivity; an unknown number have died.

Kony preaches his own warrior religion—a syncretic brew of charismatic Christianity, Acholi tribal religion, and bastardized Islam—and claims to be under instructions from the Holy Spirit to keep on killing until Uganda is ruled by the Ten Commandments or until he has overthrown Museveni. When volunteers for his insurgency tapered off in the late eighties, Kony started abducting adults. But they proved difficult to indoctrinate. Ugandan children, he knew, already believed in magic and spirits and didn't ask questions. They were malleable, easily intimidated, and eager to please. Kony's commanders put new captives through a hideous initiation, to frighten them away from deserting and revealing L.R.A. hideouts, and to inure them to violence. About a week after the raid, Grace and her twenty-nine classmates were smeared with holy oils and white ash, in a kind of L.R.A. baptism, and then Lagira ordered the girls to finish off the job begun by veteran rebels—hacking to death, with hoes, axes, and branches, a recently kidnapped girl who had been caught escaping. The students protested, were beaten, and then did as they were told.

Because the L.R.A. is a relatively small army, consisting of a few thousand soldiers, whose attacks are confined to the north, it does not pose a serious military threat to Uganda. But it has become a key factor in mounting tensions between Museveni's Uganda and the Islamic military regime of Omar el-Bashir, in Sudan. Museveni, who is one of Africa's most influential leaders, has been called a visionary—albeit an authoritarian one—for creating a model of African economic and political stability out of the wreckage left by the Idi Amin Dada and Milton Obote regimes. For years, he has supported the southern Sudanese rebels—mostly black Christians or animists—in their liberation struggle against the repressive regime in Khartoum. Bashir, bent on spreading Islam in sub-Saharan Africa, has sponsored numerous border insurgencies against Museveni, and he has found in Kony an ideal client to destabilize Uganda—an economically viable, mostly Christian, black African state on its border. Kony's rebellion could not survive without the support of Bashir, who supplies him with bases and weapons. Bashir also has food delivered to the L.R.A. about once a month. He must know that it isn't enough, and that hunger will drive the Ugandan children to steal food from and kill Khartoum's main enemies, the Dinkas, the dominant tribe in the rebel Sudan People's Liberation Army. The L.R.A. kids have become so brutal in their search for food that the Dinkas have taken to calling them Tong Tong, which means Cut Cut in Acholi.

With Sudan as his godfather, Kony, the son of peasants, has become a warlord, who rules by whimsy and keeps, at last count, eighty-eight wives. He is known to wake up in the morning and say the spirit told him a certain boy and a certain girl in his army had had unsanctioned sex. The two are then tied to a tree. Kony's priest prays to God to receive their souls for breaking the Tenth Commandment. And then they are shot.

Trained by such terror tactics, the children become obedient guerrillas and trek back into Acholiland in bands of between twenty and thirty, usually led by adult commanders. There they roam the bush, attacking Ugandan government soldiers, burning and massacring villages (sometimes their own), and ambushing buses and cars, killing the people and stealing their belongings. Kony is purportedly fighting Museveni, yet it is his own people, the Acholi, upon whom he is visiting his wrath. He is angry, he has told them, because they stopped supporting him in his crusade; he has abducted a child from nearly every extended Acholi family. While I was at St. Mary's, a newspaper headline announced that Kony was threatening to kidnap thousands more, and in the past few weeks he has started to fulfill his promise.

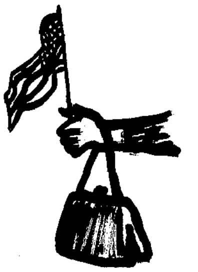
"I do listen to that quiet, inner voice, but it just keeps talking about Monica Lewinsky and the Asian crisis."

As the Nile River courses through Uganda, it makes a giant bend that separates much of the northern part of the country from the rest. The divide is not merely geographic; for more than a century, the rest of Uganda regarded "the north" as a politically and culturally distinct territory. Some Ugandans speak of the bridge over the Karuma Falls—a hundred and sixty-five miles up the main road from the capital, Kampala, where the Nile takes its western turn before elbowing north into Sudan—as the symbolic line of demarcation for this national schism. As one acerbic Acholi member of Parliament told me, "We are thinking of putting a sign up on the south side of the Karuma bridge that reads 'Leaving

Uganda.'" While I was in Kampala, Joseph Kony and the trouble in the north did indeed seem a remote, foreign affair, the way that the Branch Davidian siege in Waco, Texas, seemed for most Americans. Despite the shock of occasional headlines—"KONY ABDUCTS 48 FROM WEDDING PARTY"—people were preoccupied with economic privatization, school fees, road repairs, soccer matches, a cholera epidemic, and the graduation ceremony of the President's wife, Janet, the first sitting African First Lady to receive a university degree. But when you drive north, as the lush southern hills flatten into wide savanna, flourishing Uganda gives way to an impoverished battle zone of burned-out schools and land-mined roads, where hundreds of thousands of people have left their homes to live in so-called protected villages—sprawling camps of huts, each with an Army detachment. As the pickup I was travelling in trundled over the Karuma bridge, swaying under the weight of some twenty passengers and sacks of beans, grain, and charcoal, the driver laughed, and shouted above the roaring Nile that it was time to start praying to God. Any God, he said, would do. The little rebels of the L.R.A. love to ambush vehicles, and have turned road travel in Acholiland and parts of the Lango region into a game of Russian roulette.

Acholis, who are only one of many tribes in the north, feel particularly excluded from the benefits of Museveni's new Uganda. Joseph Kony and his L.R.A. are at once the most prominent symptom and the main malingering cause of the collective Acholi sense of injury. Consequently, Kony must be understood not simply as a monstrous individual but as a product of Uganda's extraordinarily bloody past—a stubborn vestige of colonialism and of the dictatorships of Milton Obote and Idi Amin. The trouble goes back to the late nineteenth century, when British colonizers exerted their authority by exploiting what they perceived—in crudely racist terms—as the "natural" differences between northerners and southerners. As a rule, the British favored the south in most things—economic and agricultural development, education and civil-service advancement—and reserved for the north the privilege of military service in the King's African Rifles. Acholis counted for just four per cent of Uganda's population, yet as early as the mid-century they made up an estimated sixty per cent of the indigenous army, and much of the rest of it was filled by their northern neighbors, among them the Langi.

With independence, in 1962, northerners rose to power, and after an initial respite Uganda chafed under successively more brutal regimes for the next twenty years. Whether as agents of terror or as its victims, Acholis were invariably at the center of the worst of it. Uganda's first president, Milton Obote, who was a Langi, used the Acholis as one of his main enforcers. When his military chief, Idi Amin, a Kakwa from the northwest, staged a coup, in 1971, he rounded up and massacred many of Obote's old officers as well as the élite in Lango and Acholiland. Soon after Amin's ouster, in 1979, Obote was restored to power, and Acholis and Langis once again had the run of the Army, and state-sponsored looting, torture, and massacres intensified.



By the time Yoweri Museveni's National Resistance Army took control of Kampala, in January of 1986, the combined Obote and Amin regimes had murdered an estimated million Ugandans. As the Acholi soldiers fled home, looting and killing as they went, humiliation and fear swept through Acholiland. Assuming that Museveni's forces would seek revenge, thousands of former Obote soldiers and terrified civilians fled into Sudan. At his swearing-in ceremony later that month, Museveni promised that his revolution was not simply a changing of the guard but a new national order. He offered amnesty, reconciliation, and economic rehabilitation. When his army arrived in Gulu and Kitgum—the two districts that comprise Acholiland—the civilians were surprised. The first lot of soldiers were educated, respectful, and decent. But Museveni's army was composed largely of southerners and westerners who spoke alien languages; and, when an announcement went out over the radio for all former soldiers to report to barracks and hand in their weapons, alarms went off. Acholis remembered Amin's slaughter of Obote's officer corps. Guns and machetes were distributed by ex-officers and Acholi leaders. The exiles marched back from Sudan and attacked the N.R.A. And so began the Acholi insurgency.

Babies in Acholiland are named by the circumstances of their birth, and you can tell a lot about Acholi history from the popularity of such names as Omony ("born in times of war") and Achan ("born in times of difficulties") and Omona ("born in times of feuding"). But, while Acholi fighters grew famous for their brutality—especially during the two Obote regimes—their cult of the warrior was accompanied by a respect for and fear of the dead. "We have a deep cultural feeling that if I kill you your spirit will haunt me until it is appeased," an Acholi member of Parliament told me in an effort to explain the profound sense of bad conscience that afflicts Acholis.

At certain moments in history, a particular land and its inhabitants can seem to become infected, to become a repository of accumulated poison, and a metaphoric or literal battle—often bloody—must unfold in order to create something out of the turmoil. People have different ways of defining the causes of this phenomenon: collective psychosis; angry ancestors; evil spirits; divine retribution; the confluence of economic, historical, political, and cultural forces. The Acholis' confusion and their terror of Museveni's new regime left them ripe for exploitation by appeals to their traditional belief that affliction—whether crop blight, plague, famine, or political ostracism—is the work of malign spirits, and that deliverance depends on the assistance of a powerful priest or witch doctor.

JOSEPH KONY was almost twenty years old when Museveni took Kampala. He had been reared in a devoutly Catholic peasant home, one of ten children, in Gulu. People who remember him from childhood described him to me as a timid boy, who, unlike most village kids, didn't like to fight. He loved to dance and to play lukeme (a wooden plucking instrument), and he was fascinated by the rituals and hymns at church. He dropped out of primary school, worked on the family farm, and was an altar boy at the local chapel. In February, 1986, an ousted Acholi general formed a rebel group called Acholi Are Annoyed, and Kony joined up. But after a few days he returned to his village, and fell sick. At this point in Kony's biography, facts and lore begin to merge. "Kony was possessed by traditional spirits," a former L.R.A. commander and close friend of his told me. "He couldn't eat. He couldn't talk." A witch doctor was called and diagnosed his affliction as possession by an ancestral

"Don't listen to her—she's a control freak. Now, let me tell you what you're gonna do."

• •

spirit. In the Acholi culture, the family can then decide to have the witch doctor expel the spirit by cajoling and offering sacrifices and thus cure the child, or else it can call in another, more powerful witch doctor, who will install the spirit of healing in the child for good. Kony's family chose the latter, goats were slaughtered, and he became a traditional healer.

So Kony might have remained if it had not been for his cousin Alice Auma, a fishmonger and faith healer from Gulu, who often counselled Acholi generals. As the rebellion against Museveni gathered momentum in 1986, Alice emerged as a prophetess, with an urgent warning: Acholi sins—raping, looting, killing—had brought on the wrath of the spirits. She said that Lakwena, an Acholi word for a messenger of God, had possessed her at the Murchison Falls, on the Nile River, and, through the medium of an Italian doctor who had been buried near the Nile at the turn of the century, commanded her to cleanse Acholis of their evil ways, to eradicate witchcraft and sorcery, and then to defeat the soldiers of the world—Museveni's N.R.A. Thousands of demoralized young Acholis flocked to the charismatic Alice Lakwena for salvation. They volunteered to be initiated into her Holy Spirit Mobile Force as "soldiers of water," and they adhered to her commandments: no alcohol, no stealing, no sex, no smoking, no quarrelling, no charms or fetishes, no killing of bees or snakes, no greeting of non-initiates, no harming of civilians, no taking cover from enemy fire. The Holy Spirit crusaders followed her into battles against the N.R.A. "occupiers," carrying crosses and calabashes filled with holy water, and singing hymns. Their chests were smeared with shea-nut oil and water and herbs, to protect them from bullets. Some had guns. Some had stones that Alice had said would detonate like grenades. By November of 1987, several thousand of her followers had been killed by Museveni's modern Army, and Alice escaped across the border to Kenya, where she remains in a refugee camp, claiming to cure AIDS.

Joseph Kony was inspired by Alice, not to join her, but to steal her followers. When she fled into exile, he founded what he called the Holy Spirit Mobile Force II (he changed the name several times before settling on Lord's Resistance Army), rallying thousands of his cousin's followers and many rebels aligned with former Obote officers. For the first few years of the rebellion, Museveni was preoccupied with rebuilding Uganda, and by 1991 Kony's forces were overrunning Acholiland. In March of that year, the government launched Operation North, a scorched-earth campaign intended to wipe out the rebels. The effort was marked by extensive human-rights violations. But David Tinyefuza, the major general who commanded the operation, and who was later recalled for his abuses, remains unapologetic. "If you have an enemy who will abduct five thousand children, raping girls and cutting women, and you're faced with that situation, do you think you will use humane methods?" he asked me. "Despite the excesses," he added, "we recaptured the north."

After nearly five years of fighting, Kony slunk into hiding. Enraped and wounded by the betrayal of the Acholi leaders who had once blessed his fight and by the Acholi people who had given his army food and cattle, he flipped through the vengeful pages of his Bible until he alighted upon the punishments he was looking for, in Mark 9: "And if thy hand offend thee, cut if off. . . . And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off. . . . And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out." Jesus' metaphors provided Kony with a useful instruction manual. He unleashed his few hundred remaining followers, and they set about cutting off lips, ears, legs, hands, breasts, and genitals of suspected government informants. Word went out that anyone caught on a bicycle would have his legs hacked off. (Bicycles are the most common form of transportation in Uganda, and a villager on a bike can quickly inform the Army of a rebel sighting.) Hospitals filled with mutilated Acholis. Few now volunteered to join Kony's ranks, so, I was told by a former L.R.A. commander, Kony issued a new directive through one of his war spirits, Wrong Element: "If you commanders don't take captives, you will all die." What had begun as a popular insurgency against Museveni's rule had degenerated into a gruesome punishment spree. One Acholi politician summed up the Alice and Kony phenomena to me as follows: "These people are all mental cases. But Alice believed only in oils, stones turning into bombs, and prayer, while Kony also believes in guns and military science." The crucial difference, the politician said, was that Alice did not abduct children.

In 1994, after a brief period of stability, Museveni's Minister for the North arranged peace talks in the bush. The proceedings, which were videotaped, provide rare footage of the elusive Kony. Twenty-seven years old in the film, he is tall and lanky, wearing Sudanese combat fatigues, beaded dreadlocks, and dark glasses. He plays the prophet of fire and brimstone before his audience of Acholi politicians and elders, gesticulating wildly, quoting the Bible, comparing himself to Jesus and Muhammad. He blames the Acholi leaders for the anguish he has visited upon them. He ridicules their flip-flopping loyalty. He compares them to double-headed snakes and unfaithful wives. "You encouraged your children to come home from Kampala with guns, agitated for rebellion," he shouts, and then mocks them as a bunch of hicks who concoct their "lousy plans" while "urinating, scratching your buttocks while at the same time eating cold potatoes with unwashed hands." Two elders were so scared of Kony that they defecated in their pants.

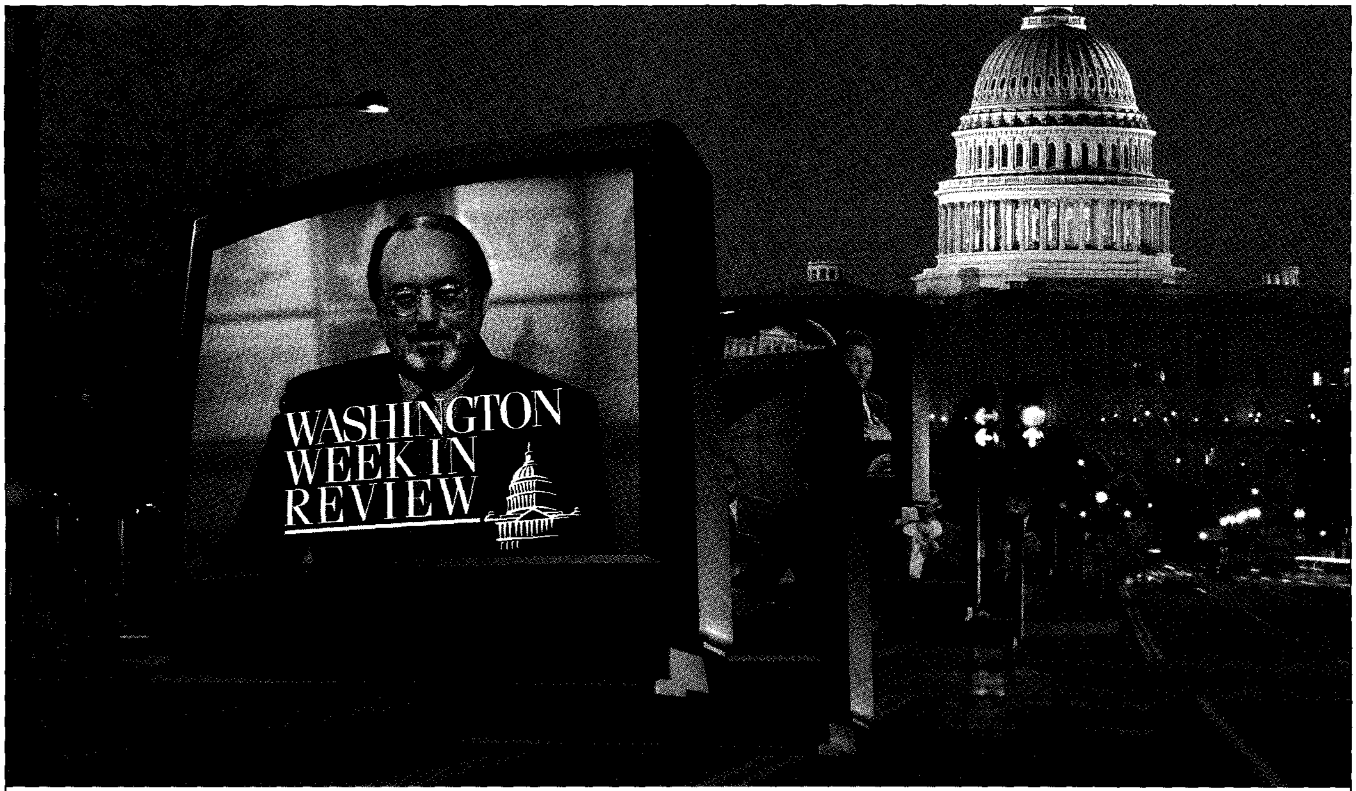
The peace talks failed. Bashir, many believe, had already offered Kony a deal, and the L.R.A. crossed into Sudan and established permanent bases. Kony then began to enact the apocalyptic tableau he painted for his audience in the bush: "God said in the Bible, 'I will unleash my wrath upon you and you will suffer pain. And in the end you will be killed by the sword. Your children will be taken into captivity and they will be burnt to death.' "

WHEN children manage to escape from the L.R.A. or are captured in battle, the Ugandan Army hands them over to one of two trauma centers set up in Gulu, the largest town in the north, some fifty miles from the Sudan border. Gulu looks like many other Ugandan towns, with dust-covered prairie-style shops and stately mahogany trees lining the roads, but as dusk falls it becomes a giant safe house for surrounding villagers. Families converge on the town with bundles on their heads to sleep with friends or inside St. Joseph's Cathedral. The Italian-run hospital called Lacor, on the outskirts of Gulu, has turned into a village, with thousands camping out on the grounds to avoid the attacks of the rebel children.

Down a red mud road from the hospital is the Gulu Support for Children Organization, or GUSCO, which is funded by the Danish branch of Save the Children. When I visited in January, some thirty girls and two hundred and forty boys were receiving counselling there, and Beatrice Arach, a counsellor at GUSCO, told me that most of the children seemed numb to the atrocities they'd committed. They said things like "That hammer would be great in the bush for killing," and "Fat people like you are easy to hack to death. The skinny ones take more time." Parents came to Gulu every day seeking news of their children. Beatrice recalled one mother who approached a group of new girls to ask them if they knew her daughter. "Oh, that one," one of the girls said. "We killed her."

In the past year, more than seven hundred kids have passed through GUSCO, and three thousand through the other trauma center, organized by the international Christian group World Vision, and set up in the old Ministry of Works. One sweltering afternoon, I was in the World Vision center's yard when an Army truck pulled up and unloaded fifteen wild-looking rebels. One boy, probably not older than ten, folded his gashed legs under him, exposing leathery feet that were swollen like footballs. He never blinked his enormous eyes; he just stared out at his new surroundings like cornered prey. A few feet away, some sixty children, who had been back awhile, sat on the grass under a tarp, laughing, slapping their knees, and clapping as they watched a video of "The Gods Must Be Crazy II."

I met Susan Akello, a fourteen-year-old Kony veteran, inside the counselling



After us, it's all old news. Every Friday night on PBS, *Washington Week in Review* leads the weekend news programs. Join commentator Ken Bode and Washington's most savvy reporters for up-to-the-minute insights on the most vital issues of our day. Seven days in 30 minutes.

SEE IT ON PBS

A Production of
WETA
WASHINGTON DC

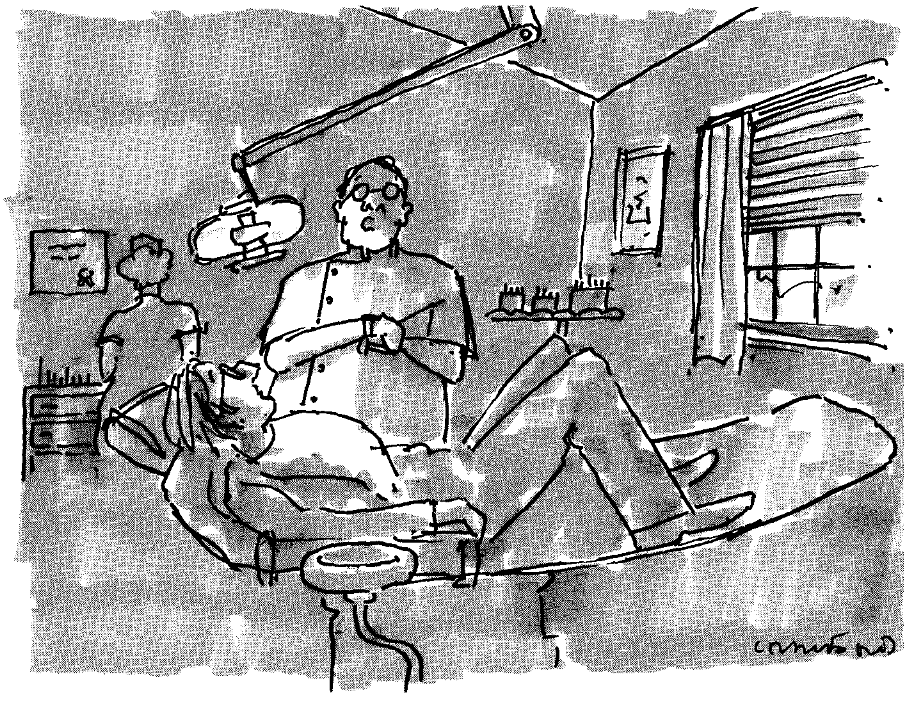
Ford
Funded by
Ford Motor Company

room, a barnlike space with three small desks and chairs on either side, and shutters banging back and forth in the Harmattan, the wind that chases cold Saharan air from northern Sudan down into the savannas of Uganda. Susan wore a green-yellow-and-white plaid jumper and flip-flops. Her arms were bare and muscular. She curtsied and held out her hand in greeting; it was a strong hand but a shy handshake. She'd escaped from L.R.A. captivity about a month earlier; cuts and scrapes and welts on her legs from life in the bush were healing, but her mind, she said, was still a little disturbed.

In September of 1995, Susan was on holiday from primary school, and early one morning she and her brother were harvesting sorghum in the garden of their home, in Kitgum. The light was soft, and their sister was on her way back from fetching water when rebels suddenly appeared and marched all three children to Sudan. Susan gave herself a nom de guerre to deceive the rebels—Susan Alum, which means "delivered in the bush, or in exile." And now, in Gulu, she could tell herself that her two years with the L.R.A. happened to Susan Alum, not to Susan Akello.

Susan was twelve when she arrived at the training camps, and she hadn't started menstruating yet, so her commander, Matata—nicknamed after the huge Tata truck—assigned her to the older girls, with babies, who would teach her how to be with a man. Like the rest of the children, Susan learned the consequences of disobedience, hesitation, disgust, fear, or contrition: canings or death. (You'd get a hundred lashes if you were slow to file in when the whistle was blown. And if you were a girl and you talked nicely to an Arab you'd get a bullet in the head.) Susan wanted to survive. But more than that she wanted to excel and be praised, and so she became a brave, agile soldier, and a very good shot. She was a quick study with the gun—an AK-47 with a folding metal arm instead of the usual fixed wooden handle—and she figured out how to fit a bayonet on it. "If you want to shoot, you bend the knife down, and then you press the trigger," she said. She was in Control Altar brigade, with Kony. She said that Kony was a jolly man and she didn't fear him. "I believe he has the power," she said, giggling, "because when you are near him he can tell you what you are thinking—especially if you are thinking of escape."

Susan set about mastering the mechanics of warfare. She came to hear the difference between a hit and a miss. The shot bangs louder when it hits the air but makes a dull thud, or "poo" sound, she said, when the bullet hits a body. At the sound of the thud, Susan would dash to the dead soldier, remove his uniform and gun and boots, and leave the body naked. Praise was bountiful when you snatched a gun. Susan recalled a time when her battalion was cooking supper in the bush in Uganda and government soldiers opened fire. She stood up tall, as she'd been taught, and fought back. "We lost four and they lost two, and I killed one of those two," she said. "At first, when I saw the dead body, I trembled. But I never felt sorry." If a shoot-out was successful, she was happy, because she and her comrades could then raid shops and she could get herself dresses, soap, shoes, handkerchiefs.



"What'll it be—Novocain or Yanni?"

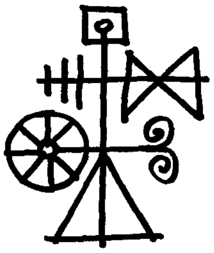
Susan had a high, soft voice, and it never changed as she recounted her story. Being young, she said, made her very obedient and quick to respond, and so she was often chosen for nasty tasks: "When the big man chooses you, it means you are the best among the others." Once during a raid in Acholiland, Susan's commander ordered her to execute a village woman whom he had accused of being an informant. When she hesitated, she felt the cold, hard thwack of a machete's flat side on her back. "So I shot her dead," she told me. "I gave her two bullets. One here and one here." She touched her chest and the right side of her collarbone. Susan said she didn't know what she would have done if the woman had been her mother; she'd seen L.R.A. commanders order people to kill their own mothers. As it was, she felt confused afterward, especially when the woman's three little children went shouting and crying and running into the hut, where they tried to stay quiet. "But I recovered fast," she said. "You can't show to your boss you felt something bad after killing."

The woman's ghost stayed in Susan's dreams. She would walk toward Susan with blood on her chest, saying, "I am dying, I am dying, I am being killed for nothing." But now that Susan was safe in the center in Gulu with her counsellor, the woman's ghost had gone away, and she dreamed mostly about being carried on her mother's back while she harvested in the garden. Her brother and sister were still in Sudan.

I WAS often awed by the aplomb and courage that the girls showed in their ordeals and in telling me of them. One of the counsellors said that for some children Kony's world was almost like a game: pull the trigger, hit the target, and you win—praise, promotion, or just your life. Others I met were too battered even to speak. And yet, despite the benumbing power of Kony's indoctrination, nearly all the children I talked to dreamed of breaking away. While in Sudan, Susan always had a getaway plan: she would slip off for a pee, tarry awhile, and then fly through the bush. And one day she did. Almost without exception, the children became animated and excited as they described to me the daring and cunning that guided them home. The moment they were snatched by the L.R.A., they entered a moral universe where everything they had been taught was flipped on its head. Killing was good. Kindness was bad. Blind obedience was good. Questions were bad. Florence, an eighteen-year-old who had been a member of Kony's harem, described to me how she taught survival techniques to some of the St. Mary's girls when they arrived in Sudan, paralyzed with despair. "We told them to face reality—don't think too much, because thinking alone can kill you." As the children recounted their escape stories, however, their minds quickened, the spirit returned to their eyes. In outfoxing their captors by using the very skills and ingenuity that they had been taught in that "Lord of the Flies" world, they were breaking Kony's spell.

The odyssey of Grace, one of the thirty St. Mary's students whom Sister Rachele had left behind with Commander Lagira, began one day in Sudan when she sat down under a tree and waited to die. When I spoke with her, back in the school's library, she was wearing a green-and-red floral print dress, and reading a Kenyan novel. Upon her arrival in Sudan, she told me, she was given to a commander. He raped her, and she became his. Her only form of resistance was to abuse him in English, which he didn't understand. Six months into her captivity, in April of 1997, Sudanese rebels and Ugandan soldiers, hoping to rescue children, attacked the L.R.A. bases in Sudan. Many of the children—and Kony along with them—fled further north. But Grace just sat with her gun under a big tree where they used to pray, and watched the bombs exploding, the people running, the dead accumulating. With dusk falling, the heat subsided, and "something came into my head," she told me. She said to herself, "You want to die, but maybe this is your time today to go home." She got up, took her gun, and walked away from the battle toward Zaire.

For days, Grace wandered alone—eating clay from the riverbanks, sleeping little at night, for fear of leopards—until she saw a group of rebel village children, two boys and eight girls, talking by a tree. As soon as she walked up to them, a power struggle began. They all had guns. There were no commanders. And everyone was a potential enemy—the L.R.A., the northern Sudanese, the Ugandan Army and its allies the Sudanese rebel Dinkas. The challenge snapped Grace back to life. Her resourcefulness reëmerged, and she seized control. When she told the group that she was running back to Uganda, the boys insisted that they should all follow Kony, and they wanted to shut her up with a bullet. Grace dared them to shoot her, and her defiance intrigued the girls. One of them took her side, then two, then three, then all eight. "The boys refused," Grace said laughing. "They said they couldn't follow a girl's idea." The girls trekked after Grace, but with great mistrust. Life under Kony had whittled their range of thinking down to two options—killing or dying. When she led them to a river, they thought she wanted to drown them, and they threatened to shoot her. When she discovered footprints and led them toward two Dinka women, they were certain that she was plotting to have them killed, and again they threatened to shoot her. Each time, Grace said, "Go ahead and shoot me," whereupon her followers became confused and indecisive. According to their logic, if they shot their new leader, they, too, would die. Finally, Grace saw a Dinka compound and suggested that it was time for all of them to give themselves up. "I told them, 'If we die, it's fine. It's God's will.' " The others tried to run but were captured by the Dinkas. Grace was no longer willing to surrender herself to Providence. As the Dinkas were about to execute the girls, she stood in her dirty dress, hands above her head, and shouted in English, "You are going to shoot us, but we have come for you to help us!" An old Dinka understood her, and listened as Grace told her story. He judged the girls to be innocent, and told his clansmen to bring them porridge. Once safe on Ugandan soil, the girls showed their respect and appreciation for Grace by calling her Mammy.



The goals of the trauma centers are modest, and therefore fairly realizable. Group therapy, game playing, reënactments of life in the bush, traditional dancing, drawing are all designed to teach the kids to forget. It is a challenging concept: remembering to forget. And in place of guns they are given vocational training. Instead of little bush warriors, they looked like an army of recycled apprentice tailors, mechanics, and carpenters. But there are thousands of kids who never made it home. One government newspaper reported that during Kony's first year in Sudan he had sold a hundred and ten Acholi children into slavery, trading them to Sudanese Arabs for a hundred and nine AK-47s. Richard, a twelve-year-old orphan who had been with the L.R.A. in Sudan, told me, "They inject the children with some herbs, and we learned that it's to make them forget." The Arabs' plane, he said, would "take about ten children away." Many children who did escape never passed through the trauma centers. A counsellor at GUSCO told me about a boy who escaped from the L.R.A. and went straight home. Shortly after his return, he was sitting under a tree, and his sister was grinding maize. He got up, hacked her to death with an axe, and went back and sat under the tree.

The war in Acholiland is a bizarrely intimate affair, a kind of Biblical family feud. Parents in the villages have impossible choices to make. If they inform on the rebels, their children can be killed by the Ugandan Army, and they themselves will risk being killed in retribution by the L.R.A. rebels—their own children. If they don't inform, the Ugandan Army may suspect them of collaborating. For every mother who told me, "Our own soldiers are killing our own children," there was another who said, "Our children are killing us."

Acholi society remains devastated, and the recycled children, without an inhabitable world to return to, are likely to resort to the skills they learned from Kony. The day before I left Gulu, Beatrice, the counsellor, told me that a few days earlier some schoolchildren had been taunting a group of "bush" kids playing ball outside the trauma center. The reaction was instantaneous, animal self-preservation. The ex-rebels surrounded the schoolchildren, spitting, circling, menacing. One ex-rebel boy grabbed a machete from a man passing by. "Let's start!" they shouted. One of the counsellors ran through the gates and into the playground just in time to prevent the slaughter.

WHILE I was in Uganda, Acholi politicians and international-aid donors were pressuring Museveni to reopen talks with Kony and the Sudanese government. The debate on whether to negotiate or to fight was taking place all over Acholiland. To my surprise, I found that many people regarded the rebels, and even Kony, as prodigal children, and thus wanted to heal their society in accordance with traditional Acholi jurisprudence—compensation and forgiveness. But the parents of missing children were not so eager to make amends. "This business of forgiving encourages people," the father of one of the kidnapped St. Mary's girls told me, adding, "The children are killed, and someone must pay for what they've done."

Museveni agrees, and for now he has chosen to stick to military confrontation. When I met the President in Kampala, he refused to dignify the L.R.A. with the name of "rebels," which might imply that they had a political cause; he prefers to speak of "bandits" and "terrorists." Museveni received me one evening at his home, in a hilltop State House compound that had been built by the British. Dressed casually in trousers and a checked shirt, he projected an air of supreme confidence about eliminating the L.R.A. problem, though it was clear that the war in the north is not his favorite subject. When I asked him if he felt he'd made any mistakes over the years in his handling of the L.R.A., he leaned over his mahogany desk, widened his eyes, and said simply "No." He sees his fight with Kony as one of the final campaigns in his original struggles against Amin and Obote. "What they are doing in the border areas now, at one time they were doing in the whole country," he said of the L.R.A. His forces had already negotiated with and absorbed into its ranks ten rebel groups during its first ten years in power, and he contended that Kony, too, could be "cleaned" from the political landscape. He didn't care how long it took. "They were here. Amin was in this house," he reminded me, jabbing his desk. "So if you have swept the house all the way from here to the border, I am sure we shall also sweep the border."

In 1996, Museveni put his younger brother, Major General Salim Saleh, in charge of that sweep. At the same time, Saleh was working to integrate the Acholis into the new Uganda. "Acholis were made to believe that the government hates them, and I wanted to change that perception," Saleh told me. To that end, he had started a foundation, with two prominent Acholis, to get people—especially women—to plant crops instead of political mischief. "Human beings are our most recyclable and our biggest asset," he said. "That's why my focus is not on Kony anymore but on the human beings."

Leaving the troubles of Acholiland to his brother's team, Musevini himself was preoccupied with the regional dimensions of the conflict with the L.R.A. "We don't want to go to war with Sudan, but Sudan has no right to harbor terrorists against us," Museveni told me. As for the pressure to negotiate, he said, "Those who put pressure on me, whoever they are, they are naïve. They think that you can smile at evil, and evil will smile back, and you have a nice dialogue. Our experience shows that, yes, sometimes evil may talk peace, but evil will talk peace under pressure, not out of choice."

ONE afternoon, I visited Ben Pere, whose two daughters had been abducted with Grace and the other St. Mary's girls, and were still in Sudan. He lives in Lira, the capital of Lango—far enough away that he is not afraid to speak out against the L.R.A. As a young man, Ben had gone to technical college and had built on his farm a spacious, three-bedroom Mediterranean-style house. We were sitting on a veranda overlooking mango and palm trees and bougainvillea in his gardens. "Beautiful land," he said. He had worked hard over the years to provide his children with an education. "I wanted my children to speak better than me," he said. The older one, Jacqueline, had wanted to be a doctor, and the younger one, Susan, who was a tomboy, had wanted to be a pilot.

In June of last year, the Sudanese government invited a small Ugandan delegation to search for the St. Mary's students at L.R.A. camps near Juba. Ben and Sister Rachele were among the group. The Sudanese drove them to the main camp, but the L.R.A. had been forewarned, and it was completely abandoned. At dusk, they came to a small camp where some forty-five Ugandan girls in combat fatigues, carrying AK-47s, paraded and knelt in rows before them. Ben was sickened when he recognized their commander, an ugly old rebel named Vincent Otti. Ben and Vincent had been squad mates in the liberation struggle against Amin, and he knew that Vincent had now taken his daughter Jacqueline as a wife. "I wanted to kill him," Pere told me, "or for him to kill me." Vincent was ashamed, and muttered that he didn't have Jacqueline, and that even if he did he couldn't release any of the girls without Kony's permission.

The next morning, the delegation showed up unannounced at the main camp. Ben saw what seemed like thousands of Ugandan kids shouting, chanting, marching. They scattered when they saw the visitors: Kony had warned that anyone who uttered a word to the outsiders would be killed. To Ben, every girl looked like one of his daughters, and he chased after a few who ran to hide in a hut. He squatted at the entrance, and recklessly promised that if they told him where his daughters were he would take them back with him. A girl named Monica came forward. The girls, she said, were locked in a hut somewhere in the camp. Just at that moment, the Sudanese ordered the delegation to leave, and Ben later learned that his daughter Susan was crying out for her daddy from a hut nearby. He also found out that as soon as they drove away Monica's face was smashed with a log and she was bayonetted to death. "I lost my head," Ben told me. "I was just thinking about the lives of my girls."

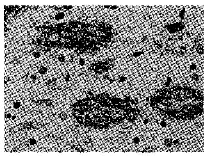
As we walked into Jacqueline's and Susan's old bedroom, Ben said quietly, "It would be better to bury a person than to just imagine the state she is living in." It was a small room, with two single beds and a picture window looking out at a rocky outcropping. The room had a feeling of absence which reminded me of a drawing I had seen by one of the escaped children in Gulu. In the foreground, armed children in uniform were leading away bare-chested children with their hands tied behind their backs. Two arms clasping an axe came down from the top of the page onto the head of a prostrate girl. The picture, I learned, was a self-portrait. The disembodied arms swinging the axe belonged to the boy who drew it; he had, in effect, absented himself from the killing. ♦

He's working to help Alzheimer's patients remember, and that's helping families hope.

Axel Unterbeck
pharmaceutical company researcher

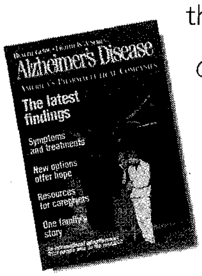
"When I was a young student, people used to think that memory loss and dementia were a normal part of aging. Today we know that in many cases, the real cause is Alzheimer's disease. As a pharmaceutical company researcher, I am committed to finding ways of treating this disease."

"Currently, there are about 4 million people in the United States with Alzheimer's disease. Unfortunately, this number will dramatically increase as our population ages. My company is searching for treatments that might slow down, halt or maybe even reverse the progression of Alzheimer's."



Brain cells from an Alzheimer's patient.

"We think Alzheimer's disease has several different causes," says Axel Unterbeck, a pharmaceutical company researcher. "Some forms are genetic while others might involve additional factors. Because it affects memory and learning, it's one of the most complex diseases we know of." Unterbeck and his team of researchers are working on genes that are linked to Alzheimer's disease. "Four genes have been identified so far," Unterbeck says. "These gene discoveries give us, for the first time, a realistic hope to find a cure."



Call 800-862-5110 for our free booklet on Alzheimer's or visit us on the internet at http://www.phrma.org. Find out more by calling the Alzheimer's Disease Education and Referral Center at 800-438-4380.

America's Pharmaceutical Companies
Leading the way in the search for cures.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE

EARTHLY DELIGHTS

Unpublished oral histories tell us what life was like at San Simeon for William Randolph Hearst, Marion Davies, and their many, many guests.

BY DAVID NASAW

THE creation of America's most extravagant dream house began one afternoon in April, 1919, with the visit of William Randolph Hearst to the offices of the architect Julia Morgan, in San Francisco. According to one of the firm's younger draftsmen, Walter Steilberg, who overheard the conversation, the country's most powerful publisher asked the architect to draw up plans for a simple "Jappo-Swisso bungalow," to be built on land that the Hearst family owned in the Santa Lucia hills along the Pacific Coast, some two hundred miles south of San Francisco. There was to be nothing spectacular about the new house. Although Hearst's publications generated enormous revenues, he had built his empire on loans and was, at the age of fifty-six, deeply in debt. With little cash and no credit, he could afford nothing more elaborate than the rustic retreats featured in a stack of Bungalow Books he had found in a secondhand bookshop and brought along to show Miss Morgan.

Within weeks, Hearst's mother, Phoebe, died, at the age of seventy-six, leaving her son and only child the fortune that she had inherited from her late husband, the mining millionaire and United States senator George Hearst. What had begun as a simple bungalow would end up as a Mediterranean-style city on a hill, with three guest villas, for a combined total of forty-six rooms, linked by a series of elaborately landscaped Italian and Spanish gardens, esplanades, walkways, and plazas to the main house: Casa Grande—a towering hundred-and-fifteen-room castle-cathedral. Construction on San Simeon, as the quarter-million-acre Hearst "ranch" came to be called, began in the fall of 1919, and continued for nearly thirty years. It would never be completed.

It is startling, perhaps, to recall that Hearst, at the peak of his powers, was as powerful a figure in the new, twentieth-century world of mass communications as Carnegie was in steel, Morgan was in banking, and Rockefeller was in oil. He built the nation's first media conglomerate by acquiring or establishing newspapers in nearly all the country's largest cities—New York, Chicago, Detroit, Baltimore, Boston, Pittsburgh, Atlanta, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Oakland, and Seattle—and then expanding his holdings horizontally into magazines, moving pictures, and radio. He published *Cosmopolitan*, which was then a popular general-interest magazine, as well as *Good Housekeeping*, *Town & Country*, *House Beautiful*, and *Harper's Bazaar*. He operated his own news service, his own syndicated-feature and comic-strip services, and the most successful Sunday newspaper supplement, *American Weekly*. He was a pioneer in newsreels and feature films—he produced, for example, "The Perils of Pauline," in 1914—and, in 1919, he founded Cosmopolitan Pictures in New York. It was one of the largest movie factories on the East Coast. In the late twenties and early thirties, he took on the new medium of radio and eventually controlled thirteen stations in many of the markets where he owned newspapers.

Hearst established his own brand of personal journalism. He set the topics and the tone in his newspapers, and edited the editorials. He wrote the major opinion pieces himself, and had them prominently displayed on his front pages. He proudly proclaimed that while other newspapers merely reported the news, his papers "made" the news.

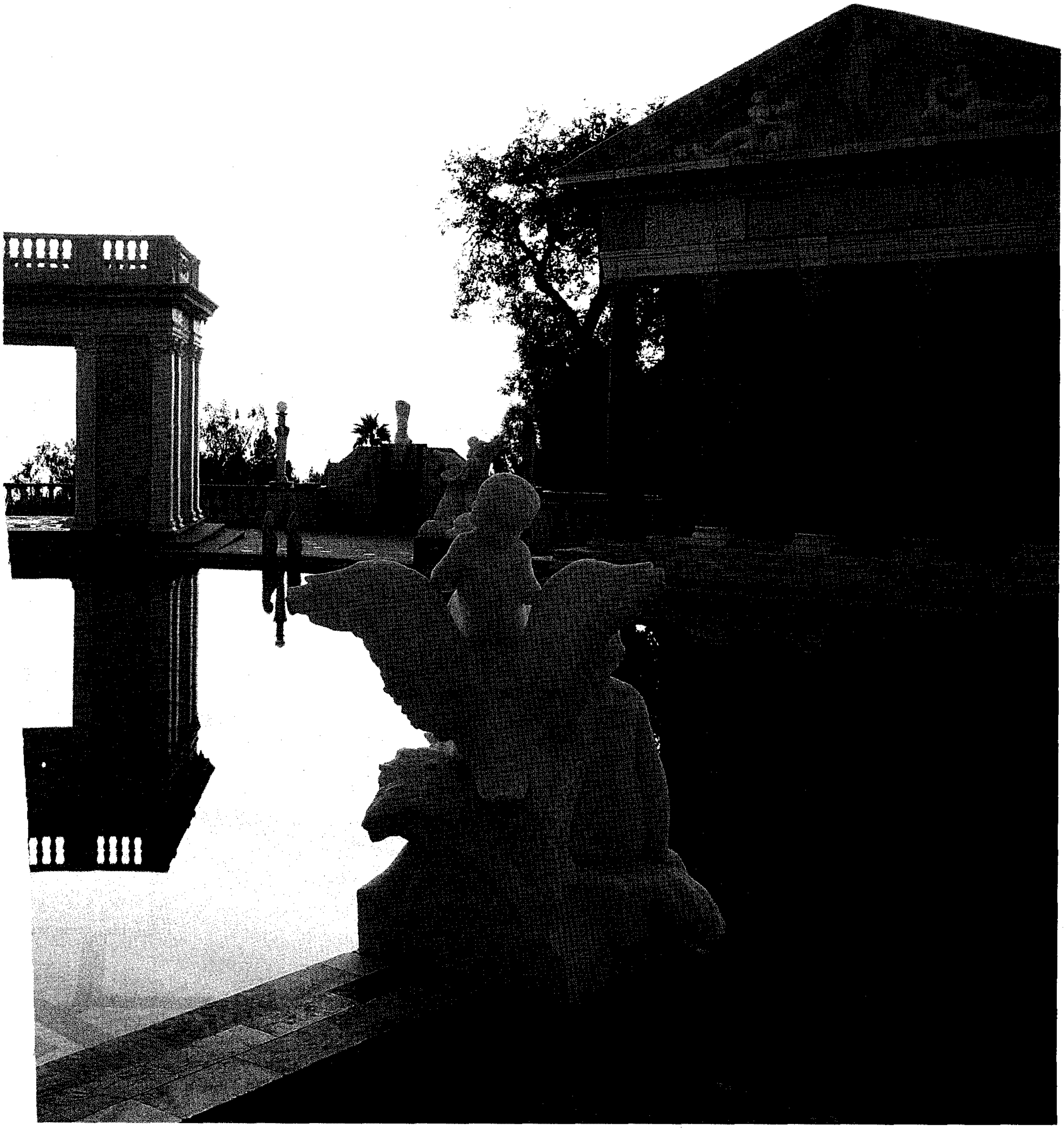
In the twenties, Hearst embarked

Hearst and Marion Davies at

BOB BOARD

ıeon: During the nineteen-twenties and thirties they entertained everyone from Charlie Chaplin to Winston Churchill.

The Neptune Pool at San Simeon: Hearst wanted his mountaintop retreat to provide not only beauty but also "comfort



lth," and believed that carting Old World treasures off to San Simeon was an act of altruism. Photograph by Richard Barnes.

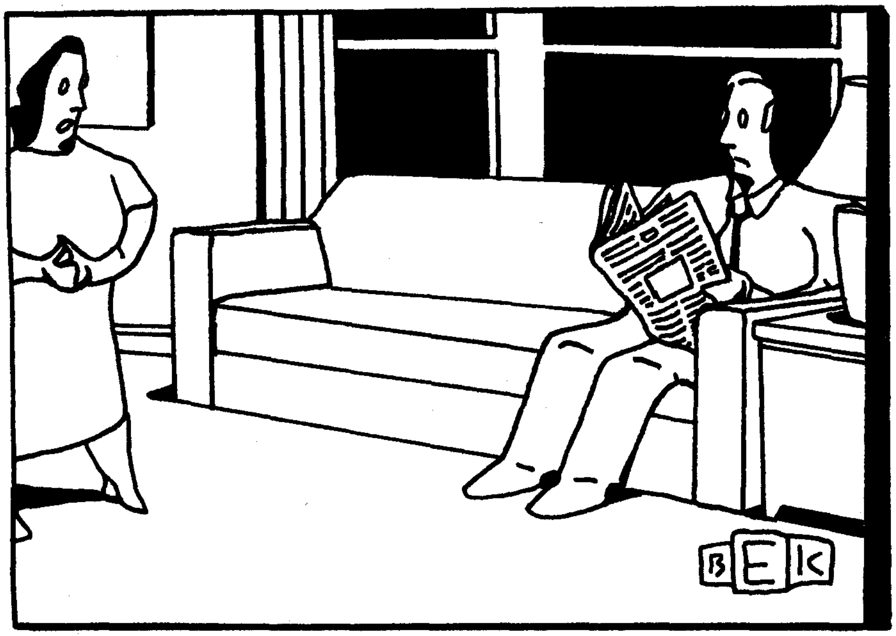
on a new life. His marriage to Millicent Willson, a former chorus girl whose aspirations for a place in New York society he did not share, had become increasingly formal. Leaving her and their five sons behind at the Clarendon on Riverside Drive at Eighty-sixth Street in a palatial five-floor apartment with a penthouse, he began to spend more and more time in California, much of it, after 1924, with the actress Marion Davies. He had first spotted her in 1915, when she stepped out of a giant *Vogue* cover during a production number in Irving Berlin's Broadway musical "Stop! Look! Listen!" A slender natural blonde with fawnlike eyes and the complexion of a ripe peach, Davies, who was thirty-four years younger than Hearst, bubbled with flirtatious energy. She was, by all accounts, a Broadway smart-aleck without a touch of meanness; even her stutter was irresistible.

Through the mid-twenties, Hearst divided his time between San Simeon and New York—and Millicent and Marion. Millicent and the boys visited him at San Simeon during the summer and at Christmas, while Marion remained in the East, making her films for Cosmopolitan. In 1924, Hearst, who was unable to stand the separation any longer, sent Marion to Los Angeles, and merged Cosmopolitan Pictures with Metro-Goldwyn (the Mayer would come later). Millicent spent her last Christmas in California in 1925. From then until Hearst's death, in 1951, the hostess of San Simeon was Marion Davies.

Thanks to Orson Welles's thinly disguised portrait of Hearst and San Simeon in "Citizen Kane," the popular image of the tycoon has been that of a brash, boundlessly ambitious young man who aged into an almost psychotically isolated megalomaniac, storming around his vast, gloomy, art-choked hermitage, Xanadu. In the course of researching a new biography about Hearst, I have found that the truth was quite different.

At the Hearst ranch—or the San Simeon State Historical Monument, as it has officially been called since the buildings were taken over by the State of California, in 1958—I discovered an extensive collection of unpublished oral histories consisting of dozens of interviews with friends, family, servants, and business associates of Hearst. Owing to these and other previously unavailable archival sources, including those at the Bancroft Library at the University of California at Berkeley, it is now possible to come up with a more intimate account of the greatest American press mogul and his life at San Simeon.

There is one striking similarity between Hearst and Charles Foster Kane—and, for that matter, Welles. Each of them was driven by a belief in his omnipotence, his own personal magic. Hearst, in particular, was endowed with a peculiarly American sense of individual entitlement. Having achieved extraordinary success as a very young man—albeit with considerable financial help from his parents—he felt that there was nothing he could not accomplish.



"Can you spare a few seconds to minimize my problems?"

Unlike Xanadu, San Simeon was a place of light, color, and gaiety. Hearst may have originally envisioned it as simply a vacation retreat, but it quickly outgrew itself. By the mid-twenties, it had become a resort for Hollywood's royalty—stars, directors, producers, and writers—and an Aspen-like meeting ground for a new meritocracy of the beautiful, the powerful, the amusing, and the rich. Hearst was well aware of the fact that a large part of his princely mystique derived from the monument he was building for himself. While other California millionaires were constructing mere mansions along Sunset Boulevard, in the mountains, or at the seashore, Hearst was creating a veritable utopia. In its eclectic, overwrought magnificence, San Simeon came to symbolize not only the immense reach of Hearst's power and wealth but also his apparently superhuman ability to get things done. A good number of tycoons had filled their mansions with art, but no one had taken the treasures of the Old World, transported them across the Atlantic and then three thousand miles to the Pacific Coast, and reconfigured, reconceived, and reintegrated them into this uniquely American version of Paradise.

For Hearst, California was both a Garden of Eden and a land of material opportunity. In a postcard he sent to his mother a few years before her death, he wrote, "We have just arrived in God Blessed California. The light is real sunlight, not artificial light, the heat is real sun heat not steam heat, the Colorado River is real mud, the Yuma desert is real dirt and the Indians are mostly real dirt too. . . . The horned toad and the eastern tourist alike bask in the light and warmth, the cactus and the orange alike grow in the generous soil, the tarantula and real estate agent alike live off the tenderfoot. Hurrah for dear old California."

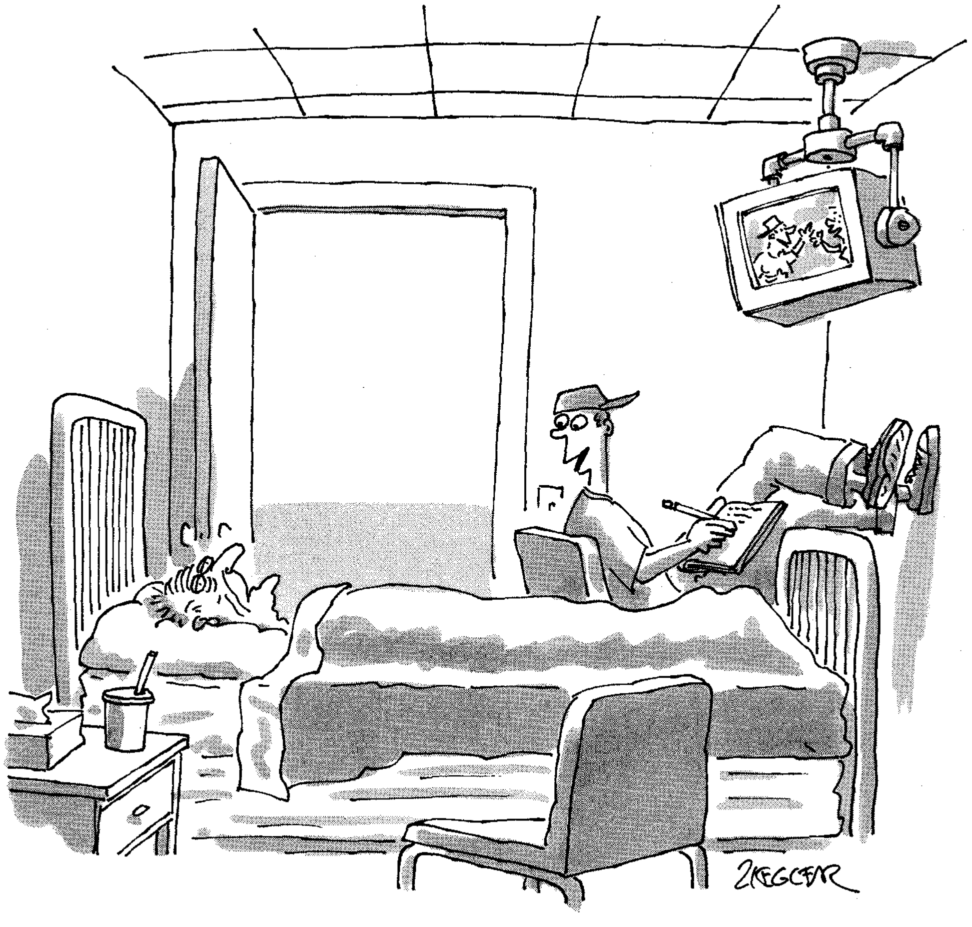
Hearst expected the world to come

to him, and it did. Although San Simeon was half a day's journey from either San Francisco or Los Angeles, nobody turned down one of Hearst's and Marion Davies's invitations to spend a weekend at the ranch. Among their guests in the twenties and thirties were ex-President Calvin Coolidge; the British statesman Winston Churchill; men of letters such as George Bernard Shaw, Aldous Huxley, and H. G. Wells; the celebrity aviators Amelia Earhart and Charles Lindbergh; bankers and businessmen like A. P. Giannini, of the Bank of America, and J. Paul Getty; politicians and publishers galore; and all the newly arrived lords and ladies of Hollywood.

An invitation to San Simeon was the most coveted ticket in L.A.'s movie colony. "Everyone in Hollywood had heard about the unbelievable parties, given by Mr. Hearst and Marion Davies at the ranch," the silent-film actress Colleen Moore said in one of the oral histories. "You were nobody unless you had been invited to San Simeon."

Moore vividly recalled her first visit to the Hearst ranch, in 1927:

> We left the Southern Pacific station [in Los Angeles] at 6:30 on Friday night. With me on the train was Hedda Hopper (who was still playing bit parts in movies).... Constance Talmadge, King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, Adolph Menjou, Bebe Daniels . . . and Damon Runyon.
>
> A little after midnight the train was put on a siding at San Luis Obispo. The next morning, after breakfast aboard the train, we climbed into a fleet of limousines and were driven north along the Pacific Ocean about forty-five miles to the small Spanish village at the foot of La Cuesta Encantada (The Enchanted Hill), which appeared enchanted in the bright morning sunlight.
>
> One had to check with the gate guard, who would not let us in without the proper credentials. I never heard of a gate crasher at the Hearst Ranch.... The cars were restricted in speed and there were constant stops for the wild animals of the zoo. Do you know the story about the giraffes? Well, the female died, and the male pined away and finally died also. A regular Tristan and Isolde story.
>
> At the top of the hill, we were met by the housekeeper, Mrs. O'Brien, and she showed us to our rooms.



"Hey, Gramps, is 'deathbed' one word or two?"

• •

In an article in *Fortune* in 1935, Hearst was called "quantitatively the world's number-one collector of *objets d'art*." Hearst believed that buying Old World treasures and carting them off to San Simeon was an act of altruism. In his mind, California was the successor civilization to a defeated Europe. Casa Grande was intended to last forever, constructed of reinforced concrete and covered with a veneer of Utah limestone, which had been scored to make the façade look as though it had been built in ancient times.

Hearst's intention was not to deceive or to imitate; rather, it was to improve upon the past. For example, he is said to have seen a photograph of the sixteenth-century "Fountain of Venus" by Niccolò Tribolo in "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," by Edith Wharton. Since the original fountain, in the Villa Petraia, in Florence, was not for sale, he had two copies of it carved in marble and installed on either side of the lower terrace of one of the guest villas. Tribolo's own fountain was topped by a hefty nude Venus, posed rather awkwardly on one leg. At San Simeon, Hearst replaced the Venus with two bronze contemporary German statues of full-breasted, flapper-style nymphs, standing proudly nude atop his fountains.

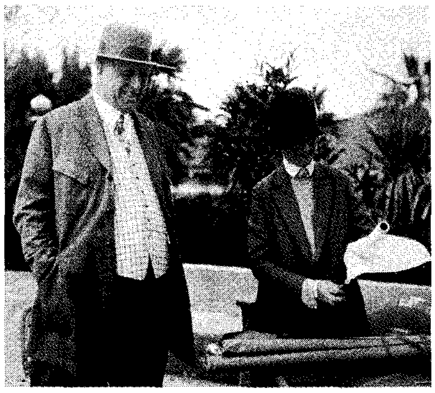
Wherever his visitors strolled, sunbathed, read, ate, or slept, there were museum-quality pieces for them to look at: fourteenth-century Spanish ceilings, sixteenth-century Florentine bas-reliefs, sixteenth-century Limoges jewel cabinets. Even the beds were works of art. Because twin beds were unknown in Renaissance Europe, Hearst had his craftsmen replicate each original. Hearst didn't want his treasures to be sequestered in a museum setting or gazed at reverentially, from a distance. As he saw it, the good life, California style, was one that had beauty woven into the fabric of daily living. And, as Hearst reminded Julia

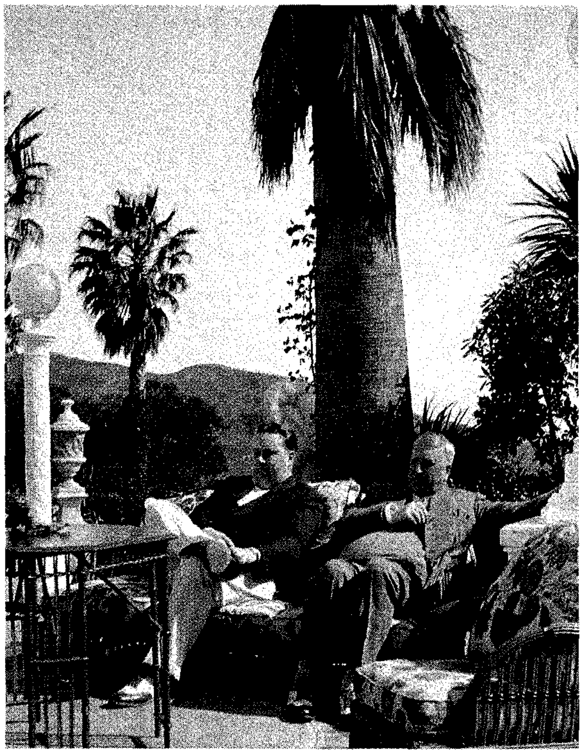
Morgan and her construction supervisors time and again, he wanted San Simeon to provide not only beauty but "comfort and health."

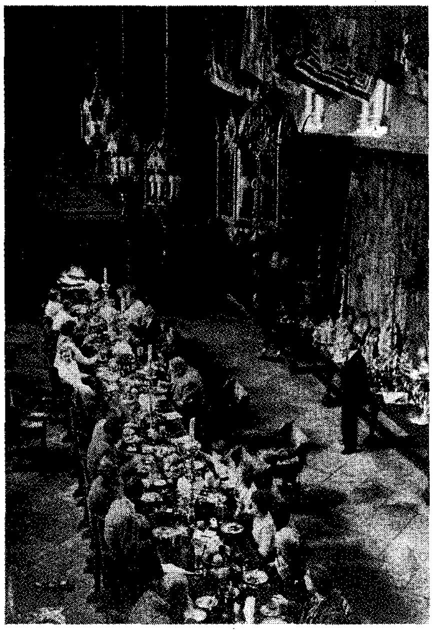
While the stars and starlets frolicked in pools that could have been designed for a Roman emperor or fed the animals that wandered freely about the world's largest private zoo, Hearst ran his media empire from San Simeon. Switchboard operators were on duty twenty-four hours a day to send messages to art dealers, editors, publishers, and political operatives all over the world. To insure that he could always be reached, Hearst had telephones installed everywhere—at poolside, at the tennis courts, on the esplanades, in the kitchen, and in all the public rooms. A specially designated staff member was always on alert to get telephone or telegraph messages to Hearst wherever he might happen to be.

At lunchtime, the guests were greeted by their host. As Colleen Moore recalled, "Everyone called him 'Mr. Hearst,' even Marion called him 'W.R.' . . . Luncheon and dinner were the same, beautiful blue Venetian glass, Blue Willow china, paper napkins and bottles of ketchup, mustard, pickles, jellies, etc. I guess Mr. Hearst had to prove his place was a ranch, after all. You know, we all used to wonder what became of the bottles and jars that were left half full at the end of the meal, because at the next meal there were always new ones, freshly opened."

In the afternoon, the main activities were riding, tennis, and swimming, for Hearst encouraged his guests to be outside as much as possible. Moore recalled the many afternoons when she and her Hollywood friends would gather together before a roaring fire, curled up to "gossip and talk. . . . Pretty soon, Mr. Hearst would come in. He would say, 'Come on now, get out and get the fresh air,' and he'd make us all go out and go horseback riding."







Top to bottom: Hearst and his architect, Julia Morgan; with eldest son, George, circa 1935; dinner in the Refectory.

Hearst liked nothing better than to lead a party on horseback over his land until the guests were too tired to go on. "We went over the mountain," the actress Eleanor Boardman recalled about one such excursion. "It was a long way. . . . We saw smoke coming up [in the distance]. When we got there they had a big bonfire going; there was a tent for every person with a card table with a wooden floor. . . . We went to bed early. Bright and early the next morning, [Mr. Hearst] yelled 'Whoopee! Everybody up! I'm going down to that creek to clean that tooth.' Then we'd come back, and we'd really be sore from going there, get back into the same saddle again, a long trek home. . . ." That night, she added, there would be dancing "all around the dining room." Hearst led the way.

One guest who avoided these outings was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. "I was told that the discipline of the horseback riding was such that you always had to keep behind Mr. Hearst, that you could never ride on your own particularly," he told an interviewer. "It was like a military parade, and I wasn't of the temperament that would take that. . . . I think I had books to read and then there were water-polo games. I know we played in the pool."

Tennis had become something of a fad in Southern California in the nineteen-twenties, and at San Simeon almost everyone played. There was usually a tennis pro on hand for those who wanted lessons. Hearst was an avid player, well into his seventies. Dressed in a three-piece suit with a Stetson on his head, he would stand in the middle of the court and expect his opponent to hit the ball to him. The actor Joel McCrea recalled that he "didn't run around much, but if he could reach it and hit it, he did."

ONE of the inviolable rules at San Simeon was that the guests must appear at seven in the evening for cocktails in the Assembly Room. Merryle Rukeyser, a financial columnist for the Hearst papers, told one of the interviewers, "Dinner began when he came down. Sometimes it would be nine, sometimes it would be nine-fifteen, sometimes it would be nine-thirty. In other words, if there was a calamity in New York and he was on the phone he wouldn't say, 'I can't talk to you, dinner's served.' " Finally, Hearst, with Davies on his arm, would appear—godlike—out of a section of the wood panelling in the Assembly Room which concealed his private elevator. He was, by all reports, an intimidating presence. Standing six feet two and weighing well over two hundred pounds, he was often the biggest man in the room and, with his vivid blue eyes and a habit he had of staring unblinkingly off into the distance, he struck many visitors as cold and distant. As the director King Vidor put it, "he was just an awe-inspiring-looking man."

The truth about Hearst, who spoke in an unexpectedly high-pitched voice, was that he was shy. "He seemed to be suspicious of strangers, and did not meet people very well," the screenwriter Frances Marion said in her oral history. "When you got to know him, however, you found a very warm and personable individual, with a good sense of humor. Mr. Hearst always had a lot on his mind. . . . When he was thinking or worrying about something he would often stare straight ahead. People thought that he was boring holes into them . . . when, actually, he did not even see them in front of him."

Marion Davies put everyone at ease. "She was a delightful hostess. Just delightful. She wasn't formal, but she was very gay and very warm," the Hearst reporter Adela Rogers St. Johns recalled. "I remember Marion mostly in black velvet dinner dresses. She had quite a lot of them. And they were very beautiful, very simple. Nothing elaborate at all, and, of course, she wore diamonds. She had a lot of diamonds."

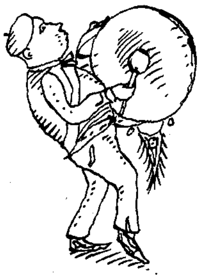
No more than two cocktails per guest were served in the Assembly Room. (But "if you swallowed fast," Colleen Moore recalled, "you might get another.") The limit had been imposed by Hearst, because of Marion's drinking problem. She had been a heavy drinker since her teen-age years, in New York; as time went on she found it increasingly hard to hold her liquor. Hearst's efforts to keep her sober were, largely, to no avail. Marion's friends repaid her hospitality by supplying her with liquor. The women's room—"the loo," she called it—became her private sanctum, where

(OPPOSITE, FROM TOP): BISON ARCHIVES, MPTV ARCHIVE, HEARST CASTLE™/ HEARST SAN SIMEON STATE HISTORICAL MONUMENT™; (THIS PAGE): PETER STACKPOLE, LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC.

Marion Davies playing croquet at Hearst's mock-Bavarian village at Wyntoon.

she hid bottles in the toilet tank, and where she gathered friends to drink with her. "When the drinking had got bad, he used to have to watch her pretty closely," Rogers St. Johns recalled. "Marion, whom I adored, was an alcoholic. And we all knew it, and we all did our best about it. Like all alcoholics, she would go along quietly for some time and then suddenly this would all break loose. It was a great shame, it really was."

After cocktails, Hearst ushered his guests into the Refectory for dinner. It was Marion's job to arrange the place cards, but Hearst usually changed them around. When Julia Morgan was at the ranch, she always sat next to Hearst. When she wasn't, Hearst preferred the company of one of his reporters. According to Rogers St. Johns, "he wanted to talk about the stories and how they broke and what you'd done on them." Marion always sat across from Hearst—directly in his gaze.



Although wine was served at dinner, any signs of overindulgence were carefully noted. "If you gulped it down four or five drinks at a time, you didn't get any more," Rogers St. Johns recalled. "Albert"—he was the head butler—"had a weather eye, because if something went amiss, Mr. Hearst would be very cross with him." The main course was generally red meat or fowl. "He used to give me hell because I didn't like my meat raw," Rogers St. Johns said. "Roast beef, according to him, should be bright red, or you shouldn't eat it and he used to scold me. I don't think I ever really sassed him back, but we had duck, and it was dripping. It had not stopped walking, and I said to him, 'This duck is going to walk right off your plate if you don't look out!' "

"Hearst liked to be surrounded with light-hearted people," King Vidor said. Charlie Chaplin, a frequent guest, was one of Hearst's favorite "court jesters." As Rogers St. Johns recalled, "Charlie had an umbrella, with a round handle, and he used to take it by the bottom and peer through it and go around and do any number of characters: a man from the provinces going to see a big art exhibit for the first time, and his comments on the pictures, and then he would do the guide, showing him the pictures. Mr. Hearst would sit there on the couch and just roar!" Even with Chaplin around, Davies was usually the life of the party. "You see, Marion was a clown," Rogers St. Johns recalled. "This was her great hold [on Hearst]. She was the funniest woman I have ever seen."

At San Simeon, Hearst established a social ritual that came to be imitated by the Hollywood élite—the showing of after-dinner movies. In the early years, films were screened outdoors or in the Morning Room, but by 1930 Hearst had installed a fifty-seat theatre. Almost every evening, he presented a new feature film, which had been chauffeured up to the ranch that afternoon from Los Angeles. If the film was boring, he would order up one of Marion's films, which were kept on hand.

Many of the guests retired after the lights went up, but Hearst generally stayed up well into the morning, working with his personal secretary, Joe Willicombe, at a library table in his study. Under a baronial barrel-vaulted ceiling, surrounded by shelves of first editions, he sorted through mail, looked over the latest issues of his newspapers and magazines, pored over auction catalogues, and dictated telegrams—to the assistant in charge of the Bronx warehouses where his art works were received from Europe, to his art dealers and agents, to his publishers and editors, to his political operatives and allies, to his movie executives, and to his wife, Millicent, on Riverside Drive.

Although practically every weekend at San Simeon was the occasion for another round of partying, Hearst outdid himself for birthday celebrations and on important holidays. For Christmas, as Frances Marion recalled,

> There would be a towering pine with a mound of packages underneath. Cases of champagne would be brought up from the cellar, and there were garlands of mistletoe hung overhead with wreaths of evergreen on the doors. . . . Mr. Hearst would have white deer brought up from the zoo and quartered on the tennis courts. They would have sleigh bells strapped on them and would jingle, to the delight of the children.
>
> After dinner, Hearst and Marion would pass out expensive presents. To one he would give a black pearl, to another a whole silver service, someone would get a diamond bracelet, emerald earrings, or some other thing of great beauty and value.
>
> The presents that Hearst always appreciated most were not extravagant things like the ones he would pass out but something that someone had made themselves. He would be very moved by a carved figurine, a sweater someone had knitted, or a hand-painted scarf or tie. These he counted as his treasures, and was grateful for them. This was a side to this powerful man's nature that not many knew.

Hearst and Davies's masquerade parties are still legendary among the last of Hollywood's Old Guard. There was a different theme for every occasion: circus parties with a full-sized merry-go-round from the Warner Bros. lot; a "Forty-niner" party; a "kids' " masquerade with the guests dressed as children or as nursemaids (Clark Gable came as a Boy Scout, and Joan Crawford as Shirley Temple); a Civil War masquerade; a "Midsummer Night's Dream" party, with a hundred-and-twenty-five-piece orchestra; a "Your Favorite Movie Star" party, to which Gary Cooper came as Dr. Fu Manchu and Groucho Marx as Rex the Wonder Horse.

Hearst's hospitality extended to anyone whose talent, in any field, caught his attention. One of the youngest regulars at San Simeon was Alice Marble. She was first invited to San Simeon when she was a shy teen-age tennis champion in the making. Marble was sometimes invited to join Marion Davies's more worldly pals in "the loo," before dinner. She listened as "all the women told their stories about various and sundry things that were a little strong for me when I was seventeen," Marble told an interviewer. "They would talk about their abortions, and to me this was sinful. But, I listened and I certainly got an education."

Marble vividly recalled the occasion when a world-famous, unnamed author was expected for dinner. She had been chosen as the mystery guest's dinner partner, and because she did not have the right dress for the occasion she was invited upstairs to be properly outfitted. "Marion always had all of Bullock's and Magnin's and the whole works up there," Marble explained.

"She had rooms and rooms and rooms full of clothes, and shoes of every size, anything.... Marion fixed my hair, Jean Harlow made me up, Dorothy Mackaill, who was a very interesting English movie star, did my nails. Somebody made sure I had the right accessories, and I went downstairs. We were all waiting to see who this guest was. I looked over and there was a man with a beard. He came over and said, 'Young lady, I admire the moles on your back.' And I thought to myself, 'That dirty old man.' I was about to say something when Marion came over and with her stutter said, 'That is your dinner partner, that's George Bernard Shaw.'"

Marble had written her high-school thesis on Shaw. "I could tell him the names and the characters of every one of his plays, so he had a chance to talk about himself the whole time, which he adored," she recalled. "I made a tremendous hit, especially with Mr. Hearst because he did not know what to do with the man."

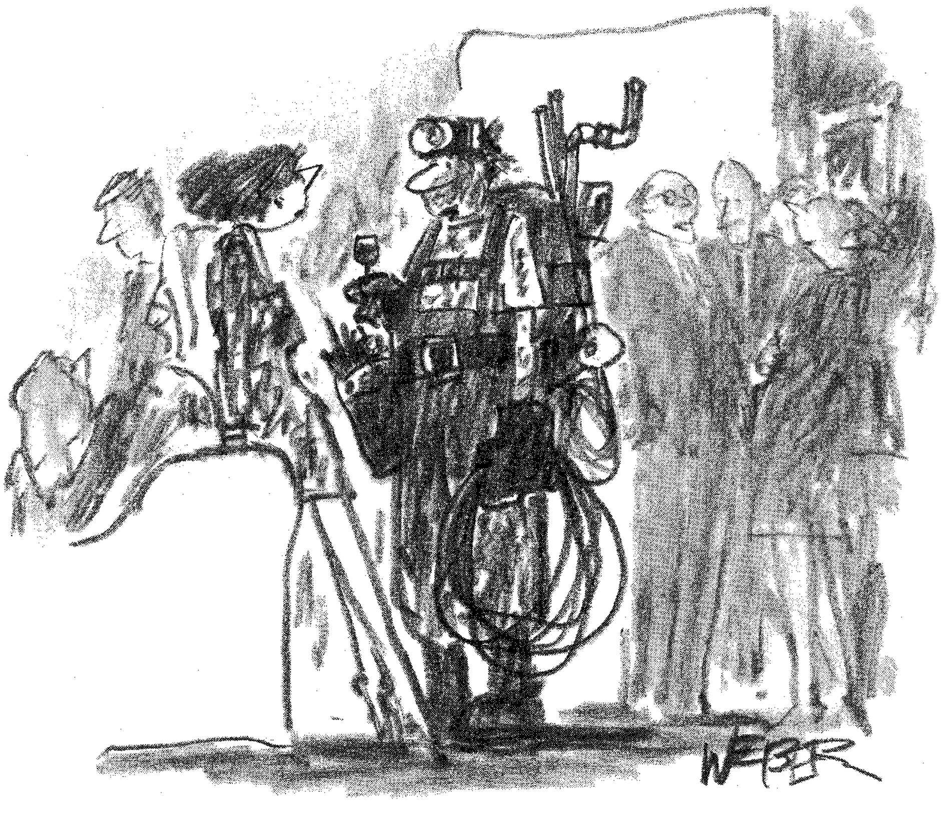
A RECURRING motif in the San Simeon oral histories is the intensity of the romance between Hearst and Davies. Eleanor Boardman remembered an evening that she and her husband, King Vidor, had had with the two of them in Los Angeles in the mid-twenties. "In those early years, he used to go back to see his wife Millicent [and their children in New York].... Vidor and I had them up for dinner and then we drove them to the station to see him off, and we drove Marion back to Beverly Hills. She was in tears. She said, 'I started out a g-g-gold digger and I ended up in love.'" Colleen Moore described the relationship as "one of the great love stories of the ages." She recalled "once seeing them walking through the pergola, hand in hand. They stopped and he kissed her, ever so tenderly.... It was a shame that they could never marry."

The reason they couldn't was that none of them—Hearst, Marion, or Millicent—wanted to be exposed to the media circus that they knew would be created if divorce proceedings were instituted. Adela Rogers St. Johns recalled hearing Davies say to Hearst, in her presence, "You are one of the most important men in the world. Now it's all right for you to have a blond ex-Follies girl movie star for your mistress. That's all right. But you divorce the wife and mother of your five sons to marry a much younger blonde, and you're an old fool and I won't have it! I won't have you."

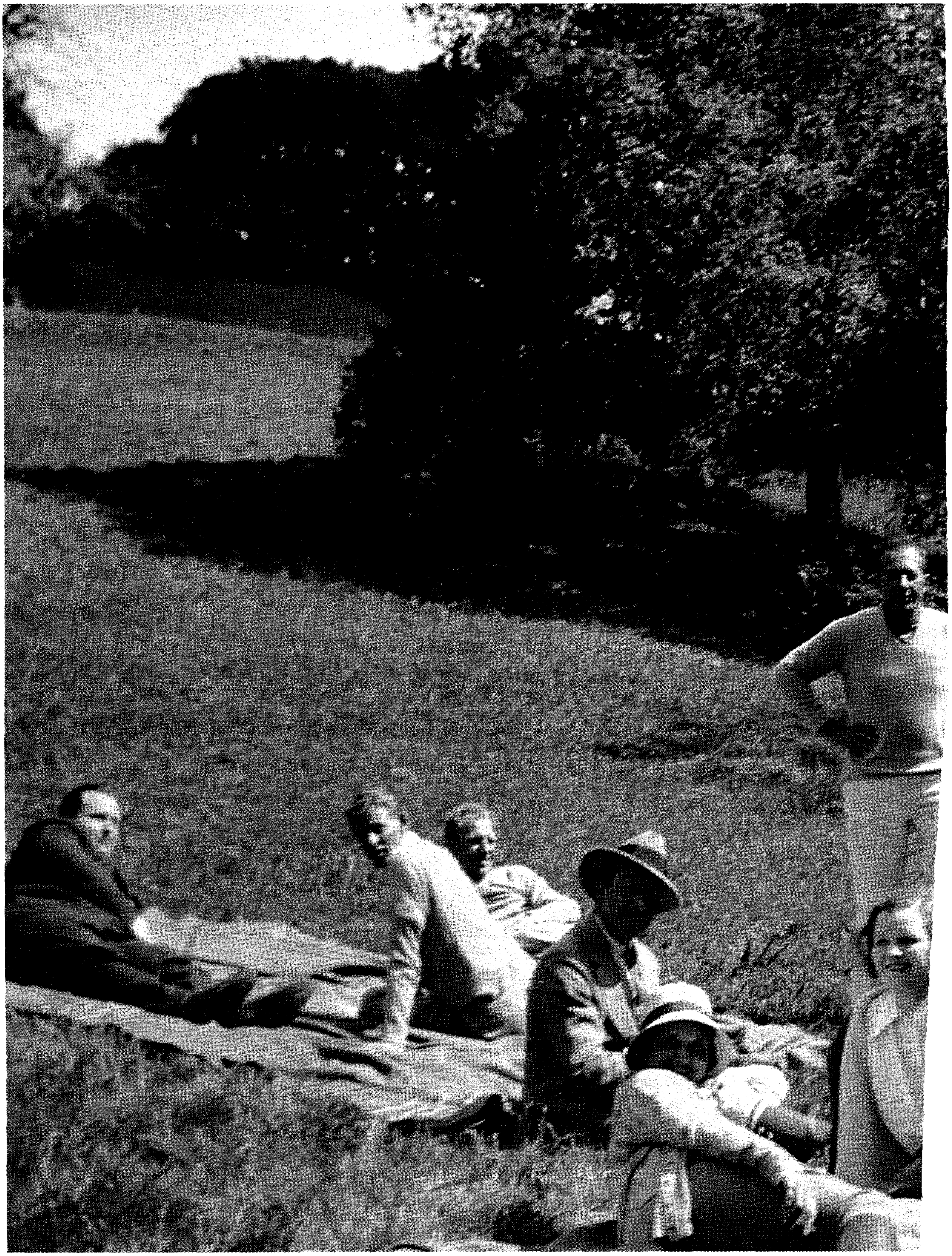
Hearst and Davies were careful not to flaunt their relationship—they seldom appeared together in public, and were almost never photographed side by side, even at San Simeon. Although the arrangement was clearly painful for Millicent, she made the best of it by keeping her distance—three thousand miles. "They didn't have any formal parting of the ways," William Randolph Hearst, Jr., recalled. "There was no announcement, there was no divorce, there were no proceedings. There wasn't anything. There was just that Pop was spending more time away from home . . . out in Los Angeles."

For a man who lived in a castle with his mistress, Hearst was surprisingly Victorian. "Even the boys," Colleen Moore recalled, "could not tell off-color jokes in his presence." The morning after Marion's friend Eleanor Boardman, who had divorced King Vidor, spent the night at San Simeon with Harry D'Arrast, to whom she was not married, the couple was asked to leave the hillside. Davies explained, "If Mr. Hearst and I could marry, we would. That's the difference! You and Harry can. When you live together in sin, that's because you choose it."

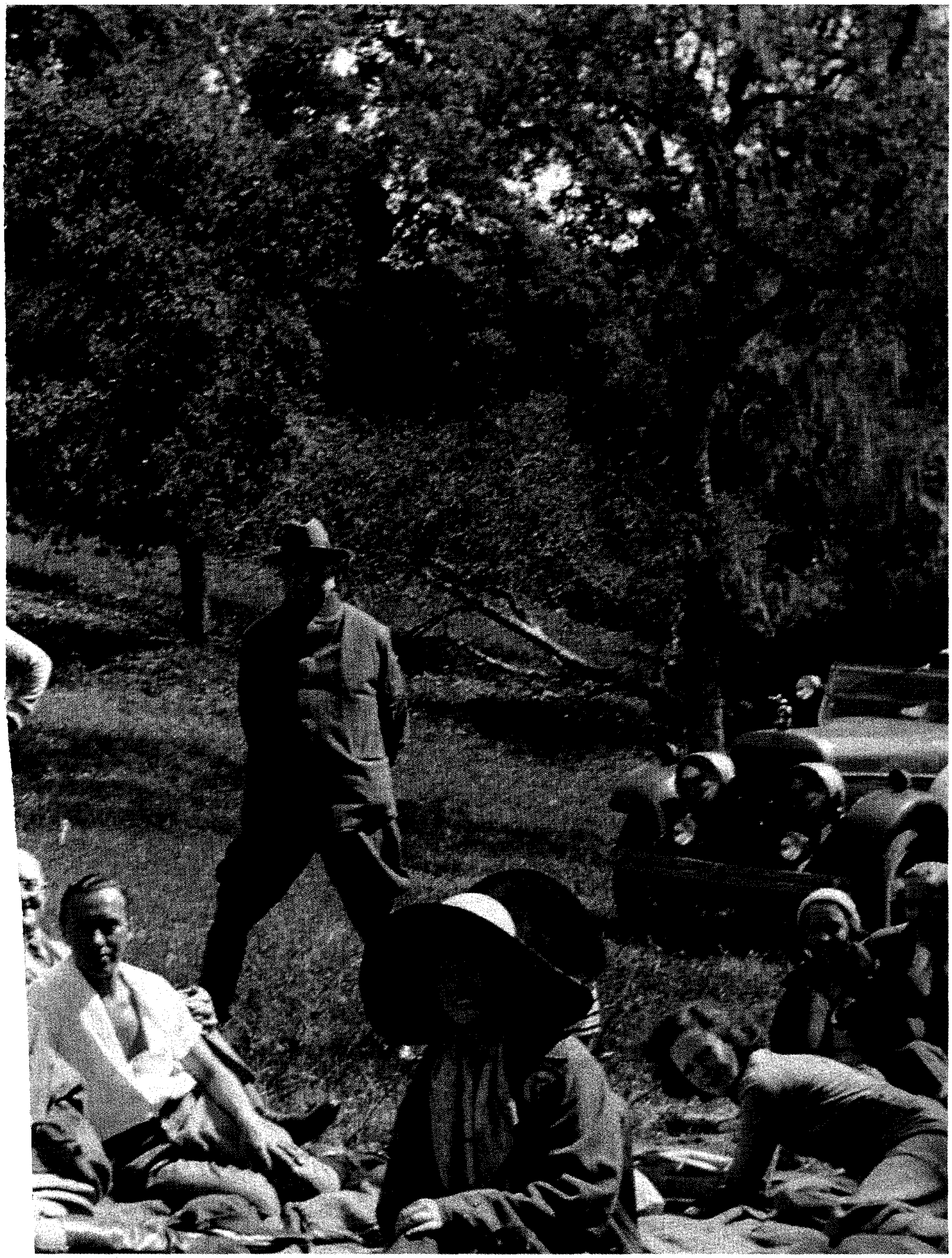
Southern California in the twenties was a hospitable climate for Hearst and Davies. In the days before Hollywood acquired a veneer of moral rectitude, it was not unusual for unmarried lovers, even of the same sex, to live together. The movie colony was full of powerful Svengalis who did all they could to advance the screen careers of their lovers and wives: Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge, Joseph P. Kennedy and Gloria Swanson, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer. Hearst, with Davies at his side, was venerated in the movie colony. Hollywood was still finding its way in the world, struggling to establish itself as more than just a movie set. The real power in the industry was back East, where the bankers made the big decisions. The presence of Hearst—and



"Maybe sometime I could meet you after work."

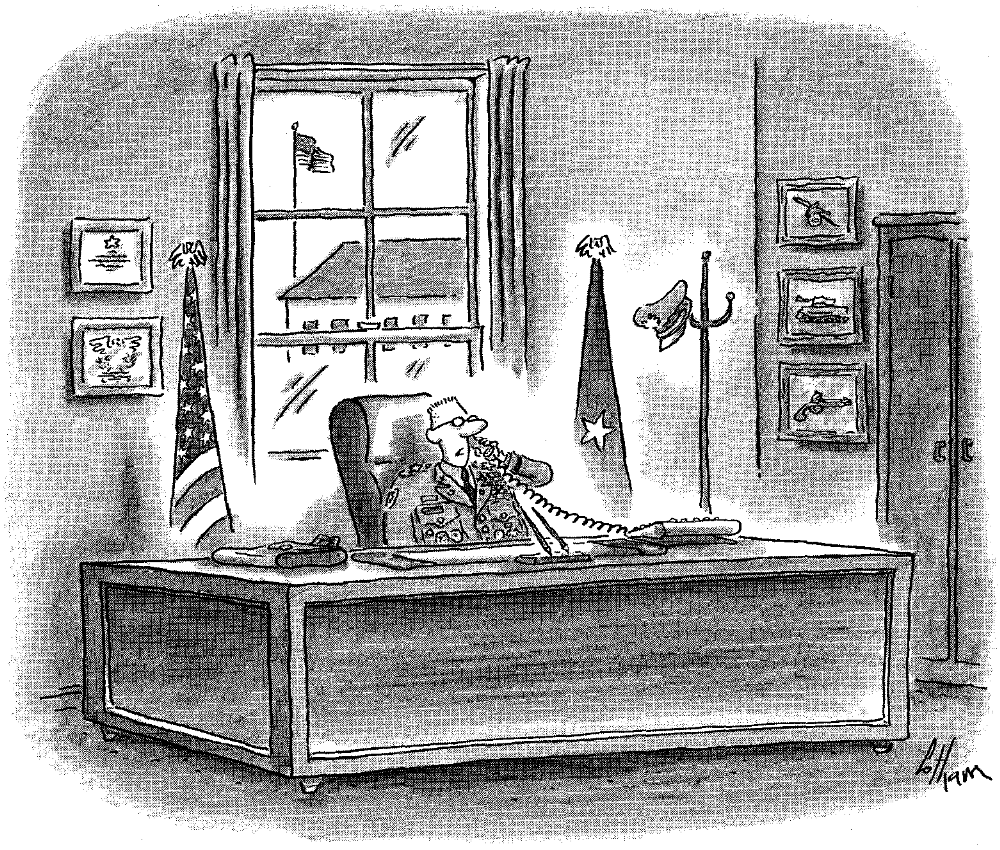


Hearst (far right, legs apart), presiding over one of his picnics at San Simeon, circa 1933: He liked nothing be



MPTV ARCHIVE.

to lead marathon overnight excursions on horseback into the hills, until the guests were too tired to go on.



"I'll be home for dinner—my career will be finished at five."

San Simeon—helped Hollywood feel better about itself. He had been a power in California before movies and would remain one, whatever happened to the industry. His empire was not built on celluloid. There was nothing flimsy about it.

From California, Hearst carried on a regular—and usually warm—correspondence with his wife, though he could also be peremptory with her and the boys. "It is impossible to get Charlie Chaplin's picture. That is a ridiculous request," he wrote Millicent, responding to an apparently innocuous suggestion that he send his sons a photograph of the Little Tramp. "We will have to stop what amounts to an imposition." A recurring bone of contention seems to have been Millicent's living allowance, which she considered too low and he considered too high. (In addition to the Riverside Drive apartment, she had the run of a Gatsbyesque mansion in Sands Point, Long Island.)

In a letter that indicates how blind Hearst was to his own profligate ways, he wrote Millicent in 1930, "These young people are all as mad as March Hares on the money question and seem to think there is no limit to the bankroll. . . . All work and no play may make Jim a dull boy, but no work and all play makes Jim all kinds of a jackass. I want you to get our youngsters together and tell them I am going to shut down on the money supply. . . . These nincompoops are never satisfied and are being ruined by living far beyond their means and mine."

During the boys' teen-age years, they stayed away from San Simeon. As young men, however, they made the trip themselves, in large part because they were curious to meet Marion. Although there were rumors that Marion and Millicent had met, Bill, Jr., was convinced that this never happened. In his 1991 book "The Hearsts: Father and Son," he wrote, "Marion and my mother never had anything to do with each other. Mother was too dignified for that, and Pop would never have put her through such distress. Of course Marion came up in conversation at various times and places, but Mom usually refrained from comment. If she was forced to refer to Davies, she called her 'the woman.' "

EVEN San Simeon was not large enough to contain Hearst's restlessness. Almost every winter, he travelled East to spend several weeks in New York; during their tours of Europe, in the summer, he and Marion stayed in a twelfth-century castle in Wales that he had bought in 1925. And there were always business trips to Mexico to inspect his million-acre ranch at Babicora; to Chicago, Boston, and Atlanta to consult with his editors and publishers; and to Washington to visit whoever was in the White House at the time.

Nothing, however, engaged Hearst's interest more than a new building project. When, in the mid-thirties, work was finally completed on the major buildings at San Simeon, he asked Julia Morgan to design him another retreat—this one in Northern California, in a nearly primeval forest, fifty miles south of the Oregon border. There, he and Morgan built a mock-Bavarian village called Wyntoon. In its own way, it was as extravagant as his Spanish-baroque castle to the south.

San Simeon remained a work in progress. Nothing was allowed to stay as it was. The terraces and pathways were enlarged on a regular basis; the outdoor Neptune Pool was redesigned and rebuilt in three different versions over a twelve-year period; the roof of Casa Grande was raised in 1927 and again in 1931, to provide more space for the upper suites. Hearst devoted nearly as much energy to caring for his flower beds as he did to laying out his front pages. He studied seed catalogues, visited important flower shows, was a regular visitor to the local nurseries, and was an avid reader of books about Renaissance gardens. "We would propagate from five hundred thousand to seven hundred thousand annuals per year," Norman Rotanzi, one of his head gardeners, recalled. "There was a complete change in the gardens at every season."

Rotanzi, who had cherished his meetings with his boss, recalled, "You really felt at ease around him. He knew all the names of the plants and most of the pests we have to deal with. The gardeners were sort of his pets. He would like to come out and stroll around the gardens and talk to everybody. And it didn't make any difference who was with him. Winston Churchill, or the president of U.S. Steel, or whoever it was, he would always introduce you to these people."

One spur to Hearst's building mania may have been that he feared nothing more than losing what he had. A dark little secret was that by the mid-thirties he was deeply in debt. When, in 1936, he asked his friend Joseph P. Kennedy to help him reorganize his companies, Kennedy's accountants discovered that Hearst's corporations owed more than eighty million dollars, with fifty-eight million of it secured by Hearst's personal guarantees.

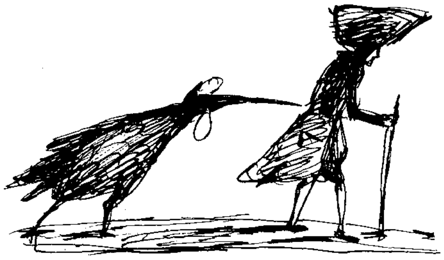
For more than half a century, Hearst had lived on the margins, surviving by borrowing to pay off or refinance old debts. Unbeknownst to everyone but his financial advisers, he was finally, in his seventies, running out of credit. The bankers were no longer willing to take a chance—especially on someone who had antagonized so large a segment of the American public.

Hearst had become a bitterly outspoken enemy of the New Deal. What particularly incensed him were Roosevelt's income taxes, which were pushing his shaky finances over the brink. Hearst had used every forum he controlled to attack the politicians who dared suggest that state and federal governments had the right to tax the wealthy more heavily than the poor. Moreover, the Raw Deal, which was what he ordered his papers to call the new political order, was doing more than robbing him through income taxes. It was encouraging hotheads like the columnist Heywood Broun, a founder of the American Newspaper Guild, to unionize editorial offices and, in so doing, interfere with his right—as publisher—to do as he pleased with his employees.

In 1934, Hearst, who was accustomed to using his media properties as personal bully pulpits, went on the attack as never before. He sent undercover reporters onto the nation's campuses to identify the "pinko academics" who were aiding and abetting the "communistic" New Deal. During the election campaign of 1936, he accused Roosevelt of being Stalin's chosen candidate.

Hearst had revelled in the role of dragon slayer, but this time he had taken on the wrong dragon. Boycotts of his newspapers and newsreels were initiated by Communists, and were quickly joined by a wide assortment of Popular Fronters, left-leaning intellectuals, professors, teachers, rank-and-file Democrats, and Roosevelt supporters, whose numbers were large enough to significantly erode the circulation bases and advertising revenues of Hearst publications. Hearst came to be seen as the epitome of the old robber barons: unspeakably greedy, unspeakably self-indulgent. San Simeon took on a sinister cast. Increasingly, it was depicted not as a shining achievement of American vision and taste but as a symbol of the unbridled capitalism that had plunged the nation into its most prolonged economic depression.

Frances Marion, who had written more than a dozen screenplays for Hearst's Cosmopolitan Pictures—seven of them for Marion Davies—remembered seeing Hearst one morning taking a sunrise stroll in his gardens at San Simeon after a long night's work. The once omnipotent media mogul now struck her as "a frustrated and lonely man." She recalled, "He never saw me watching him as he walked through his gardens, pausing to gaze at the hills beyond in the early-morning light. Sometimes he sat down on a marble bench with his head thrust forward on his chest, and held that pose for a long time. Was he reflecting on the future? Or was he regretting some heart-wrenching incident in the past? Only God knows."

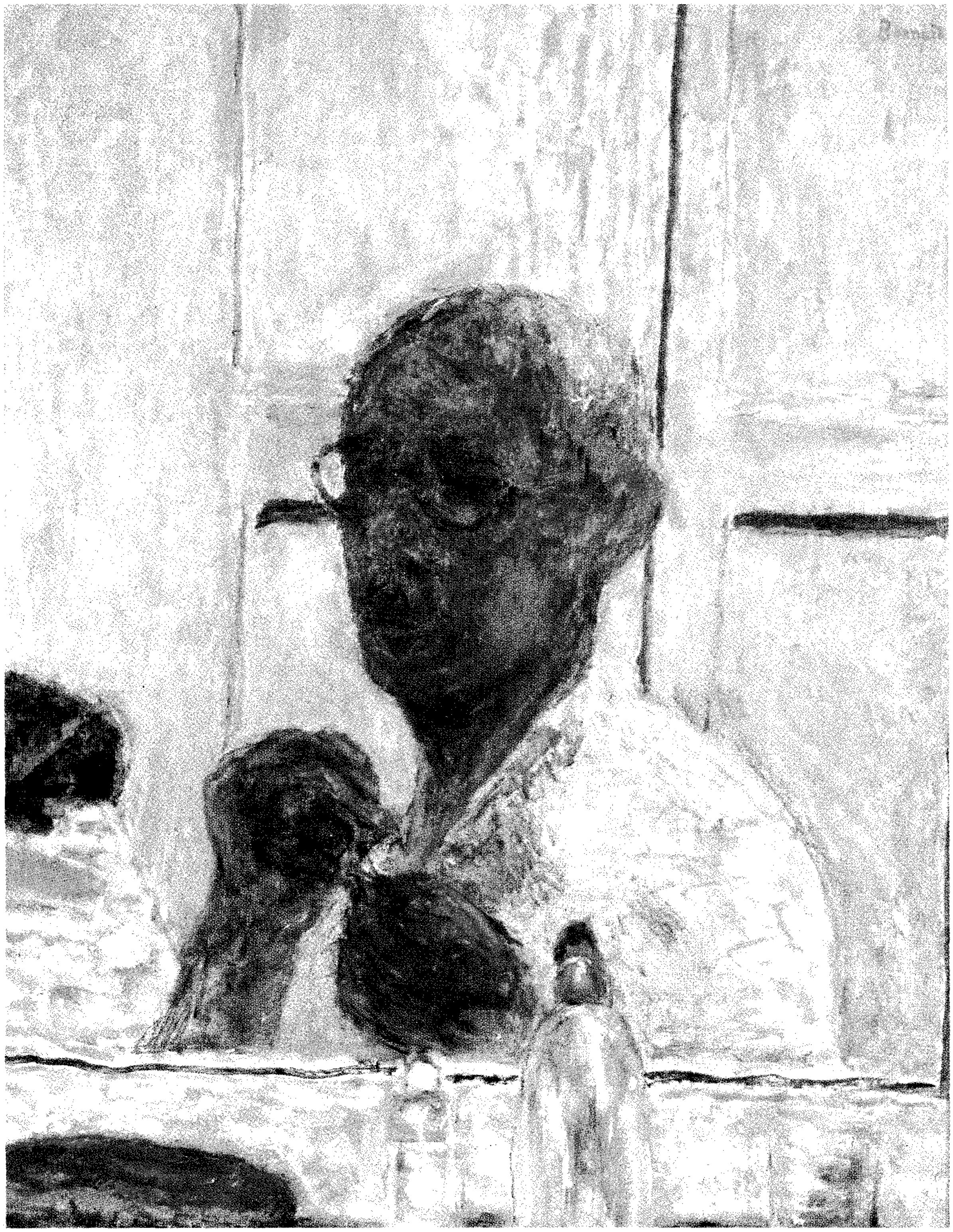


In the summer of 1937, Hearst was told by his financial advisers that if he did not place his empire in receivership, he would lose it all to his creditors. He had no other option but to give Judge Clarence Shearn, a former political adviser, full voting power over all of his stock in the Hearst corporations. Over the next five years, many of Hearst's personal assets—including a sizable portion of his art collection, his castle in Wales, Millicent's Long Island estate, and various real-estate holdings in New York—were sold off. Hearst was put on a strict allowance, and construction ceased at San Simeon and at Wyntoon. Only in the mid-forties, when the war had boosted newspaper circulation and revenues, did Hearst, now in his eighties, recover control of a diminished, but still substantial, empire.

In 1947, Hearst's health began to fail, and he moved with Marion from San Simeon to a mansion on eight acres in Beverly Hills. On August 13, 1951, Marion had gone to bed drunk and sedated. When she woke up the next day, Hearst's bed was empty. At the age of eighty-eight, he had died in his sleep. "I asked where he was and the nurse said he was dead," Davies told a reporter. "His body was gone, whoosh, like that. Old W.R. was gone, the boys were gone. I was alone. Do you realize what they did? They stole a possession of mine. He belonged to me. I loved him for thirty-two years and now he was gone. I couldn't even say goodbye." Bill, Jr., later maintained that there had been no duplicity involved; Marion, he said, had been told ahead of time of the plans.

The funeral was held in San Francisco, where Hearst had been born nearly a century earlier. Marion stayed home. "I'd thought I might go to church," she explained to another reporter, "but I'll just stay here. He knew how I felt about him, and I know how he felt about me. There's no need for dramatics."

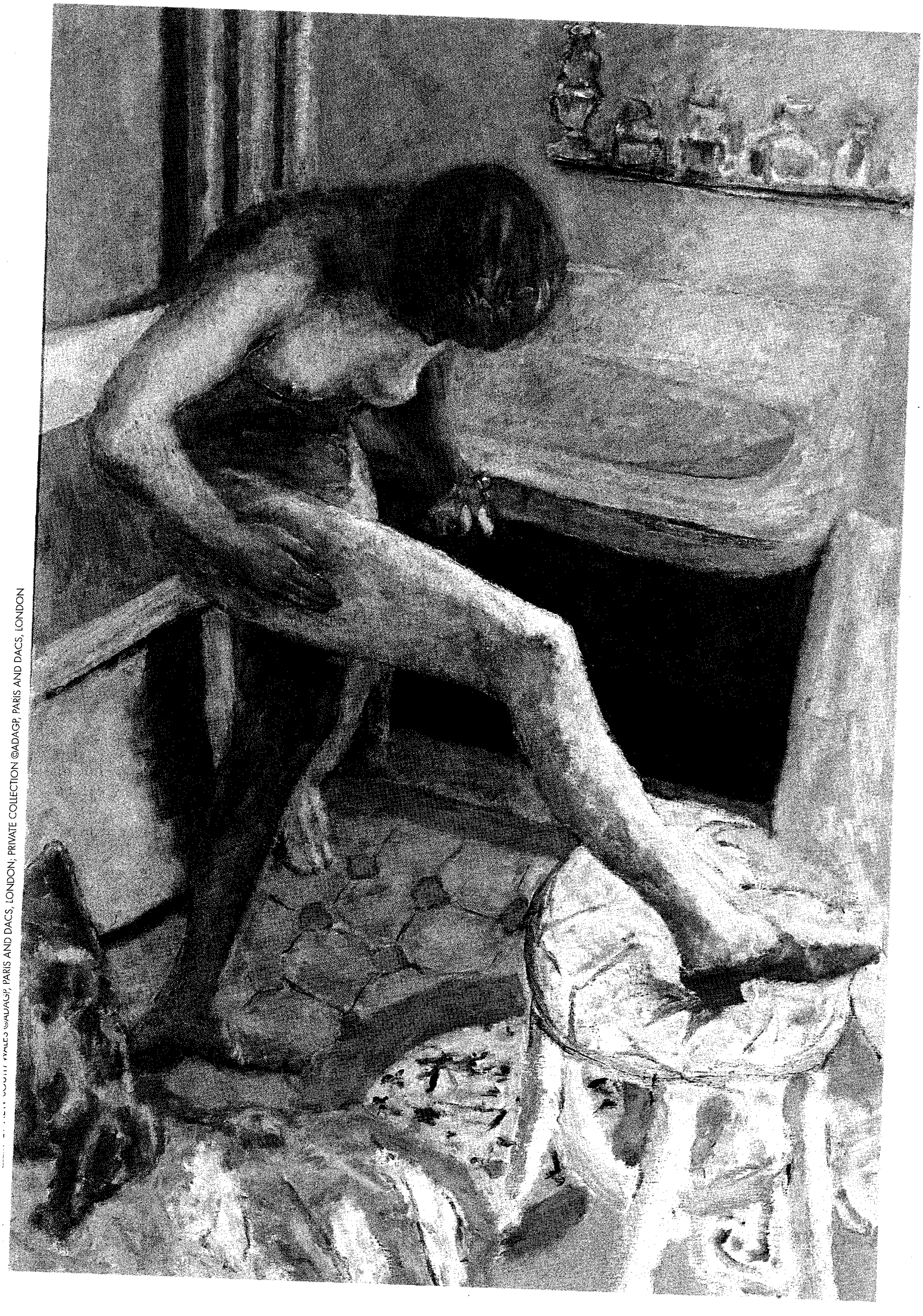
In October, 1951, she married, at the age of fifty-four, for the first time. Her husband, Horace Brown, was a tall retired Merchant Marine captain with blue eyes who looked remarkably like William Randolph Hearst. ♦



AT THE MUSEUMS

PRIVATE VIEWS

In the years between the World Wars, while European art was furiously reinventing itself, Pierre Bonnard, the last great inheritor of the Impressionist tradition, was quietly looking backward. An exhibition at the Tate Gallery, in London (it comes to MOMA in June), reveals an artist of extraordinary sensibility, a Proust of the bath and the tabletop. Bonnard was always remembering themes past: in the 1927 nude at right, that startling green mule dominates the canvas with the cool authority of the famous satin shoe in Watteau's "Shop Sign of Gersaint." A self-portrait Bonnard painted near the end of his life shows him in the mirror as he fusses wearily with his toilet. He noted in his diary, "Portrait—do one of a man who looks like Mr. So-and-So." Ever the poet of evocative indirection, he cannot even name himself.—JAMIE JAMES



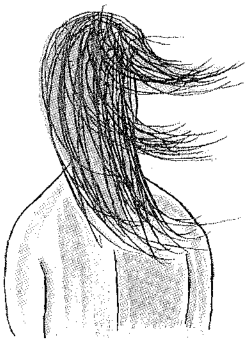
SOUTH WALES ©ADAGP, PARIS AND DACS, LONDON; PRIVATE COLLECTION ©ADAGP, PARIS AND DACS, LONDON

FICTION

NATURAL COLOR

The glint of her red hair could set his heart pounding.

BY JOHN UPDIKE



FRANK saw her more than a block away, in the town where he had come to live, where Maggie had no business to be and he no expectation of seeing her. Something about the way she held her head, as if she were marvelling at the icicled eaves of the downtown shops, sparked recognition. Or perhaps it was the way the low winter sun caught the red of her hair, so it glinted like a signal. His wife used to doubt aloud that the color was natural, and he had had to repress the argument that if Maggie dyed it she dyed her pubic hair to match. It was true, Maggie considered her hair a glory. When she let it down, the sheaves of it became an enveloping, entangling third presence in the bed, and when it was pinned up, as it was today, her head looked large and her neck poignantly thin, at its cocky tilt.

She was with a man—a man taller than she, though she was herself tall. He moved beside her with a bearlike protective shuffle, half sideways, so as not to miss a word she was tossing out, her naked hands gesturing in the February sun. Frank remembered her face whitened by shock and wet with tears. Each word he reluctantly pulled from himself had been a blow deepening her pallor, driving her deeper into a shrivelling defeat. "I can't swing it," he had said, with both their households in turmoil and the town around them scandalized.

"You mean," she said, her face furrowed, her upper lip tense in her effort to have utter clarity at this moment, "you want to go back?"

"I don't want to, exactly, but I think I should."

"Then go, Frank. Go, darling. It makes it simpler for me, in a way."

He had thought that a lovely, pathetic bit of female bravado, an attempt to match rejection with rejection, but in fact she had carried through with her divorce, whereas he had kept his family intact and had moved to another town. That had been over twenty years ago. The children he had decided not to leave had eventually grown up and left home. The wife he had clung to had maintained a self-preserving detachment, which as they together advanced into middle age became a decided distance, maintained with dry humor and a dignity impervious as a leather shield. He had opted for a wife, and a wife she was, no less or more.

As for Maggie, she had recovered; she had a companion, and at a distance looked smart, in a puffy pea-green parka and black pants that made her legs appear theatrically long. Shocked by the spark glinting from her hair, Frank ducked into the nearest door, that of the drugstore, to spare himself the impact of a confrontation, of introductions and chatter. It was somehow an attack on him, to have her striding about so boldly in his town.

While he roamed the drugstore aisles as if looking for a magic medication or a perfect birthday card, he slowly filled with fury at her, for going beyond him and making a life. Sexual jealousy of a wholly unreasonable sort raged in him as he blindly stalked between the cold tablets and the skin lotions, the sleeping pills and stomach-acid mollifiers. He skimmed the array of condoms, displayed, in this progressive, AIDS-wary age, like a rack of many-colored candies, each showing on the box a shadowy man and woman bending their heads conspiratorially close. It occurred to him that sex has very little to do with kindness. He had been rough with Maggie, cruel, in the heat of their affair. It had been his first, but not hers. She had told him in the front seat of his car, with that serious, concentrating stare of hers, "That time when Sam and I were separated, I was an absolute whore. I'd sleep with anybody."

The sweeping solemnity of the confession would have made him smile, had he not been awed by the grandeur of her promiscuity as he tried to imagine it. She seemed to swell in size, there beside him in the front seat of his Ford station wagon, parked on a dead-end lane between towns. That early spring meeting, hurriedly arranged by phone, was like an interview, she in winter tweeds from shopping in Boston, he in his business suit. He didn't ask for details. She volunteered a ski instructor in Vermont, a scuba instructor in the Caribbean—handsome, carefree young fishers of women. She didn't say if she had slept with any of their neighbors, but he imagined some, and his heart hardened before their affair had even begun. He was obliged to sleep with her now; it was a kind of race, in which he had fallen dangerously behind. The men she had slept with were each still in her, a kind of investment, generating interest. Part of Frank's gift to her was the heightened value his innocence assigned her. She was experienced. They were never quite equal. She ran risks, coming to him, the same risks he did, of discovery and a disrupted family, but he considered her marriage too damaged already to grieve for, whereas his own was enhanced by his betrayal, his wife and children rendered precious in their vulnerability. Returning to them, damp and panting from his sins, he nearly wept at their fragile beauty. Yet he couldn't stop. He led Maggie on, addicted to her and careless of their fate, until the time came to disentangle his fate from hers. She herself had said it: "You're hard on me, Frank."

He thought she might mean just the vigor of his lovemaking. They were both in a sweat, in her sunny bed with its view of a horse-farm riding ring, and she, underneath him, was doubly drenched. They had begun in April and were discovered and cut off before autumnal weather arrived. He remembered her with sunburned shoulders, in cotton frocks, animated at parties afloat in summer lightness, all her animation secretly directed at him. She was lovely with Ann, his wife, and he was hearty with Sam, her husband, though even here there was inequality. She seemed genuinely to like Ann and, when with Frank, would wonder aloud how he could ever think of leaving her, whereas each tryst strengthened his impression that Sam—big, red-faced, his heavy head lowered with clumsy, shortsighted menace—was unworthy of her, and her remaining in her marriage was a sign of weakness, a meek acceptance of pollution.

"You have anything better to offer?" Maggie had once challenged him, having pinched her lips together and decided to take the leap. Her eyes in this moment of daring had been huge, like a child's.

He felt attenuated, strained, answering weakly, "You know I'd love to be your husband. If I weren't already somebody else's."

"The beautiful prisoner," she said, gazing off as if suddenly bored. "I do think we should stop seeing each other."

"Oh my God, no. I'll die."

"Well, it's killing me. You're not being mature. When a gentleman has had his fun with a lady, he takes his leave."

He hated it when she pulled sexual rank on him. He wanted to learn but not to be instructed. "Is that how Sam would act?"

"Sam's not so bad as you think," she said, brushing away, with a sudden awkward hiding motion, tears that had started to her eyes, sprung by some image touched within the tense works of this suspended situation.

"Good in bed," Frank suggested, hating the two of them. In bed: this very bed, with its view of trim stables and fenced pastures.

She ignored the jealous probe. She said, reflecting, "He has a sense of me that's not entirely off. In his coarse way, he has manners."

"And I don't?"

"Frank," she exclaimed in an exasperation that still let the tears stand in her eyes. "Why does everything always have to come back to you?"

"Because," he could have answered, "you have made me love myself." But there were many things he could have said to Maggie, before communications between them suddenly ceased, Sam blundering in with bullish fury and lawyerly threats, Ann receding with a beautiful wounded pride. Frank found himself Maggie's enemy, having failed to become her husband.

IN the freezing winter and raw spring before he and his family had moved from that town to this one, seven miles distant, there was a long social season in which they all continued to rotate in one another's vicinity. Sam moved to a bachelor rental in a neighboring town three miles away, not so far as to be out of reach of sympathetic gestures from their large communal acquaintance. Frank and Ann hunkered down in embattled, recriminatory renewal of their vows, mixed with spells of humorous weariness. And Maggie found herself marooned in her big house with the two children, an eight-year-old girl and a six-year-old boy. Their formerly shared friends, forced to choose among these explosive elements, opted for the intact couple over the separated one. Sam, though his face seemed redder than ever and his eyes were narrowed as if his face had been pummelled, established himself as willing to coexist in the same room with Frank, and even to exchange a few forced courtesies. But Ann fled the one occasion, the annual Christmas-carol sing in the historical-society mansion, where Maggie had dared appear. She showed up late, in a dazzling sequinned long-sleeved green top and long red velvet skirt. Frank smiled at the audacity of the outfit; Ann gave a whimper and whirled from the room, straight down the hallway hung with old daguerreotypes toward the front door, prized for its exemplary Federalist moldings and fine leaded fanlight. Chasing her out with their coats into the cold, Frank said, "That was a cruel thing to do."

"Not as cruel as trying to steal my husband."

"That isn't what she tried."

"Well, what did she try? Fucking as a spiritual exercise?"

"Please, Ann. People are looking out of the windows." Though in fact the choruses of "Good King Wenceslas" rolled obliviously out the tall windows onto the snowy sidewalk. The town had seen worse spats than theirs, including a Unitarian-Congregationalist church schism in the eighteen-twenties. "Put on your coat," he said stiffly, and led her by the arm to where their car was parked, the station wagon in which Maggie had told him she had been an absolute whore, but whose interior now was awash in the childish odor of candy-bar crumbs and spilled milkshakes. In truth the marriage had in the short run fattened on the affair: Ann was impressed that he had made a conquest of the spectacular Maggie, and Frank was moved by his cool wife's flare of jealous passion. It was as if Maggie, in her bereft, ostracized state, were a prize they had jointly dragged home. "If you can't hold it together in public," he told her, "it means she can't go anywhere where you're apt to be."

"We're trying to get out of town, we've got realtors coming out of our ears," Ann said with comical rapidity. "I'm damned if I'm going to take the children out of school before it ends in May. They're heartbroken we're moving in any case." As the car heater warmed, drowning in its gases the sour milkshake scent, and the rumpled blocks of the old town rolled by, she conceded, "I'm sorry. That was not a good-sport thing to do. But just seeing her physically, after talking about her for weeks and weeks, it came over me how you'd seen her . . . how you knew every . . . and she looked so great, actually, in that grotesque outfit." Ann went on, "Pale and tense, but it's taken a few pounds off her. Wish I could say the same."

He reached over and squeezed her plump thigh through the thickness of her winter coat. "Different styles," he said, obliquely bragging. They were united, it seemed to him, in admiration of Maggie—two suppliants bowed beneath a natural force. Though rapprochement on such a basis was bound to decay, for a time it made for a conspiratorial closeness.

In the meantime, Maggie was crossed off party lists. She pursued her daily duties in majestic isolation, visited by only a few gossip-hungry women and oddball men sensing an opportunity. Frank was divided between acquiescence in her exclusion—her power over him, the grandeur she had for him, left no room for pity—and an impossible wish to reunite, to say the words to her that would lift them above it all. More experienced than he, she knew there were no such words.

A few months after the Christmas-carol sing, the town fathers sponsored an Easter-egg hunt on the sloping common, this side of the cemetery. In the milling about, parents chasing after frantic, scooting children on the muddy brown grass, he managed to sidle up to Maggie, in her friendly spring tweeds. She gave him an

ADVERTISEMENT

R.S.V.P.
reader service value program

AN INVITATION TO RESPOND DIRECTLY TO THE NEW YORKER'S ADVERTISERS

apparel & accessories

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY. We specialize in fine quality 14k gold and sterling silver jewelry. For a color catalog, call 1-919-933-5759 or visit http://www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com

ST. ANDREWS WOOLEN MILL. Scotland's finest cashmeres, woolens, tartans, golf shirts and souvenirs. Brochure free, air mail shipping. Major credit cards. Please call 011-44-1334-472366 or visit http://www.standrewswoolenmill.com

automotive

AUDI A4 AVANT. Think serious sports sedan. With a fanny pack. The Audi A4 Avant. For information, visit us at http://www.audiusa.com

MERCURY. For a free brochure featuring the latest innovative vehicles from Mercury, please call 1-800-446-8888 or visit our Web site at http://www.mercuryvehicles.com

furnishings & accessories

BEVERLY BREMER SILVER SHOP. Matching service—sterling silver, new and obsolete flatware and holloware all at less than half price—mint condition. Call for inventory of your pattern at 1-800-270-4009 or 1-404-261-4009.

on-line services

E-NEWS. Look for *The New Yorker* at The Electronic Newsstand on the World Wide Web and browse what's new from our advertisers. http://www.enews.com/magazines/new_yorker

travel

ALPINE TRAILS, LTD. Hike and cross-country ski the Swiss and Italian Alps with popular author/mountaineer Fred Jacobson. Small groups of active outdoor enthusiasts who also appreciate high level creature comforts. Call 1-800-291-8126.

AT LARGE TRAVEL NEWSLETTER. Produced by the Marketing Department of *The New Yorker.* Each issue includes the latest news on travel, special promotions and packages, and profiles of exciting destinations. One-year subscription (three issues) for $10 plus a fourth issue for free. To order, call 1-800-759-9838.

BRITAIN—ENGLAND'S NORTH COUNTRY. Breathtaking scenery, literary/movie locations, historic cities—and it's just two hours from London! Call 1-800-357-3174.

THE CARIBBEAN. Where to go. For your free Caribbean Vacation Planner, call 1-800-356-9999, ext. 631. You'll receive over 200 pages of information on the Caribbean with everything you need to know and where to go.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION. *Planning Your Trip to Europe '98.* 68-page, full-color guide to 28 countries. Covers attractions, events, entertainment, transportation, food and drink. With maps and photos. Free. Call 1-800-862-6747.

ISRAEL MINISTRY OF TOURISM. This extraordinary destination has it all. History, culture, great food, shopping, beaches, and more. No one belongs here more than you. For information, call 1-888-77-ISRAEL.

KIAWAH ISLAND BY PAM HARRINGTON EXCLUSIVES. 30 minutes from historic Charleston. Select one- to ten-bedroom accommodations. Golf, tennis, biking, children's programs and more. Call 1-800-845-6966.

KIAWAH, SEABROOK, WILD DUNES, ISLE OF PALMS AND SULLIVAN'S ISLAND. Free 28-page color resort guides. Call 1-800-247-5050 and mention ad code 323. Great Beach Vacations.

LOT—THE AIRLINE OF POLAND. Fly LOT to Krakow, one of Europe's most captivating medieval cities or to Warsaw, Poland's vibrant capital. Call 1-800-223-0593 or visit http://www.lot.com

LOUISIANA. In Louisiana, we do things a little differently. Come see for yourself. For your free tour guide, please call 1-800-753-9829.

RADISSON SEVEN SEAS CRUISES offers worldwide cruising on five unique luxury ships, all rated at the highest levels and offering exceptional quality, service and value. Call 1-800-424-3964 for information and a free brochure.

RAIL EUROPE. Choose Eurostar, the Channel Tunnel Train, linking London to Paris or Brussels, or our popular five-country railpass Europass. Add a car for maximum flexibility. Call 1-800-4EURAIL.

SCOTTSDALE PRINCESS. The soul of Arizona. The heart of your vacation. Award-winning cuisine, spacious accommodations, and much more. For more information, call 1-800-223-1818.

SOUTHAMPTON PRINCESS. Bermuda's most luxurious resort introduces Dolphin Quest, a very special dolphin-human encounter program for the delight and education of guests. For more information, call 1-800-223-1818.

UNITED STATES TOUR OPERATORS ASSOCIATION (USTOA). The smart traveler's planning kit... invaluable information about USTOA members, its $1 million consumer protection plan, and how to select a tour or vacation package. For a free copy, call 1-800-GO-USTOA.

IF UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER SERVICES, 20 WEST 43RD ST., NEW YORK, NY 10036.

980323

ANSWERS TO 8 X 10 CRYPTIC NO. 36

ACROSS

1	CD PLAYER (anag.)
7	O + U + TD + ONE
8	AMERICAN (anag.)
9	TERM (hidden)
11	Q(UOT)A (*out* anag.)
13	SP + LIT
18	(t)HEIR(s)
19	TOM + OR + ROW
20	A + M + ENDED
21	HO(USE)KEY

DOWN

1	CRATES (anag.)
2	DO(M)ES
3	PUERILE (anag.)
4	A(DIE)U
5	ENAC + T (*cane* rev.)
6	RENT (2 defs.)
10	BO DEREK (anag.)
12	AIRWAY (*wear* in pig Latin)
14	PROM + O
15	I(RON)S
16	DI(O)DE (*died* anag.)
17	UTAH (hidden)

unamused stare and said to him, as if the words had been stored up, "Your wife has ruined my social life. And my children's. Sam is furious."

Such a petty, specific grievance seemed astonishingly unworthy of them and their love. Startled, Frank said, "Ann doesn't scheme. She just lets things happen." As if, after all this silence between them, they had met to debate his wife's character. Maggie turned away. Sick with the rejection, he admired the breadth of her shoulders and the wealth of her hair, done up in a burnished, glistening twist.

To a tourist travelling through, one New England town looks much like another—white spire, green common, struggling little downtown—but they are different from one another, and their citizens know the difference. Frank and Ann had, after a six-month struggle with real-estate agents, moved to a town where the property lines were marked by walls and hedges and "No Trespassing" signs. The friends they slowly made were generally older than they, a number of them widowed or retired. The lives, the winterized summer houses, the grounds maintained by lawn services were all in a state of finish. The town they had moved from had been a work in progress, with crooked streets laid out by Puritan footsteps and boundary lines marked by lost boulders and legendary trees whose stumps had rotted to nothing. The young householders had tried to do their own maintenance, leaving ladders leaning against porch roofs and two sides of a house unpainted until next summer. The yards were hard-used by packs of children; there was a constant coming and going of Saturday-afternoon tennis or touch football turning into drinks before everyone rushed home to shower and shave for that night's dinner party. You lived in other people's houses as much as you could; there was an ache to being in your own, a nagging unsuppressible suspicion that happiness was elsewhere. Driving back from taking the babysitter home, Frank would pass darkened houses where husbands he knew were lying in bed, head to murmuring head, with wives he coveted.

Out of this weave of promiscuous friendship, this confusedly domestic scrimmage, Maggie had emerged, touching his hip with hers as they stood side by side at a lawn party's busy, linen-clad bar, or exclaiming, in an involuntary,

© 1998 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

almost fainting little-girl voice, "Oh, don't go!" when he and Ann stood up at last to leave a dinner party that she and Sam had given. When, at one of the suburban balls with which the needs of charity dotted the calendar, his turn came to dance with Maggie, they nestled as close as the sanction of alcohol allowed, and at the end she gave his hand a sharp, stern, quite sober squeeze. It took very clear signals to burn through his fog of shyness and connubial inertia, but she had enough expertise to know that, once ignited, he would blaze.

How gentle and patient, in retrospect, her initiation of him had been. Their meetings took place mostly in her house, because Sam worked in Boston and Ann didn't. Frank remembered, rounding the rack of condoms into a realm of packaged antihistamine capsules, how the driveway of her house, which sat on the edge of town next to a horse farm and riding stable, was hidden behind a tilting tall stockade-style fence and a mass of overgrown lilacs. Sam would talk of replacing the fence and pruning the lilacs but didn't do it that summer. Approaching, Frank needed to slow for the hairpin turn into the driveway; it was a dangerous moment when his car might have been recognized on the road—several of their friends' children took riding lessons—and he would hold his breath as, half hidden behind the great straggly lilacs, he would glide over the crackling gravel and into the garage. Maggie would have swung up the garage door for him, which took some strength in this era before electronic controls. She would be waiting for him behind the connecting door into the kitchen, in a bathing suit or less. His eyes would still be adjusting from sunlight. She would bound into his arms like a long, smooth, shivering puppy. He stared at the Sudafed and Contac, his whole body swollen by a stupid indignation at having lost all that.

At last, making a few distracted purchases by way of paying for the shelter, he dared leave the drugstore. He looked down the street and saw with relief that the vista of icicled shops held no red glint. Heart pounding, as if he were being pursued by an enemy, he made his way to his car and returned to his house. It was a weather-tight box, a well-built tract house on a two-acre square of land. The foundation-masking shrubs, newly planted when they moved in, now looked overgrown, crowding the brick steps and front windows. In the kitchen, Ann, in her old mustard-colored parka, was unpacking bags of groceries into the refrigerator; her face as she turned it to him wore a slant expression, brimming with wary mischief. "I saw an old friend of yours in the Stop & Shop." The giant bright supermarket was part of a mall that had arisen in the farm country, slowly going under to development, between the town they had left and the town where they lived.

"Who?" he asked, though from the peculiar liveliness of her expression he had already guessed.

"Maggie Linsford. Or whatever her name is now." Maggie had taken back her maiden name after her divorce from Sam, and Ann could never be bothered to remember it.

"Chase," Frank said. "Unless she's remarried."

"She wouldn't do that to you. What's in that bag in your hand?"

"Razor blades. Sudafed. And I got you some of that perfumed French bath gel you like. '*Dorlotez-vous*,' the label says."

"How sweet and silly of you. I have scads of it. Don't you want to hear about Maggie?"

"Sure."

"She was with this man, she introduced him, in that rather grand way she has, as 'my friend.' He reminded me of Sam—big and red-faced and take-charge."

"Good."

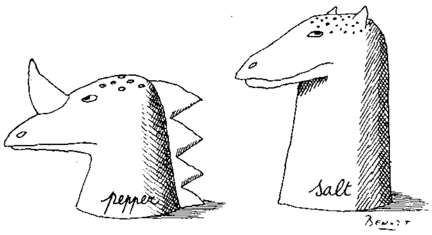
"Frank, don't look so sick. You're thinking back thirty years."

"No, I was thinking about 'take-charge.' I guess he was. Did she seem pleasant?"

"Oh, effusive. I always liked her, until you came between us. And she me, no?"

He tried to remember. At the height of their affair their spouses had seemed small and pathetic beneath them, like field mice under a hawk, virtually too small to discuss. "Sure," he said. "She admired you very much. She couldn't understand what I saw in her."

"Don't be sarcastic. You're no fun, Frank. I bring you this prize, and you look constipated."



"What did the two of you discuss, effusively?"

"Oh, winter. Food. The appallingness of malls. Apparently a new one is going in on the land of the old riding stable next to that place she had with Sam. She complained there wasn't any gluten-free flour or low-fat cookies in the whole supermarket—maybe she's trying to slim down her beefy friend—and I told her we had a new health-food store just open up here, a charming idealistic girl we were all trying to give business to. She said she'd drive right over. If you were hanging out in the drugstore, I'm surprised you didn't see her."

He saw he must confess; there was no evading feminine intuition. "I did. I saw this flash of red hair down below the post office, and ducked into the drugstore rather than talk to her."

"Frank dear, how silly again. She would have been nothing but pleasant, I'm sure."

"I didn't like the look of the thug she was with."

"If she had been alone, would you have gone up to her?"

"I doubt it."

Ann put the last package into the refrigerator and closed the door, hard enough so that a magnet in the shape of a pineapple fell to the floor. She didn't pick it up. "Your reacting so skittishly doesn't speak very well for us."

Infidelity, he reflected, widens a couple's erotic field at first, but leaves it weaker and frazzled in the end. Like a mind-expanding drug. He told Ann, "I felt nothing. I felt repelled."

"A 'flash of red hair'—I'll say. She's dying it an impossible color these days."

"You always said she dyed it."

"And she always did. Certainly now."

"I don't think so. Not Maggie."

"Oh, you poor thing, her hair would be as gray as yours and mine if she didn't dye it. She looked cheap, cheap and whorish, which is something I couldn't have honestly said before. You were smart not to allow yourself a look up close."

"You bitch, I know Maggie's hair better than you do." Ann froze, not certain from his expression whether or not he would come forward and strike her; but she was safe, he was not even seeing her. The woman he did see, stepping naked toward him across a sun-soaked carpet, was the one who, as long as he loved her, he must hate. ♦

A CRITIC AT LARGE

UPSET VICTORY

"Primary Colors" triumphs over the old politics of Hollywood.

BY HENDRIK HERTZBERG

THE film version of "Primary Colors" may or may not be destined for commercial success, but it is definitely a welcome act of political and cinematic hygiene. It may, in fact, be the long-sought vaccine for Smith's Syndrome, a disease that has afflicted American movies—and, as an inevitable consequence (this being, after all, America), American politics—ever since the evening of Monday, October 16, 1939, when Frank Capra's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" had its première in the city of its title. The symptoms of Smith's Syndrome include sentimentality, ignorance, corniness, showy patriotism, cynicism disguised as naïve idealism, a hatred of politics masked by ostentatious reverence for the constitutional forms that politics alone can bring to life, populist demagoguery, and stupidity. The malady comes in many forms and in many degrees of virulence. Such is the magic of cinema that the condition is seldom fatal and is often quite harmless. It is, however, pandemic. It's hard to think of an American movie touching on politics that has not been affected by it.

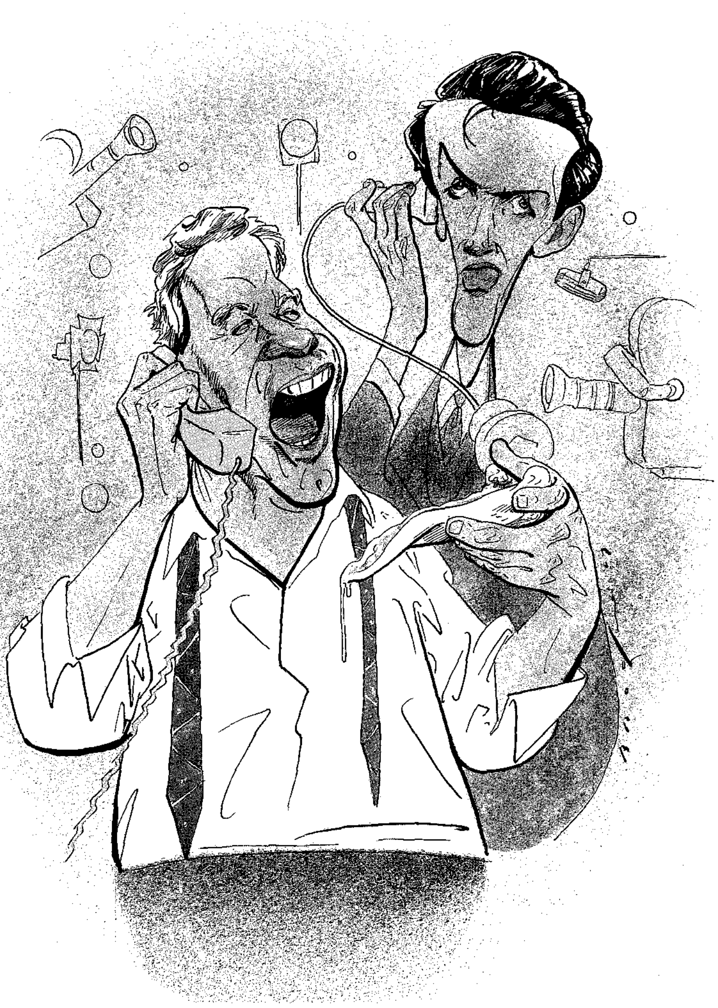
As far as I know, "Primary Colors" is the first product of Hollywood's pharmaceutical laboratories that presents the struggle for democratic political power in all its morally and humanly complex glory and, especially, shame. The Salk and Sabin of the enterprise are Joe Klein, a.k.a. Anonymous, who wrote the novel upon which Elaine May's screenplay is faithfully based (and who is now the Washington correspondent for this magazine), and Mike Nichols, the film's director. Their movie is a definitive answer to the easy moral certainties of Capra and his heirs.

America's ramshackle political system is fated always to oblige us to choose the "lesser of two evils" (neither of which, luckily, is ever wholly evil). What "Primary Colors" understands in a way that few other movies have done is that politicians, even more than voters, are obliged to choose among alternatives that are murky and unsatisfactory. As the world knows, "Primary Colors" draws the outlines of its characters and its story from Bill Clinton's 1992 run for the Presidency. The Stantons, Jack and Susan (played by John Travolta and Emma Thompson), are the Clintons, Bill and Hillary. Henry Burton (Adrian Lester) is the George Stephanopoulos figure, morphed into the preppy African-American grandson of a famous civil-rights leader; it is through his eyes that the action unfolds. Richard Jemmons (Billy Bob Thornton) is the James Carville equivalent. Libby Holden (Kathy Bates) is like unto Betsey Wright, the profane Clinton troubleshooter who coined the deathless phrase "bimbo eruptions." If you were alive during the Presidential campaign of 1992, you don't need a plot summary; but Klein's novel was a work of fiction—of art, if you like—and so is Nichols' film. The characters and incidents are not the same as their real-life models. But the actual and the imagined resonate with each other like guitar strings.

Nichols' luck in having the Monica Lewinsky business take over the world's front pages just as his movie was coming out has been widely remarked upon. And it's true, he is lucky, but for aesthetic reasons, not commercial ones. Absent Lewinsky, "Primary Colors," which turns on bimbo eruptions, might have seemed coarse and unfair: why is Nichols bringing all that up again? As it is, the movie is hardly more sensationalist than a David Broder Op-Ed piece. (One is reminded of "Dr. Strangelove," which seemed wildly over the top when it was released, in 1964; a decade later, after Vietnam and Watergate, it came across as subtle.) "Primary Colors" reminds us that "character," like it or not, is all of a piece. In the Lewinsky matter, the public seems to have instinctively grasped this point; hence its simultaneous beliefs that Clinton is lying about his erotic life and that he's a pretty good President. But these beliefs are not really contradictory, and "Primary Colors" helps explain why. We understand Bill Clinton better on account of what we learn about Jack Stanton, just as we understand Jack Stanton better on account of what we know about Bill Clinton.

People do some pretty ugly things in "Primary Colors." But the film is nonjudgmental—harshly nonjudgmental, you might say. This is not to suggest that it's morally inert. On the contrary, one of its pleasures—and there are many—is how suspensefully and intricately it draws out its moral dilemmas, which at any given moment are never quite what they seem to be. "There are no easy answers," politicians are forever saying. "Primary Colors" shows that they may actually mean something by that old dodge. The filmmakers have imbued their work with intelligence, humor both subtle and broad, and craftsmanship of a high order. And "Primary Colors" has something you don't often encounter at the multiplex: wisdom. By a considerable margin, it's the smartest movie ever made about American politics.

"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON" and its many offspring (which range from dramas, like "The Candidate," to farces, like "Dave") take the position that the trouble with American politics is bad people, abetted by weak people—that is, compromisers. In case you haven't seen the film lately, Jefferson Smith (James Stewart) is a Boy Ranger leader in a prairie state who is chosen by the party machine's puppet governor to fill out the tail end of a dead senator's term. Under the indulgent eye of his idolized senior colleague, Senator Joseph Harrison Paine, the Silver Knight (Claude Rains), and with the coaching of his winsome assistant (Jean Arthur, she of the divine voice), Smith introduces a bill to establish a boys' camp, on land to be bought with a government loan that would be repaid by the nickels and dimes of the little nippers themselves. Unfortunately, the two hundred acres that Senator Smith has his heart set on happen to be the site of a proposed federal infrastructure improvement already in the works—the Willet Creek Dam. You may not be shocked to learn that the land belongs to persons with political connections, who have bought it up in anticipation of a tidy profit, but Senator Smith certainly is. Indeed, the discovery unhinges him. He rises to denounce the dirty deal on the floor of the Senate.



Jack Stanton (John Travolta) is a definitive answer to the easy moral certainties of Mr. Smith (Jimmy Stewart) and his successors.

Senator Paine, after wrestling briefly with his conscience, massively retaliates. Using forged documents and a parade of lying witnesses, Paine accuses Smith of being the real owner of the land and thus the real profiteer. Just as the Senate is about to vote to expel him, Smith gets up and starts a filibuster. He reads the Constitution and the Bible out loud and holds the floor for twenty-four hours, while the political machine, which controls all the newspapers in his state, launches a giant smear campaign against him. Despite the valiant efforts of the Boy Rangers to defend him, the smear campaign yields bales of telegrams demanding his expulsion. When Smith collapses in defeat, the Silver Knight suddenly suffers another attack of conscience, is restrained from blowing his brains out in the cloakroom, and rushes to the floor, shouting, “I’m not fit to be a senator! I’m not fit to live! Expel me! Expel me, not him!” Applause, cheers, The End.

Never mind that Senator Paine had served the public interest honorably for thirty years, at the relatively small cost of not directly confronting the machine—less a Faustian bargain than simply a bargain. Never mind that Smith could have a hundred equally good sites for his boys’ camp. Never mind that the filibuster is the most undemocratic of political methods. Never mind that Smith has behaved like a thug, punching four out-of-shape reporters in the face after their papers poke gentle fun at him for being a rube. All that counts, the Jean Arthur character says, is that Smith has “plain, decent, everyday common rightness. And this country could use some of that. So could the whole cockeyed world.”

Oh, please. Played strictly for laughs, all this might have amounted to a tolerable, if off-target, lampoon. But it was meant to be taken seriously. “ ‘Mr. Smith Goes to Washington’ is a significant picture,” we are told in the film’s trailer, by no less a personage than the stentorian radio commentator H. V. Kaltenborn, the Walter Cronkite of his day. “It is significant because it emphasizes democracy in action.”

IN the decades since, Smith’s Syndrome has proved to be a resistant strain. The mildest cases involve films that merely use a political setting for background and color. Last year’s “Air Force One,” part of a crop of recent movies that deploy the Presidency as a kind of special effect, is nearly symptom-free. But “The Candidate” (1972), “Dave” (1993), and “The American President” (1995) really *are* about politics, and they’ve all got the Capra bug. “The Candidate,” directed by Michael Ritchie from Jeremy Larner’s fine script, is knowledgeable and sophisticated in its portrayal of a political campaign. But its hero—Robert Redford, as an idealistic California public-interest lawyer who runs for a Senate seat—is Jefferson Smith updated for the era of Nixon and Vietnam. Redford wins the election, but the process has so bruised his tender spirit that he wails in blank despair, “What do we do now?” (At the time, I wanted to shout at the screen, “Now we go to Washington and vote against the war!”) In Ivan Reitman’s “Dave,” written by Gary Ross, the title character (Kevin Kline), a sweet Everyman who’s a dead ringer for the President, ends up standing in for him. Like Smith, Dave is a stooge who turns the tables by deciding to do good—and doing good, of course, is a simple matter of being a decent, commonsense sort of fellow. (Budget need balancing? No problem. Dave and an accountant pal do it one day over bratwurst at the dining-room table.) “Dave” is a comedy and a funny one, but its condescending flattery of the audience leaves a small, sour aftertaste.

If “Dave” is the recent post-Smith acme of dumb Hollywood populism, Rob Reiner’s “The American President,” written by Aaron Sorkin, epitomizes dim Hollywood liberalism. The picture is a charming romantic comedy in the Tracy-Hepburn mold, with Michael Douglas as the President and Annette Bening as an environmental lobbyist who falls for him. (He’s a widower, so it’s O.K.) The re-creations of the White House, the West Wing, and Camp David are uncannily authentic, but the filmmakers see nothing amiss in having the lobbyist continue to lobby the President even after she's sleeping with him. And this President delivers a climactic, Smith-like speech in which, ludicrously, he denounces his own crime bill and replaces it with a proposal to ban handguns. (Viewers who sit through the full credits are rewarded with a clue: "First Assistant Director: Frank Capra III.")

Pathogens generate antibodies. There is also a long, if sparse, tradition of anti-Smith moviemaking, beginning with "The Great McGinty," the first feature written and directed by Preston Sturges. "McGinty" came out the year after "Mr. Smith" and reads like a direct refutation of it—almost as if Sturges had taken the hack governor who appoints Smith to the Senate and made *him* the hero. When we meet McGinty (Brian Donlevy), he's contentedly tending bar in a fleabag joint in some banana republic, and the movie unfolds as a flashback. He starts out as a bum who is plucked from a soup line to vote for machine candidates under dead voters' names at two dollars a time, which he does so assiduously that the boss (Akim Tamiroff) makes him a regular bagman and then an alderman. When it comes time for McGinty to run for mayor, his jaunty secretary (Muriel Angelus), a single mom, offers to marry him so that he can pretend to be a family man. By the time he's ready to run for governor, she's in love with him, and wants him to be as kind to the people as he is to her kids. To please her, he tells the boss that from now on he's going to serve his constituents, not the machine. The boss retaliates by giving the newspapers proof of McGinty's mayoral graft, and McGinty, pausing only to tell his wife where to find his secret cash stash, flees the country. Sturges's movie, like its hero, is wholly free of cant. "The Great McGinty" is the perfect pick-me-up for a "Mr. Smith" hangover.

Another rare victory in the struggle against Smithism was Hal Ashby's brilliant "Being There" (1979), adapted by Jerzy Kosinski from his novel. Peter Sellers, in an admirably controlled performance, plays Chance, a passive, calm, illiterate gardener whose mind, such as it is, has been shaped entirely by watching television in isolation. The film traces his rise from Chance the gardener to Chauncey Gardiner—respected economic sage, adviser to the President, and, by the end, probable future President himself. Dressed in his deceased employer's bespoke suits and uttering gardening banalities ("There will be growth in the spring") that everyone assumes are stunning metaphors, Chance is an idiot mistaken for a savant. Limning the panicky ignorance that often drives politics is only one of the movie's spooky accomplishments. (As it happens, I first saw "Being There" in a piquant setting: the Family Theatre of the White House. President Carter, for whom I worked as a speechwriter, loved movies, and frequently invited people over to watch new releases with him. On this particular evening, in the fall of 1979, when Carter's political standing was at a post-malaise low point, his guests included several prominent members of the Senate. In one scene, the movie's President, played by Jack Warden, is in bed with his wife and is unable to perform the conjugal act. The movie's First Lady sighs, "This never happened when you were a senator." At that, naturally, the assembled members of the world's greatest deliberative body emitted raucous whoops and exchanged high fives. Carter merely chuckled—a trifle bitterly, I thought.)

Barry Levinson's "Wag the Dog," from a script by Hilary Henkin and David Mamet, brings the Smith's Syndrome antibody up to the present. Much has been made of the film's prescient premise: a President in trouble on account of a sexual encounter with a young person (a Firefly Girl, not a Boy Ranger or an intern), a war scare (in Albania, this very month's flashpoint) hoked up to save him. "Wag the Dog" is terrific satire, but its real target is Hollywood, not Washington—and it skewers movie folk and folkways so expertly that the clumsiness of its take on politics and the media hardly matters. What gives it its place in the anti-Smith pantheon is its fierce anti-populism, its uncompromising hostility to sentimentality: there's no pandering here to the wisdom of the people, no grandstanding at the Lincoln Memorial, no reassuring note of hope at the end.

"Primary Colors" is about politics as a smelting furnace of character, not politics as policy. In a primary campaign, as opposed to a general election, the differences over "issues" are seldom very marked; the most important question is who can win and do the job. In order to suspend disbelief, you simply have to posit for the duration of the movie that electing a Democrat is a worthwhile goal (an easier task for some of us than for others, I admit). But if Jack Stanton and his primary-season rivals were Republicans it wouldn't make much dramatic difference.

The real heart of the story—what takes it beyond satire and current events—has little to do with the game of spotting the detailed parallels between Stanton and Bill Clinton. This becomes clear when the movie reaches its climactic final third and, with the bimbo eruptions over, an entirely new threat looms. Stanton's main Democratic rival has been sidelined by a heart attack, and to carry on for him a new candidate has entered the race—Fred Picker (Larry Hagman), a former Florida governor who had quit politics a decade before when his marriage failed. Picker assumes that his improvised campaign will be only a nominal effort, but it catches fire. Libby and Burton are dispatched to do some "oppo research" into a rumor of hushed-up graft in Picker's past. It doesn't check out, but they stumble across something else: Picker had been a cocaine addict, and had had a homosexual affair with his supplier—human failings, not venal ones.

For Libby, a lonely, aging idealist with a history of psychiatric illness, the

HURLY-BURLY

Who better to negotiate the terrain of wild ambition, weird magic, and paranoid delusion in "Macbeth" than two Hollywood stars? At the Public Theatre, under George C. Wolfe's showy direction, Alec Baldwin, as the infamous Thane of Cawdor, dons a leather muscle shirt, and the glamorous and gritty Angela Bassett, as the toned-up Lady Macbeth, literally grabs her husband by the balls as she urges him to "screw your courage to the sticking place." Riccardo Hernández's rough-hewn set, which is dominated by a large gilt mirror, gives Wolfe some dazzling opportunities to conjure the murk and madness of the bloodbath.

Photograph by Max Vadukul

Stantons have been everything. She sees Picker's vulnerability as a decisive test of her idols' moral mettle, and they flunk it spectacularly: they immediately start debating whether to leak the stuff to the Washington *Post* or the *Wall Street Journal*. In despair, Libby shoots herself.

At this point, you assume that Libby, in death, has become the moral voice of the movie, the carrier of its "message"—and in a Smith's Syndrome movie she would be. The point would be clear: the Stantons are ruthless politicians so corrupted by ambition that they'll do anything to win. But "Primary Colors" is not a Smith's Syndrome movie, and it takes its moral inquiry a step further. The Stantons' argument is that Picker's past is almost certain to come to light sooner or later, and better sooner than later. Because if Picker is already the party's nominee the bad guys will probably prevail—a disaster for the political beliefs that the Stantons share with, among others, Libby and Picker.

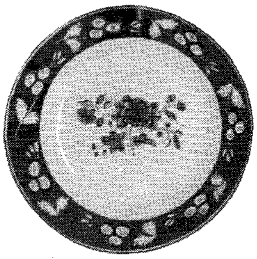
After Libby's suicide, the chastened Stantons stay their hand. Instead of leaking the dirt, Stanton, with Henry Burton in tow, goes to Picker and gently briefs him on what the Stanton campaign has turned up, promising not to reveal it. Picker, sadly grateful, remarks that what would really pain him would be for his family to see him become a national joke. He's obviously resigned to withdrawing—but it's his decision, not Stanton's.

Afterward, Henry confronts Stanton, saying that he wants to resign from the campaign. We set you a test, the aide tells his boss, and you flunked it. Yes, Stanton replies, I flunked it and then I passed it—do I get the low mark or the high one? But Stanton is impatient with Henry. He says he didn't hold back the information because that was the right thing to do; he did it for Libby—by which he means that he still thinks his original instinct was morally as well as politically sound.

What, in the end, is the difference between Picker and Stanton? It's not that one is incapable of behaving recklessly in his private life and then covering it up and the other isn't. It's that Stanton has the inner strength—the stomach—to tough it out. Stanton, after all, has already been a national joke, and he and his family have survived it. The ideal thing, no doubt, would be to find a candidate who has the stomach without the pecadilloes. But in politics the ideal thing is seldom a viable option—and in life, if not in theory, practical options are the only ones that count, the only ones with any real moral weight. "Primary Colors" is a disquisition on the moral meaning of political stomach. It isn't likely to convince anyone who thinks Clinton doesn't belong in the White House that he does (or vice versa), and it doesn't try to. But if it finds the audience it deserves, it may help people understand what it takes to get there.

FOR the opening of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," Columbia Pictures rented the biggest room in town—Constitution Hall, the fabled auditorium of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a few hundred yards from the White House. A formal dinner preceded the screening. President Roosevelt didn't make it, but the audience of four thousand included almost everybody else of importance (and self-importance) in Washington. Senator Burton K. Wheeler—the real Silver Knight, a great prairie progressive, who had been Robert M. La Follette's running mate in 1924—sat beside Frank Capra in the director's box. As the film unspooled, the angry murmurings did not take long to begin. During the filibuster scene, hundreds headed for the exits. When the houselights came up, Senator Wheeler coldly bade Capra good evening and immediately left. The place was already a third empty. How did they like the picture? Well, in the days that followed, the Senate voted to denounce it, and the State Department, worried that it would be a boon for Nazi propaganda, looked for ways to stop its being shown in Europe.

Perhaps the executives at Universal, which made "Primary Colors," know something of this history. Whatever their reasons, they decided against a Washington opening. Accordingly, the gala première, last Thursday evening, took place in Los Angeles. The studio was too cautious. In Washington, no one is going to walk out of "Primary Colors." After nearly sixty years of Smith's Syndrome, the people who live the political life are used to taking hits. They aren't expecting to be portrayed as saintly. It's enough that "Primary Colors" portrays them as human. ♦



May 5th.
The one day
you won't want
to skip breakfast.

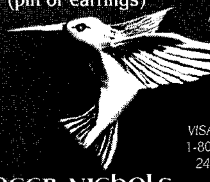
The New York
Women's Foundation
"Celebrating Women
1998 Breakfast"

We're setting a place for you.

Call 212-226-2220 to join us on May 5.

Your help enables us to support programs
for low-income women and girls.

The New York Women's Foundation
120 Wooster Street . NYC 10012 www.nywf.org



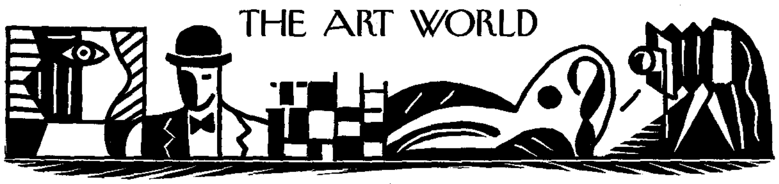
HUMMINGBIRD
(pin or earrings)
Sterling $29
14K Gold $125
14K Gold $161
w/diamond eye
Post or Wire Earrings:
Sterling $45
14K Gold $225
14K Gold $297
w/diamond eyes
Actual Size
Velvet Box
VISA/MC/AMEX
1-800-235-0471
24 Hrs. 7 Days
S/H $5.75
satisfaction guaranteed
ROGER NICHOLS
fine Studios jewelry
17 NW Irving Avenue • Bend, OR 97701

Interested in Napoleon?
THE NAPOLEONIC ALLIANCE
Contact us at:
5744 W. Irving Park Road, Dept. N
Chicago, IL 60634
tel. 773-777-4709 fx. 773-777-4828

LONDON THEATRE NEWS
Stylish monthly newsletter features reviews, recommendations, theatre and restaurant listings, and a ticket booking service. $51 - 1 yr; $30 - 6 months. Please send check to:
London Theatre News
Suite 620, 12 East 86th Street, New York, N.Y. 10028.
Or call: 1-800-779-0077.

HIKE THE ALPS!
Swiss Alps • Austrian Tryol
Mt Blanc Trek • Haute Route
Independent & Guided Travel
RYDER/ WALKER ALPINE
ADVENTURES
PO Box 947-Y • Telluride CO
81435 • (970) 728-6481
www.ryderwalker.com

THE ART WORLD



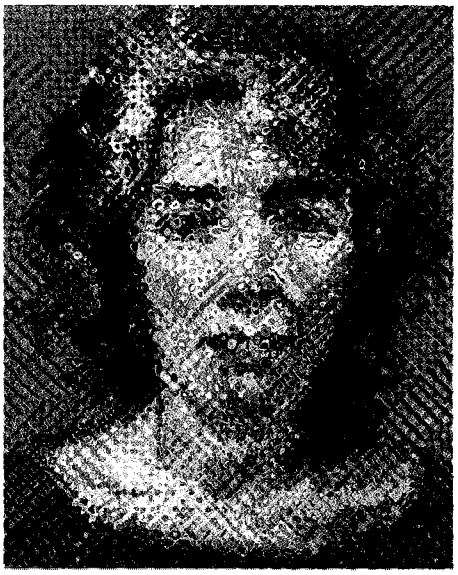
HEAD HONCHO

The evolution of Chuck Close's anti-portraits.

BY SIMON SCHAMA

THE Romantics got it wrong. Calamity is seldom the friend of creativity. When Goya went stone deaf, in 1792, his painting, for a time, became stunned and muffled, and his mind teemed with phantasmagoria. As Willem de Kooning slipped gradually into the memory void of Alzheimer's disease, his spiky aggression surrendered to thin, flailing ribbons of bright color, spooled through giant canvases, as though the artist were cheerily hailing a dimly recognized friend. No one knows better than Chuck Close the frosty indifference of disaster to the work of making good art. He has always insisted that the startling change of course in his painting, documented in the exhilarating and dazzling exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, was not forced on him by the blood clot in the artery to the spine which left him nearly quadriplegic. Rather, it had begun years before the bad day in December, 1988, when he left an awards evening at Gracie Mansion (having presented an award to a Brooklyn teacher) and walked into Doctors' Hospital. It may well be that the alteration in the temper of his work from cool to warm, from cerebral to celebratory, was accelerated by his feisty response to debilitating sickness. But there is no reason to give an episode of arbitrary physiological evil the credit for Close's inventiveness. Perhaps the question ought to be upended, and we should ask not how disaster changed Chuck Close's work but how that work, and in particular its formidable discipline, gave the disaster its comeuppance.

Chuck Close in his studio, with "Elizabeth," 1989. No one knows better the frosty indifference of disaster to the work of making good art.



(RIGHT) ©1998 THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NY

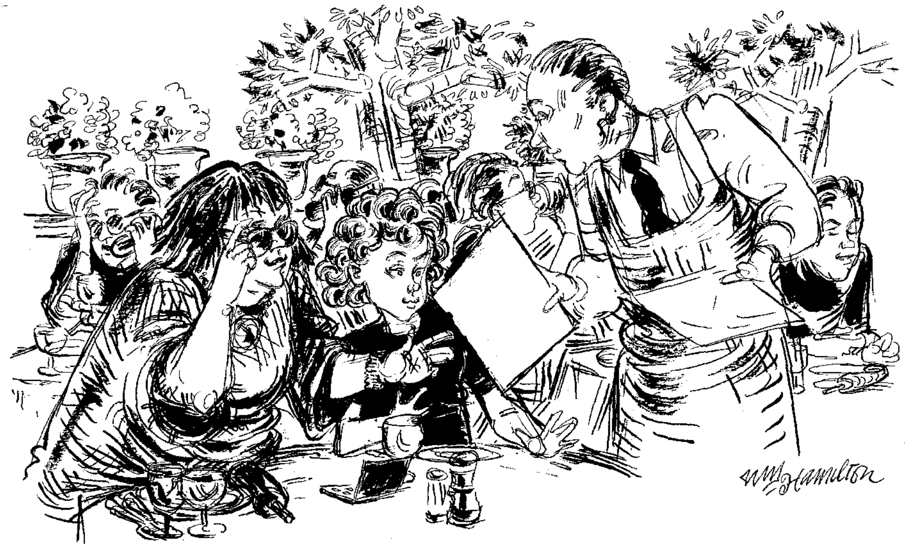
The triumph over paralysis is all the more impressive because Close's work from the outset has been characterized by a fanatical devotion to manual craft, even when the finished product, like the enormously magnified pseudo-photographic black-and-white "heads" with which the show begins, goes to extreme lengths to erase any evidence of craftiness. Like many members of his generation, Close marked his artistic independence in the late nineteen-sixties by repudiating the Abstract Expressionism at which he had dutifully toiled. Instead, he heeded Ad Reinhardt's dictum to adopt the kind of brushwork that covers all traces of the brush, completely dissolving the mark of the painter within the work. Conceptually, then, and despite being misleadingly pigeonholed as a photo-realist, Close has always felt an affinity with and an admiration for austere minimalists, like Robert Ryman and Brice Marden. But there is something monumentally maximal trying to get out of Chuck Close. Of his contemporaries, many of whom were at Yale with him, he has said, "We all wanted to de-artify our work, to make something that didn't look like art." And abstraction, however fiercely it tried to purify itself of the apparent mark of the painter, would always "look like art." Paradoxically, in a downtown New York culture where Clement Greenberg was king of the critics, and authentic painting was invariably equated with abstraction, figurative art lent itself more readily to being adopted as the "anti-art" that Close was looking for as his point of painterly departure.

The type of figuration, though, had to be as content-free as possible, to avoid any impression that what was being painted was "reality." In Close's case, what was being painted was photography. And not the painterly photography that slavishly emulated Old Master portraiture, with its expressive modulations of light and shade and dramatic poses, but the most aesthetically dumb and socially utilitarian imagery—passport photos, drivers' licenses, and mug shots—which seemed confined to the literal record of identity through facial inspection. On the other hand, Close has admitted that from the beginning he was counter-suggestibly drawn to portraiture, precisely because it seemed the most nearly extinct genre of all. He remembers reading that Clement Greenberg proclaimed to de Kooning, "The one thing you can't do in art any more is make a portrait," and that de Kooning, quick as a whip, responded, "Yeah, and you can't help but not make one." Close's own reaction was "Fuck 'em, I'm going to find a way to do it."

"It" had to be something that couldn't be done: portraits that were somehow also anti-portraits. Which is precisely what Close proceeded to accomplish, in the black-and-white pseudo-photographs of friends. To emphasize that these were paintings of photographs, mere distribution of paint on a flat surface, and not in any sense conventional portraits, Close made a point of calling them heads. Precluding any possibility of their being read as figures, he squeezed them tightly against the edges of the picture space, disconnecting the heads from the bodies, so they looked like enormous Mardi Gras faces bobbing along the gallery wall. To make these unsettling pictures, Close shot photographs of his subjects, divided each image into a fine grid, and then painstakingly transcribed the content of each square onto a gessoed, gridded canvas, in some of the paintings leaving the lines faintly visible. The head was worked up, square by square, with thin black paint airbrushed on the canvas; highlights were created by the scraping back of paint with a razor blade, and reflections, like the photo floods caught in the spectacles, were rubbed in with an eraser.

Being both photographer and painter in this process entitled Close to make pictures that attacked the conventions of both photography and painting. Portraiture was deliberately robbed of what Close (in common with most modern artists) assumed to be its traditional aim of capturing some defining characteristic of the sitter through painterly means, such as the expressiveness of brushstrokes, the fall of light, the selection of pose. At the same time, Close's mega-faces made an end run around photography's claim of mechanical duplication, delivering painted images aiming to be more coolly objective than any photograph: dispassionate inventories of physiognomic data, recorded follicle by follicle, pore by pore, freckle by freckle. He succeeded in this detached and exhaustive scrutiny so well that many of his subjects, on seeing the result, instantly resolved to change their appearance.

The mega-mugs are still psychologically compelling. But they owe much of their power to the degree to which Close was forced to depart from, rather than observe, his self-imposed detachment. If he had really wanted to make images of randomly observed faces, he might have chosen complete strangers for his shots, or worked, like Malcolm Morley, from "ready-made" photographs. But all his subjects were recruited from among his friends, many of them downtown artists, and the indulgent camaraderie of friendship got in the way of the attempt to create impassive colossi. Close (in keeping with the modernist doctrine of all-overness) was at pains to avoid emphasizing any area of the surface at the expense of any other, but the photographs turned out to have a life of their own, some areas being in tight, others in rather fuzzy, focus. And the lighting of the faces is not at all neutral but plays dramatically over wisps of cigarette smoke, bristling whiskers, sprouting nostrils, and, in the alarming case of Nancy Graves, snaggleteeth and staring eyes. Besides, since Close had chosen to paint himself as a don't-give-a-damn punk he could hardly deny the same sort of acting opportunities to his friends. Richard Serra's chosen persona is a stubble-cheeked tough guy, mean and murderous; Joe Zucker actually went to the length of assuming the guise of a low-rent salesman, getting himself up in a white polyester shirt and a car-dealer tie, slicking down his normally blond and curly hair with a dollop of Vaseline. These are not, after all, magnifications of arbitrarily captured IDs but calculated artifices, as artfully posed as any Renaissance image of a courtier or a condottiere.

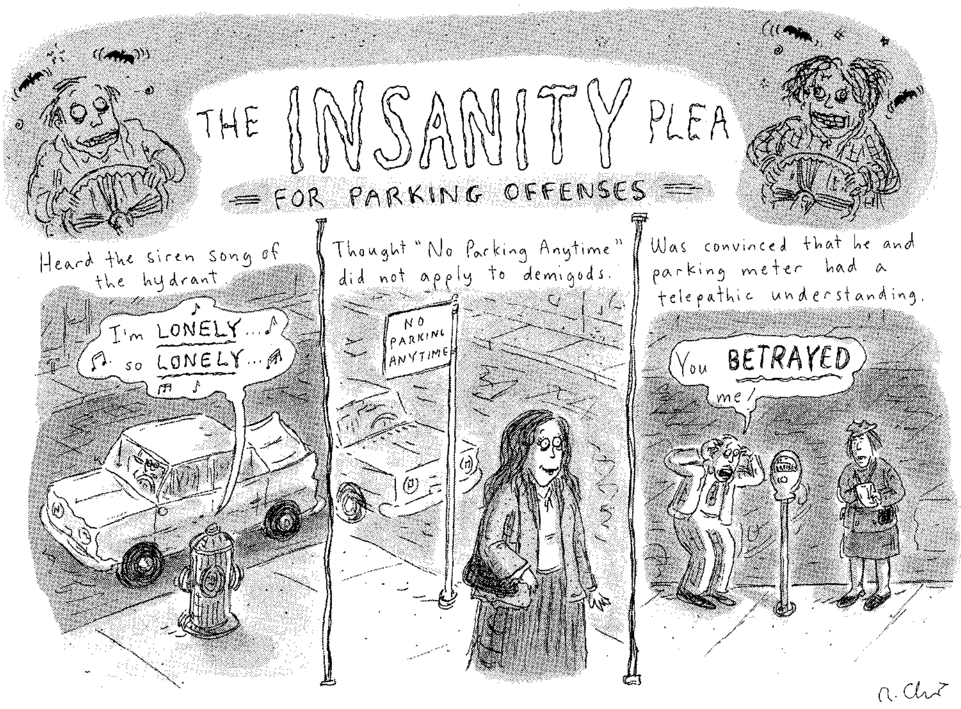


"She'll have a Shirley Temple, and I'll have a Shirley Temple's mother."

The stylized poses brought the heads into closer company with the portrait tradition than Close might have imagined, since, much as modernism liked to deny it, portraiture has always been concerned as much with the reproduction of a social mask as with the visual fixing of the persona. Some of the most obviously successful portraits by Ingres or Holbein, for example, have been remarkable for the calculated *avoidance* of anything remotely like self-revelation. Portrait painters, as Richard Brilliant's wise book on "Portraiture" argues, have always understood that the flattery of the sitter's sense of himself is only one of three coördinates in play in producing a face, the others being the imperatives of the artist's inner vision and, not least, the social expectations of the picture's likely audience.

Given, then, that photography was always more painterly and portrait painting more impersonally photographic than the modernist repudiation of both presupposed, it's no surprise to discover portraiture breaking through in Chuck Close's work, whether he wanted it there or not. During the nineteen-seventies, he decided to reproduce not merely the effect but the *process* of color Polaroids by painting heads in three one-color layers—red, yellow, and blue—each corresponding to the separations of the print process. The finished result, far from being impersonally mechanical, has an eerily expressive effect; the portrait of "Linda," for example, swims in a bloodshot red mist, where every bluish vein and waxy lipstick crease is mercilessly visible beneath a garish corona of hot-copper hair.

At some point, it must have become apparent to Close (as it had to Rembrandt three centuries before) that, paradoxically, the force of the sitter's presence was registered in *inverse* relation to the surface legibility of the image. Had he really wanted to keep his work clean of such impressions, he would have persevered with ever more crisply delineated contours. But warmth began to get the upper hand over cool, and the sharp lines crumbled sympathetically into emotive and suggestive techniques, used, very often, on subjects within his immediate family circle. His daughter Georgia is represented in a wonderfully free pulp-paper medium that forced him to execute the work gridless and at what for him was reckless speed. One of the most affecting of all the images in the show, a portrait of Close's grandmother-in-law Fanny, was


THE INSANITY PLEA
FOR PARKING OFFENSES
Heard the siren song of the hydrant.
I'm LONELY... so LONELY...
Thought "No Parking Anytime" did not apply to demigods.
NO PARKING ANYTIME
Was convinced that he and parking meter had a telepathic understanding.
You BETRAYED me!

painted with just the tips of his index finger and his thumb, the minutely printed patterns of the artist's epidermis resolving into a miraculously sympathetic representation of the lines, cracks, crevices, and erosions of her face. It is as if the painter had closed his eyes and explored the old woman's features with his own delicate touch. The fingerprint, the favored identification device of legal and criminal investigation, thus became in Close's hands something like its polar opposite: the tenderly applied mark of family affection.

By the late eighties, the match between subject and style had become overt. The explosively hot-tempered Lucas Samaras, for example, was painted by Close in 1987 ("Lucas II") like a Byzantine mystic: a burst of brilliant concentric circles of color radiate out from a hub of concentration situated right between the subject's wild eyes. For Samaras, the frontal hieratic pose that Close had generally adopted still seemed right. But Cindy Sherman, got up in a disguise of nerdy glasses and ponytail, is turned to three-quarters profile, her chin tilted down over the neck, eyes half-closed, drolly challenging the viewer to make something of it. Close was now painting in oils, glossy blues, purples, greens, and pinks shimmering through the tight netting into which the painting remained divided. Yet the range of color was still relatively limited and the patterning a dense harlequinade, the better to preserve the feeling of an all-over atmospheric.

Then came the catastrophe. Close spent seven months in agonizing rehabilitation at the Rusk Institute, where he remembers the "art center" as one of the most depressing places he had seen in his life. His first thought, when he could bear to consider what lay ahead, was that he would have to become a conceptual artist, with other hands executing his ideas. But this flew in the face of everything he had ever tried to accomplish as a painter. Supported in his resolve by his wife, Leslie, a landscape historian and a heroine herself in this story, Close battled to the point at which he was able to paint once more, using a brush-holding contraption attached to his right wrist and forearm, and directing it by means of the muscular strength left in the upper arm and shoulder. A mechanical easel raised or lowered his canvases through a slot in the floor to the height required for any particular passage in the painting.

In defiance of these formidable difficulties, Close determined to turn his loss of fine motor control into an asset, rather than let it be a liability. The grid became bigger, the painting looser and more assertive. The tiles of bright, glowing paint now enclosed multicolored ovals that bulged against their retaining walls or flowed generously over the borders. At some point, Close must have seen that the *irresolution* of the lozenges of color could be exploited to wonderful effect, to lend the face a sense of perpetually composing itself, the fixed quality of a photograph shaken loose into human tentativeness. April Gornik's mouth of crushed strawberries looks as though it were on the point of making a speech or expecting a kiss; Kiki Smith's green eyes are suspiciously watchful.

As the individual units of the grid, having been filled to overspill with radiant puddles of color, began to assume more importance relative to the over-all composition, Close began to treat them as miniature abstractions in their own right. They remained the building blocks for a complicated, interlocking optical structure. But the tremble on the surface—the *resistance* of the face to coherence—now became part of its power.

It's a commonplace these days to refer to the confectionery-colored units from which Close's recent portraits are built as doughnuts. For that matter, the elongated rings and ovals, with four or five different dabs of color overlapping each other, wet into wet, could as easily be described as jellybeans, bagels, or hot dogs, any of which might fairly convey the ballpark high spirits of the painting. But there's a lot more going on in the recent work than fast food for the eye. The webbing of color that turns Roy Lichtenstein and Robert Rauschenberg into tattooed Marquesans, illustrated men, has been brought so overpoweringly close to the viewer that the effect is literally mesmerizing, like so many in-your-face drill sergeants turned hypnotists. Seen close up, the slippery glowing shapes seem charged with organic energy, jostling against their containing grid; they appear less like doughnuts than like cellular organisms in microscopic magnification, swimming in their nourishing culture and adhering to one another to generate new strings of life. Thanks to molecular biology, we now understand that within the most elementary strands of cells lies the genetic information needed to construct an entire personality. Intentionally or not, Chuck Close's molecular faces seem also to encode both specific and general, microscopic and macroscopic, information. Thirty years ago, he subscribed to the modernist creed that an all-over democracy of detail was the American way of painting. Now he seems to have discovered that the motto for his indefatigably original work ought, after all, to be "E Pluribus Unum." ♦

BOOKS

THE SOUL OF ARMENIA

A first novel about genocide survivors.

BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

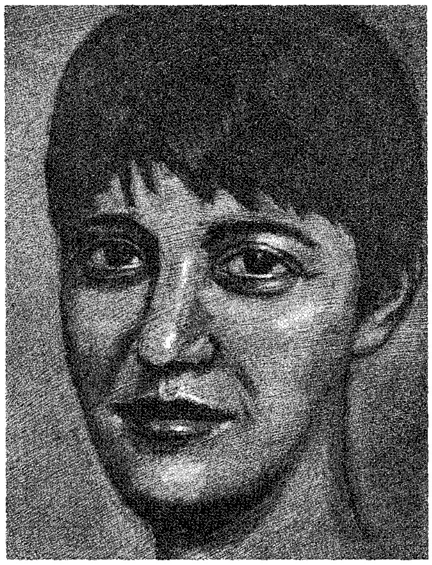
AMERICA is for many of its inhabitants a place of both refuge and exile—a land of promises and of the destruction of promises. In "Zabelle" (Atlantic Monthly; $23), a memoir-like first novel by Nancy Kricorian, it's a paradise that becomes a land of heartbreak, where Armenian survivors of the 1915 genocide in Ottoman Turkey, like Zabelle Chahasbanian, confront a more subtle annihilation in the Americanization of their children. Zabelle recalls the childhood of her older son:

> Although Moses had stopped speaking Armenian when he was twelve, he never pretended he didn't understand us when we spoke it, which some kids did. He answered us in English, and soon [his brother] picked up the trick. That was how the Armenians would be finished off. First we were driven out, then the children abandoned the language.

Zabelle and her husband, Toros, a grocer, who are first-generation immigrants living in Watertown, Massachusetts, are further insulted when this same son, determined to pursue a distinctly American career as a Christian evangelist, claims that God has ordered him not only to change his name from Chahasbanian to Charles but to have a nose job as well. Zabelle is stunned. Is this a funny event in the life of her family, like the ones in American sitcoms, or does it have overtones of tragedy? Zabelle can respond to Moses only in personal terms, in the manner of a TV mom:

> "That's crazy! Why would God tell you to change your nose? It's a perfectly beautiful Armenian nose. It's your father's nose, and his father's nose, and his father's nose before him. Who are you going to be, Moses? What kind of a person are you going to be without your name and your nose?"

We know how this struggle will end: Moses will acquire a new, generic name and a new, generic nose, and he'll disappear into a generic America as far from his ethnic parents as he can get. And years later, visiting them, he'll be overheard complaining to his non-Armenian wife that he doesn't know how to talk to "these people."



Nancy Kricorian

The struggle between Armenian and American also typifies "Zabelle" as a work. Where the soul of this affecting and often lyrical novel is Armenian, it's haunting and convincing; where it's American, the immigrant Armenians and their assimilated children are hardly more than caricatures. At the outset, there's a fairy-tale quality to the prose—a sense of wondrous and terrible things happening apart from human volition. We first meet Zabelle in the Prologue, near the end of her life, when she has a minor heart attack at a surprise party for her seventy-fifth (or seventy-sixth) birthday. Nightmare memories suppressed for six decades begin to assail her, and she becomes unmoored from her life in 1985 Watertown: "She was on a boat whose anchor had worked itself loose, and the tide was pulling it slowly away from shore."

In the Prologue, Zabelle is observed through the eyes of her children and grandchildren—particularly a granddaughter named Elizabeth, who seems to be the novel's recording consciousness. But Zabelle dies, and Elizabeth never returns—except, perhaps, as the unnamed narrator of the novel's Epilogue, telling of the romantic early history of Zabelle's parents. This, again, is the fairy-tale world of fate: Zabelle's young father is shot by Turkish soldiers in 1916, when she is a young child, and her mother dies of exhaustion and starvation soon afterward, in a refugee encampment in the Syrian desert.

Most of the novel is Zabelle's first-person story, told to us posthumously. Its early chapters, depicting a child's "kaleidoscopic" view, are both luminous and terrifying, and they are sparely written. This is the terror-numbed region of the soul so memorably evoked by the Israeli novelist Aharon Appelfeld in his mythic Holocaust fictions, "Badenheim 1939" (1980) and "Tzili: The Story of a Life" (1983). Here Zabelle describes a forced death march into the desert:

> There were bodies everywhere I looked. Some were old, some were babies, some were bleeding from the mouth, some were half-alive. The smell was terrible, the flies, the maggots, the animals chewing on an arm or a leg while the eyes rolled up, staring at the sky. But we kept walking. Where are we going? I asked my mother. She didn't know. But we kept walking.

After her mother dies, Zabelle survives by begging in the Kurdish town of Ras Al-Ain. By chance, she is plucked from probable death and taken to a Turkish orphanage, where she's given a Turkish name; in time, she's chosen to be a kitchen maid for a well-to-do Turk, and eventually she is rescued by Armenians, is brought to Constantinople in 1924 to live with wealthy benefactors, and is soon selected as a wife for an Armenian already living in the United States. Zabelle's life until now has largely occurred beyond her volition, as beyond her comprehension. We're reminded of those swift changes of fortune in Grimm's fairy tales, where the inner life scarcely exists, because what we are has little to do with what we experience. Zabelle accepts good fortune as she has accepted bad: "Like a cat, I was about to leap from one life to another."

ONCE Zabelle is married to Toros, an older, narrowly religious man, however, her mercurial cat life ends forever. Kricorian's compelling epic-in-miniature shifts its tone from the mythic to the mundane. Zabelle, having never quite acquired an identity, now becomes a type: the immigrant wife. In place of wonders we confront clichés. Zabelle has babies—two sons and a daughter. She feuds with a monster mother-in-law, whose stranglehold on the weakling Toros persists beyond the grave. She pines for a young, lost love, but, when she finally meets him again, he has become a diminished, henpecked husband. The absence of a fully realized inner life for Zabelle seriously weakens the novel, for surely even an ordinary individual is more than the sum of her repressed memories. Yet, except when she and Toros are assailed by nightmares of the genocide, both are shallow characters.

"ZABELLE" may be of particular interest in that it touches, however sketchily, upon one of the lesser-known genocidal campaigns of the twentieth century. The Turkish government's denial of the genocide has been absolute, and remains so to this day. Readers drawn to Nancy Kricorian's subject will want to read the more richly imagined and carefully documented memoir "Black Dog of Fate: An American Son Uncovers His Armenian Past" (Basic; $24), by the poet Peter Balakian. Like Kricorian, Balakian begins his story with a matriarchal grandmother from the generation that emigrated to America to make a new life, predicated upon psychic numbness and what Balakian calls "encoded stories" and "lyric memory," which were communicated through folktales. Both "Zabelle" and "Black Dog of Fate" ask painful questions of all of us: Can one repress the past? And how is one to speak of the "unspeakable"? It's significant that for the aging Zabelle only when "memories [flash] by like a deck of playing cards being shuffled, then slapped onto a tabletop" does life quicken, and the loneliness that is her Armenian heritage in America lessen. "My heart is a broken bowl," Zabelle tells her grandson, in Armenian, but he doesn't understand the language, and it can't be expressed in English. ♦

(Advt.)

These may indeed be "the times that try men's souls"—and women's as well—but there are those who refuse to stand idly by and accept the unacceptable.

Over the course of three years at the Texaco Corporation, **Bari-Ellen Roberts** experienced firsthand the way the company treated its minority employees, and decided to fight back. In ***ROBERTS VS. TEXACO***, she chronicles her struggle against a corporate culture of racism and sexism encouraged by top executives of the petroleum giant. Her stand earned her the enmity of powerful men, and forced her to confront high-level deceptions, legal tactics, and astonishing reversals of fortune. But her groundbreaking legal victory—a successful $176 million class action suit brought against the corporation on behalf of its 1,400 African American employees—made history and awakened a nation to a widespread wrong that must be redressed.

ROBERTS VS. TEXACO
A True Story of Race and Corporate America
BARI-ELLEN ROBERTS
WITH JACK E. WHITE

As "top cop" for the U.S. Department of Transportation, former Inspector General **Mary Schiavo** got a close-up look at the mismanagement, and dangerous negligence that runs rampant throughout the aviation industry and its ineffectual "policing" organization, the FAA. The book she wrote in response, ***FLYING BLIND, FLYING SAFE***, was a *New York Times* bestseller in hardcover, not simply because it exposes a potentially catastrophic situation, but because it provides valuable information and advice that will enable air travelers to greatly increase their safety while in flight.

FLYING BLIND, FLYING SAFE
MARY SCHIAVO
WITH SABRA CHARTRAND

The heroine of **A. Manette Ansay**'s ***VINEGAR HILL*** is a dutiful Midwestern wife and mother trapped with her two children in the loveless and suffocating home of her in-laws. In a novel the *Chicago Tribune* selected as "one of the best books of the year," this author recreates a world of guilt, pain, and secrets, as she tells the story of a singular young woman determined to change and grow and protect her family and her own vibrant spirit from the cruelty and narrow-mindedness surrounding them.

A. Manette Ansay
Vinegar Hill

We'll talk again.

AVON BOOKS
The Hearst Corporation

http://www.AvonBooks.com

(Cong.)

We are proud to congratulate

JAMES CARLOS BLAKE

on winning the *Los Angeles Times* Book Prize for Fiction

for his novel

IN THE ROGUE BLOOD

We'll talk again.

AVON BOOKS
The Hearst Corporation

"The perfect newsletter for travel junkies... GOLF TRAVEL offers straightforward, concise and helpful reviews of golf destinations around the world." - *Golfweek*

GOLF TRAVEL, the acclaimed monthly newsletter, evaluates the best--and most over-rated--*golf travel* destinations in the U. S. and abroad. Eliminates guesswork and costly mistakes. Includes reviews of courses, lodging, dining, non-golf activities, and more each month. Unbiased, candid, and fiercely independent. $79 per year, satisfaction guaranteed. Check, Visa, MasterCard, or American Express accepted.

The Perfect Gift! 1-800-225-7825 *Order Now!*

GOLF TRAVEL
The Ultimate Guide to Great Golf Getaways
P. O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903
Fax: 804-977-4885. Web site: www.golftravelguide.com

BOOKS ON TAPE® #1
World's Largest Selection™

- Over 4,500 Bestsellers on cassette
- Full-length readings
- Call for more information

(800) 88-BOOKS

Box 7900-N, Newport Beach, CA 92658

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

Light *A Quarterly of Light Verse*
www.litline.org/html/lightquarterly.html
$16/YR $5/SAMPLE 1-800-285-4448
BOX 7500 CHICAGO IL 60680

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK
At A Price You Can Afford!
$1.49 EACH Size: 5½"x 8½", 96 pgs, 1000 copies, 2-color cvr. All sizes & page counts.
Hard & Soft Cover. Free Price List.
800-277-8960 PROFESSIONAL PRESS
P.O. Box 3581 • Chapel Hill, NC 27515-3581

SMALL SPACE = BIG BUSINESS
Reach 3.5 million NEW YORKER readers who spent almost 1.7 billion dollars* on mail-order purchases in the past year.
•
For more information on SMALL SPACE ADS, please call 212.536.5600.
* SOURCE: FALL 1997 SIMMONS

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
It weighs only 22 pounds. You can buy more than a canoe.
606-986-2336

THE THEATRE

EYES OF THE BEHOLDER

Identity crises on Broadway.

BY JOHN LAHR

IN one of the great contemporary farces, Joe Orton's "What the Butler Saw," a character who has been caught up in the mayhem of farce's fun machine crawls, wounded and bleeding, toward a psychiatrist. "If the pain is real I must be real," the demented man says. "I'd rather not get involved in metaphysical speculation," the psychiatrist replies. The traditional French boulevard farce, which "What the Butler Saw" both honored and deconstructed, is not about speculation but about action—even the word "farce" has its root in the French for "to stuff" (as in "chicken *farci*"). It is a genre crammed with jokes, parody, and delicious incident, whose momentum drives the frenzied characters to the point of disintegration and madness.

At one point in Georges Feydeau's "A Flea in Her Ear" (at the Roundabout) a bordello bellboy called Dodo—who is the look-alike of a well-off insurance-company director, M. Victor Chandebise, falsely suspected of adultery (Mark Linn-Baker doubles in the roles)—becomes so confused in the merry-go-round of mistaken identities that he bleats, "Tell me who I am." His cry is the iconic anthem of farce, whose game is to take the solidity of haute-bourgeois life, push it to the point of violent collapse, and, by the finale, return life to its old comfortable order. Down the decades, boulevard farce has proved a conservative but golden formula: picking the pockets of the paying customers by confirming them in the smug convictions of their class.

Georges Feydeau (1862-1921) is the indubitable master of this complex art of comic exaggeration. "I keep the cool, calm poise of the chemist measuring out his medicine," Feydeau wrote of his method of playwriting. "I put into my pill a gram of imbroglio, a gram of licentiousness, a gram of observation. As well as I can, I grind them all into a powder." He went on, "And I can tell, almost without fail, the effect that they will produce." His prodigious gift for comic invention and for comic structure—after a flop in 1890 he took two years off to study play construction—turned boulevard caprice into something that was, finally, poetic. In his hands, farce became a metaphor of self-consciousness.

As might be expected of someone so unrelenting in his obsession to manufacture extreme gaiety, Feydeau was a melancholic man; he ended his days at a sanitarium in Rueil. Feydeau's battle against sorrow is felt in the manic metabolism of his plays, and in their ambition to undermine sanity. "To make a good *vaudeville*, you take the most tragic situation possible, a situation fit to make a mortician shudder, and you try to bring out its burlesque side," he wrote. "There is no human drama which does not offer at least several comic aspects." Feydeau went on, "When writing a play, I seek among my characters the ones who should not run into each other, and they are precisely the ones I bring into confrontation as soon as possible."

In "A Flea in Her Ear," for instance, this collision of opposites is engineered within the first ten minutes. We learn that Chandebise's nephew, Camille (well played by Shaun Powell), who can't pronounce consonants, is having it off with the maid Ninette (Camilia Sanes). It's Camille—"a man who has nothing but vowels to offer"—who is the real adulterer, and a patron of the Hotel Pussycat bordello, not his sexually listless uncle. A borrowed pair of Victor's suspenders sent back from the bordello is intercepted by Mme. Chandebise (Kali Rocha), who misreads the evidence and hatches a plot to catch her husband in the act. Jean-Marie Besset and Mark O'Donnell, the co-adapters, have provided a deft and witty script that has more than a whiff of "Fawlty Towers" in the cut and thrust of its dialogue. Victor shows his friend, the vain, malaprop-prone Spanish aristo Carlos Homenides de Histingua (Mark McKinney, having good innings), the unsigned declaration of love he's received:

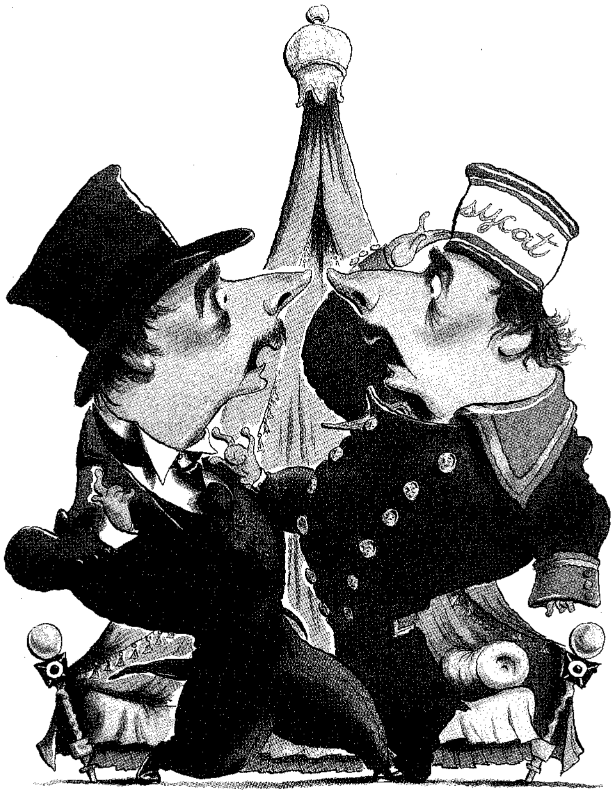
HOMENIDES: *Es verdad*? Who is the woman?

VICTOR: I don't know. She didn't sign it.

HOMENIDES (*deep*): Perhaps she is . . . anonymous.

But Bill Irwin's production can't live up to the fun of the script. Part of the problem is down to casting. The ensemble itself is quite young; as a group, the actors lack both the years and the swank necessary to give a sense of desperation to their capering and a sense of privilege to the vainglory for which the author punishes them. In farce, the audience's hilarity is in proportion to the gravity of the actors' attack; they must be in earnest. The joke is for us to know and the characters never to find out. Unfortunately, this note has not been given to Angie Phillips, who, as Lucie Homenides de Histingua, the wife of the spluttering Spaniard, is Mme. Chandebise's confidante and ghost-writes the "anonymous" love letter. Phillips seems to be in a world of her own onstage—by the looks of it, in an episode of "I Love Lucy." Her mugging, crossed eyes, and funny voices tip the delicate balance of farce's earnestness, and the play never quite recovers its equipoise.

Likewise, although Irwin himself is an uninhibited physical comedian, he lets the lanky James Lally, who plays the tyrannical bordello concierge Justin Battalion—a kind of low-rent Basil Fawlty, given to kicking the help in fury—pull back from really committing to the outrageousness of his physical outbursts. Inevitably, his set pieces, which are funny as written, fizzle like a damp Roman candle. Irwin makes a couple of sensational stage pictures, especially one at the finale, when the agitated Victor is swarmed by the cast at the window that Dodo has jumped out of moments before: the scrum allows Mark Linn-Baker to escape through a trapdoor, appear miraculously for a second on the windowsill as Dodo, fall back again, and finally emerge from the gang tackle as Victor.



Mark Linn-Baker doubles as a bellboy and a businessman in "A Flea in Her Ear."

The surreal moment is a dazzling exhibition of farce's exaggeration and its power to conjure the physically impossible. Sadly, this bit of artificial respiration comes too late.

THE farceur understands that identity is a fragile agreement between ourselves and those around us; his job is to confound this agreement. Yasmina Reza's "Art" (at the Royale), which began in Paris and has played successfully in boulevard theatres around the world, is really farce without a traffic plan, and a splendid vehicle for three masterly actors. Here the only thing that comes frequently into and out of the room is a large white canvas, which Serge (Victor Garber) has bought for two hundred thousand francs—a purchase that calls into question his sanity and that of his two close friends, Marc (Alan Alda) and Yvan (Alfred Molina), and threatens to shatter a fifteen-year friendship. "It's unsettled me, it's filled me with some indefinable unease," says Marc, who calls the painting "shit." When told of Serge's purchase, Yvan says, "Has he gone crazy?"

The play, elegantly translated, from the French, by Christopher Hampton, then becomes a kind of metaphysical waffle on the nature of modernism, with Serge the exponent of the new, Yvan straddling the fence and lying about his feelings, and Marc mouthing the fervent philistinism that the Broadway burghers love to applaud. "As you know, culture is something I absolutely piss on," Marc says in a moment of high dudgeon. The painting is the focus around which the three friends act out farce's eternal threat to identity. They can't reach an agreement; their disagreement sends them careering into their own often hilarious defensive postures to preserve their sanity.

At one point, Yvan invokes the wisdom of his psychiatrist; he pulls out a piece of paper that he reads to his squabbling mates. "If . . . I'm who I am because you're who you are, and if you're who you are because I'm who I am, then I'm not who I am and you're not who you are," he says, to roars from the audience. Although it sounds like Sartrean gobbledygook, the speech actually describes what farce shows: the bad faith—the lies and self-consciousness—into which the characters are betrayed by circumstance. In the end, Marc finally admits his envy of the painting for taking Serge's attention away from him. Serge allows him to "spoil" the painting with a Magic Marker (the ink washes off). But the grand gesture allows Marc to accept the painting as art, and brings the three friends back together again. A consensus has been reached about art and life; good manners, like diplomatic relations, are once again reinstated to preserve the illusion of cohesion. The play's ending is not entirely rational; but, as Orton once wrote, "You can't be a rationalist in an irrational world. It isn't rational." ◆

DEEP SEE INSIGHT.
Insight, biggest and bestselling travel series, turns its penetrating gaze on countless islands and seaside resorts. With stunning photos and insightful text, you'll see before you sail. All bookstores.
INSIGHT GUIDES

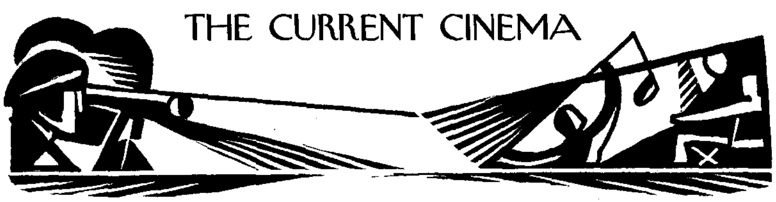
DESIGN AT HARVARD
June 22–July 31, 1998
career discovery program
Harvard University
Graduate School of Design
48 Quincy Street
Cambridge, MA 02138
(617) 495-5453
http://www.gsd.harvard.edu/cardisc
architecture
landscape architecture
urban planning & design
For people of all ages considering career choices or changes
IMAGE: NICHOLAS STANOS, MAUD '96

ANTIQUE QUILTS
Unique selection of antique quilts from Pennsylvania in excellent condition. Send $7 for current color photos & catalog.
THE ANTIQUE QUILT SOURCE
385 Springview Rd., Dept. NY
Carlisle, PA 17013 (717) 245-2054
www.antiquequiltsource.com

COUNTRY WALKERS
19 Years of excellence in Worldwide Walking Vacations
◆ Europe, Africa, North & South America and the South Pacific
Free catalog call 800-464-9255
www.countrywalkers.com

Factory Direct • Handcrafted • Elegant
WOOL CAPES
Pure wool. 3 styles. 6 colors. People love the warmth - and the romance - of our capes.
Brochure and Free swatches.
1-800-788-9842 or write:
Casco Bay Fine Woolens, 34 Danforth St.
Box 25NY, Portland, Maine 04101

French Country Vacation Rentals
Dordogne, Provence & more
Cottages, farmhouses & villas
Expert, personalized service
AT HOME IN France
541-488-9467
www.athomeinfrance.com

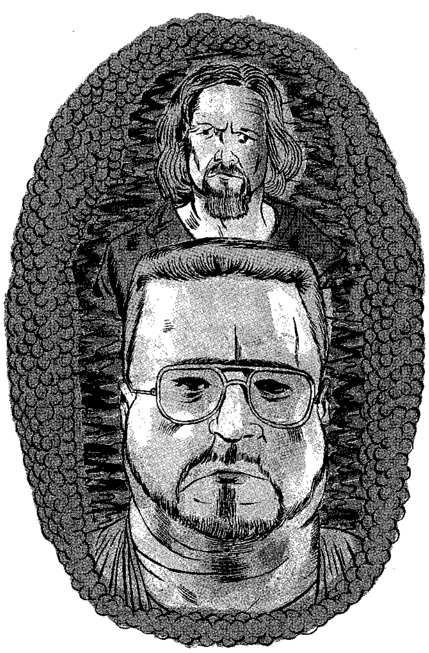


THE CURRENT CINEMA

SMART ALECKS

Chilling with the Coen brothers.

BY DAPHNE MERKIN



Bridges and Goodman in "The Big Lebowski": Bowling meets Orthodox Judaism.

WHAT'S with the Coen brothers? Do their thoughts run, like Wordsworth's, too deep for words? Or do they speak a secret language of siblings, in which their meaning is clear only to each other? And why is it that they sometimes manage to make movies with characters you're invited to care about—"Fargo" and, more intermittently, "Miller's Crossing"—but more often lapse into sophomoric bunkum, like "Raising Arizona," or beautifully crafted but sterile exercises, like "Barton Fink"?

It's a puzzlement. Joel and Ethan Coen burst on the scene with an unflappable sense of visual style and an almost mechanistic moviemaking energy that suggested an auteurlike assurance beyond their years. (They made their first film, "Blood Simple," in 1984, before either of them had turned thirty.) Even when their movies don't pull you in emotionally, they command attention with their meticulous visual detail and crispness of tone. The brothers—who write, produce, and direct—have worked with brilliant production designers and cinematographers (including Barry Sonnenfeld, who went on to direct "Men in Black"). And, because they write self-consciously colorful characters, they attract classy presences like Albert Finney and Paul Newman, as well as such gifted regulars as John Goodman, Steve Buscemi, and John Turturro. The Coens' dialogue is sharp and clever, and they're equipped with cool, postmodern sensibilities that encourage them to treat everything that's ever been thought or said—whether sublime or ridiculous—as material for ironic appropriation. Small wonder, then, that these prodigious brothers—who have shrewdly positioned themselves as blasé Hollywood outsiders while buffing an image as the hippest of industry insiders—have earned a rapt following. And yet, while watching their latest movie, "The Big Lebowski," I found myself wondering why, after the mysteriously affecting "Fargo," they'd reverted to their studied pose of cynical disengagement.

Set in Los Angeles during the Gulf War, "The Big Lebowski" comes on as a smart riff about innocent knuckleheads in a sleazy world. It stars Jeff Bridges—his once muscular body gone lax and his hair worn à la Charles Manson—as the Dude. He's a carefree seventies-style dropout who lives in a ratty bungalow in Venice; his busy schedule includes lots of driving around in his beat-up car and "the occasional acid flashback." But most of his time is devoted to hanging out at the local bowling alley with his two buddies. One of them is Walter (John Goodman), a chronically irate Nam vet who's converted to Orthodox Judaism and likes to warn people that they're "entering a world of pain" if they mess with him. The other is Donny (Steve Buscemi), the trio's sweet but dim verbal foil. The Dude's peaceful existence is interrupted by at least three (I may have lost count) extortion and kidnapping plots, all of which revolve around an elderly millionaire in a wheelchair (David Huddleston); Bunny, his blond trophy wife (Tara Reid), who appears to dabble in porn-film acting when she's not indulging her shopping habit; and his fire-breathing daughter, Maude (Julianne Moore). Unfortunately, the Dude happens to have the same last name as the millionaire—Lebowski. After a couple of thugs rough the Dude up—and pee on his prized rug—he shows up at the tycoon's ornate offices, and is quickly ensnared in the Big Lebowski's sordid schemes. Many cartoonish episodes, one falsely accused fifth grader, and three self-styled "nihilists" later, the Dude is back, pretty much where he started, at the bowling alley.

Bridges exudes his usual lazy charm, and Goodman gives Walter such a complex reading that he threatens to shift the movie into a more tender mood. Moore has terrific aplomb; John Turturro does a twitchy, vivid turn as a psycho bowler; and Philip Seymour Hoffman, who was so good as the gay gofer in "Boogie Nights," plays an ingratiating assistant to perfection. Roger Deakins's seductive camera work and Rick Heinrich's production design almost succeed in tying the movie together; both are shown off to particular advantage in lavish dream sequences that look like Busby Berkeley on Ecstasy.

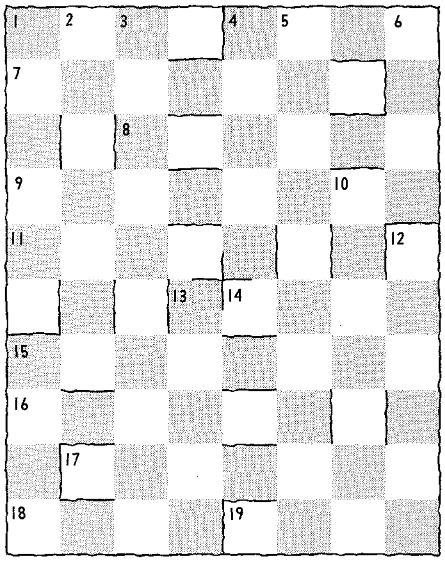
The movie is sprinkled with references to Jewish rituals—like pepper in gefilte fish—which, just from the sound of them, are meant to be hilarious. While I have nothing against people making fun of other people's religions, there's something too easy—not to mention condescending—about the way it's done here. What's not clear, however, is whether Walter's confusion about the details is another indication of how scrambled his brains are or whether the Coens just couldn't get things right. (If you're a convert to Orthodox Judaism, you'd understand that "erev Shabbos" refers to the period before the Sabbath begins, during which you *can* still pick up the phone and drive a car, and you'd never eat hamburgers from the In & Out Burger.)

In the end, none of this matters. "The Big Lebowski" is so drenched in knowingness—it pays homage to everyone from John Lennon to Theodor Herzl—that there's nothing really at stake. (Insofar as the movie is about anything, it's about the interface of bowling and Orthodox Judaism.) The film's sole gesture toward a narrative structure, for those who still require that sort of thing, is its tongue-in-cheek use of voice-over—a device that the Coens seem to favor when they're in their antic mode. The figure behind the drawling voice (Sam Elliott) actually shows up in the movie, calling himself "the Stranger"; he's a sort of Ghost of Cowboys Past, nursing his drink over at the next barstool. "The Big Lebowski" lacks what even the most unhinged comedies must have in order to work: the recognition that out there, beyond the pratfalls and the wisecracks, lurks the darkness. The Dude may be amiable and resilient, much like Popeye, but how long can Popeye's plight absorb anyone except a child? The Coens can't be bothered—or perhaps they don't know how—to make a connection between what's inside their smart-aleck heads and the plodding, sometimes painful world in which the rest of us live when we're not at the movies. These guys are so chilled out that they make the cerebral comedy of, say, Woody Allen seem volcanic.

If I had to guess what the Coens are most passionate about, I'd say it's language. They delight in writing curses on the order of "you human periquot," and in sustaining a running joke around a shorthand reference to Creedence Clearwater Revival. The discrepancy between a hyperarticulate level of discourse and the dopiness of the subject at hand seems to obsess them; by far the best thing about "Lebowski" is the way it assigns each character a style of rhetoric—grandiose, obsequious, druggy—that can be played off against the others. Still, all the brothers' intelligence and skill can't make up for the sense of vacancy in their movies. Until they find a way to let a little real life in (grownup reality, that is), Joel and Ethan Coen will somehow seem stunted—no more than the brightest kids in the class. ♦

8x10 CRYPTIC

NO. 37 BY MIKE SHENK



ACROSS

1 Obstruct English noblewoman (4)
4 Eat too much, stomach gets large (4)
7 Impersonate ardent hosts carousing (2,1,4)
8 Cardinal, corralling worker, spoke wildly (6)
9 Paternal pilot has change of heart (8)
11 Returned light metal/uranium component (4)
14 Truck tailing one Russian tyrant (4)
15 Getting in touch with everyone in band (8)
16 Navy prepared a drama (6)
17 Churchill gains a lot of weight (7)
18 Reversed position at start of televised trial (4)
19 Fire excellent staff (4)

DOWN

1 Nitwit eats up before you and me (6)
2 Slow to play and chip in, in poker (7)
3 British writer mixed drinks around morning (6,4)
4 Albee's finale appropriated by fellow playwright (5)
5 Baltic nation hosts Republican and one uplifted at Verdi opera (2,8)
6 Neat yard—it is coming up (4)
10 Pressures slender boy (5,2)
12 Translated "gene" in "generator" (6)
13 Insufficient study on front of *Time* (5)
15 Ecstatic, performed hip-hop music for the audience (4)

• •

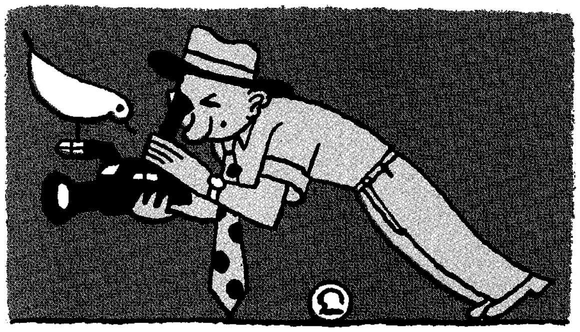
The solution to puzzle No. 36 appears on page 84. For a free copy of "The New Yorker's Guide to Solving Cryptic Crosswords," please send your fax number or a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Solvers' Guide," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. For an electronic version, send an E-mail to puzzleguide@newyorker.com.

SHOUTS & MURMURS

TAKE TWO

BY FRANK GANNON

Hollywood is known for producing two kinds of motion pictures: mainstream studio blockbusters with bankable stars, and independent films with low budgets and lower-profile actors. This year, a new genre of film, made possible by the inexpensive video camera, has emerged. Here are some early front-runners for nomination in what will surely become the hot new category at next year's Oscars: the best homemade sequel of 1998.



The Postman II: Postage Due—Part-time civil servant Robert Muselage's riveting sequel to "The Postman" had a comparatively low budget (two hundred and eighteen dollars), but in many ways it is superior to Part I. Kevin Costner's starring role is the main similarity between the two films. In the sequel, Costner poses as a postman in pre-apocalyptic America, where post offices are run by cheerful, efficient workers. This plot choice was originally dictated by budgetary concerns, but, as those who have seen both "Postman" films will attest, it adds many gripping moments, such as a humorous discussion of a controversial new Elvis stamp.

The English Muffin—This British sequel to Minghella's masterwork concentrates on a map-making aviator from Glasgow who burns his left hand while making toast. The last hour, during which the main character continually says to anyone who will listen, "I can't believe I did that," was called slow-moving by some critics. The makers of the film, Ian and Nigel Flintz, have been given a great deal of money to make a third film, about a man who burns himself on both hands while cooking onion rings.

Last Knight—This film continues the story after the audience, appalled by Richard Gere's performance as Sir Lancelot, demands its money back. Lots of action.

Starship Troopers: Bugged Again—This ingenious work, produced and directed by B. D. van Hooser, an entomologist out of Simi Valley, involves superimposing actual insects, filmed close-up, over human beings at a planetarium, so that it looks as if people in outer space are being alarmed by giant insects. A masterpiece of technical wizardry.

Face/Off Two—Two guys wearing big rubber masks of Richard Nixon and Jimmy Carter exchange the masks in a startling encounter, and then, in amazing but hard-to-follow sequences, swap them again and again, until profound, Pirandello-like questions are asked and sometimes answered. Repeated viewings are richly rewarded as the film digs fearlessly into the mystery of all human existence and how, in a sense, Richard Nixon and Jimmy Carter are different people.

Reservoir Dogs II—A continuation of the misadventures of Messrs. Pink and White, who have miraculously survived the rather violent day where we left them in the original. The sequel, made by Hunter S. Hunter, who once worked as a videotape rewinder in Parsippany, New Jersey, follows our two protagonists as they get married, get real jobs, have children, find happiness, and are brutally slaughtered by bullets ripping through them in slow motion. Near the end, the significance of the title of the films is discussed by a French waiter, who doesn't know the answer either.

Deconstructing Harry's Rec Room—A startling number of well-known subcontractors make cameo appearances in this short film (by carpenter/director Otto Woodruff) about a man who uses his personal life as the subtext for home-improvement projects. The scene where Harry blatantly drills holes using keyless chucks without bothering to re-chuck has been called both "disturbing" and "helpful."

Secondary Colors—This film is unique in that director Edmund Gibbon didn't even wait for Mike Nichols' original to appear before making the sequel: as soon as he saw the coming attractions he ran out of the theatre and made this one in forty-eight passionately inspired minutes. The hero this time around is Al Gore, who for most of this taut drama spends his time staring out a window with a copy of "Tort Reform: The Impending Glacier?" in his lap. The final ten minutes, during which Al ruminates aloud about the true meaning of the word "unequivocal," are a white-knuckle, rock-'n'-roll, shake-and-gasp death ride.

Die Hard, for Chrissake—Regular cop and action-star everyman John McClane finally dies. ♦

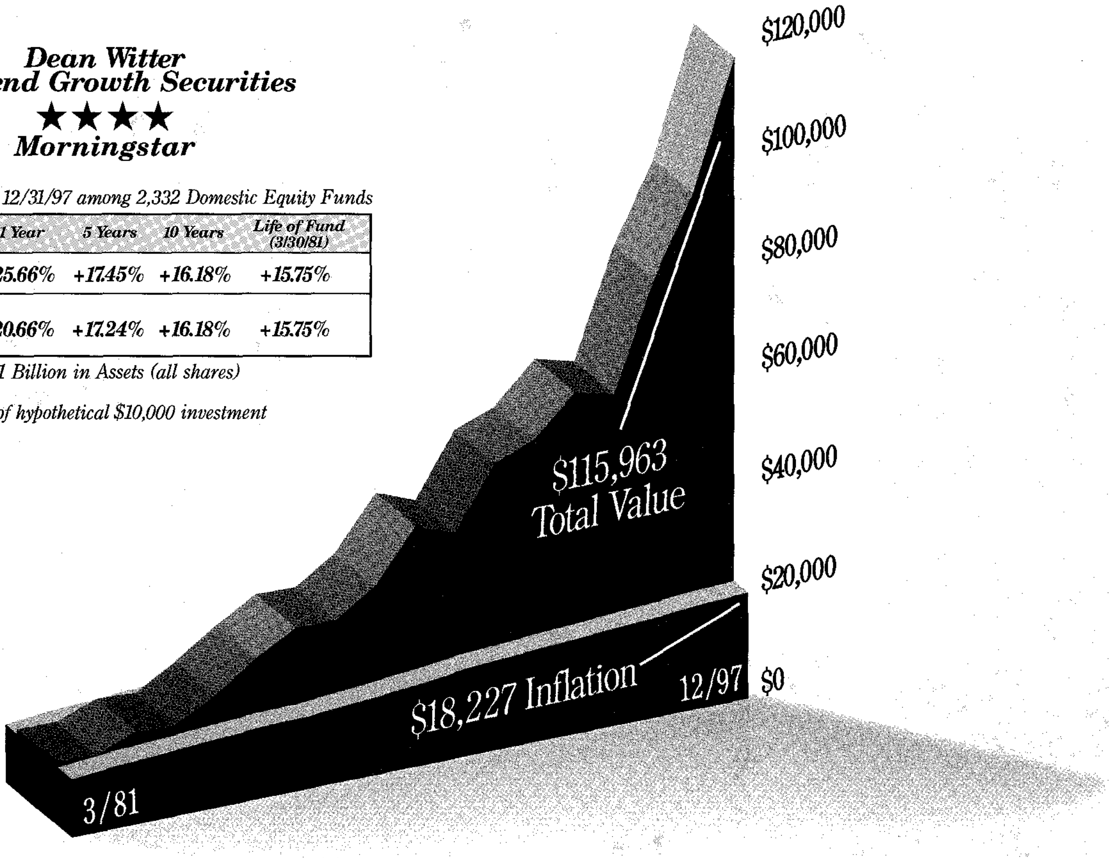
Dean Witter
Dividend Growth Securities
★★★★
Morningstar

Overall Rating as of 12/31/97 among 2,332 Domestic Equity Funds

Class B As of 12/31/97	*1 Year*	*5 Years*	*10 Years*	*Life of Fund (3/30/81)*
*Average Annual Total Returns**	*+25.66%*	*+17.45%*	*+16.18%*	*+15.75%*
*SEC Standardized Avg Annual Total Returns***	*+20.66%*	*+17.24%*	*+16.18%*	*+15.75%*

$16.1 Billion in Assets (all shares)

Graph of hypothetical $10,000 investment



Don't you wish you had seen this ad in 1981?

Of course you do. Over the past 17 years, the **Dean Witter Dividend Growth Securities** fund, in up markets and down, has provided consistent growth and income for 800,000 investors.

But the impressive numbers don't end there. Dean Witter has a network of over 10,000 Account Executives, each with the experience to give you the investment advice that's right for your individual goals.

Remember, past performance cannot guarantee future results, and you may have a loss or gain when you sell your shares.

Call Dean Witter today for more information on these and other impressive numbers. And for the office nearest you.

1-800-THE-DEAN

www.deanwitter.com/intercapital

WE MEASURE SUCCESS ONE INVESTOR AT A TIME

DEAN WITTER

Ask for our free brochure and a prospectus, which contains complete information on risks, charges and expenses. Read the prospectus carefully before you invest or send money.

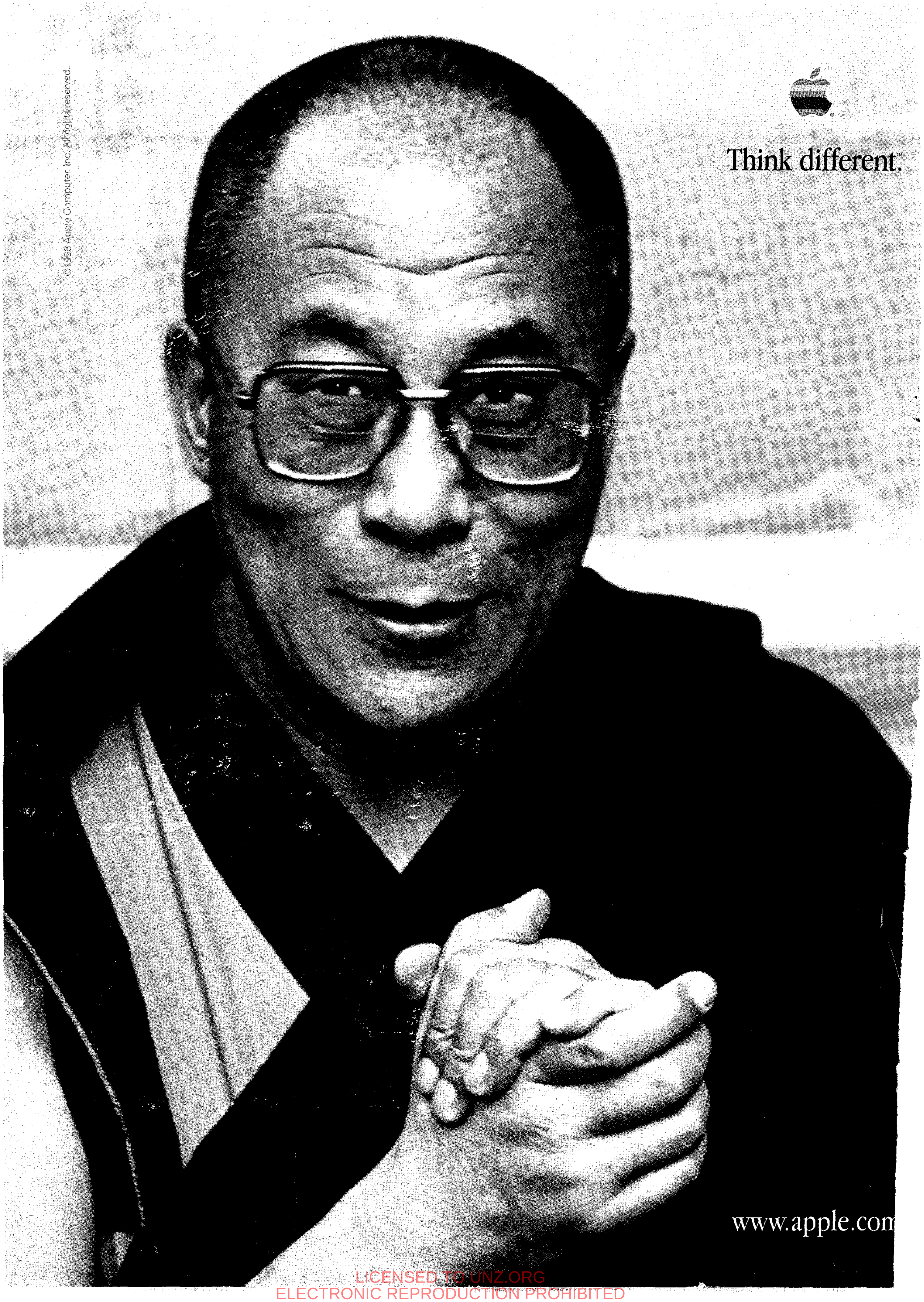
The graph illustrates a hypothetical $10,000 investment from March 30, 1981, (the Fund's inception date) through December 31, 1997, with dividends and capital gains reinvested at net asset value. It does not reflect the effect of any sales charges. On July 28, 1997, the Fund introduced multiple classes of shares featuring various sales charge structures and ongoing fees. Most existing shares in the Fund were designated Class B shares, which are subject to a contingent deferred sales charge (CDSC) that starts at 5.00% and declines to zero after six years and applies only upon the sale of Fund shares. Investment return and principal will fluctuate so that your shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original purchase price. Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Inflation is a measure of the change in the cost of living as monitored by the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Morningstar proprietary ratings reflect historical risk-adjusted performance through December 31, 1997. Overall ratings are calculated from the Fund's 3-, 5- and 10-year average annual total returns (when applicable) in excess of 90-day Treasury bill returns (with appropriate fee adjustments) and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. These ratings are subject to change each month. 22.5% of the funds in an investment category receive 4 stars. Dean Witter Dividend Growth Securities Class B received 4 stars for 10 years (of 676 domestic equity funds), 5 years (of 1,292 funds) and 3 years (of 2,332 funds).

*Average annual total returns reflect the actual performance of the Fund without taking sales charges into account.

**SEC standardized returns reflect the Fund's contingent deferred sales charge (Class B shares), which applies only if the shares were sold within six years of purchase.

© 1998 Dean Witter Distributors Inc. *Member SIPC*


Think different.
www.apple.com

©1998 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved.